The Hard Times

THE

Cause and Remedy

DUKE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
DURHAM, N. C.



Rec'd August 6, 1936

Mrs. Southgate Jones

Donor

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
Duke University Libraries

https://archive.org/details/hardtimes01dumo



Annie Kelly

THE HARD TIMES

THE

CAUSE AND THE REMEDY.

By ANNIE NELLES DUMOND,

Author of "The Life of a Book Agent," "Scraps, or Sabbath School Influence," "Ravenia, or The Outcast Redeemed," "Happy at Last, or a Sequel to The Life of a Book Agent," "National Reform, or Liquor and its Consequences," "Church and Sunday-school Influence," etc. etc.

ST. LOUIS:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR,
1522 LUCAS PLACE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1895, by
MRS. ANNIE NELLES DUMOND,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

DEDICATION.

To all the noble Workers in the Reform that will stand firm against the liquor traffic, and all monopoly, for God and Home and Native Land, this volume is respectfully dedicated by

The Author.

295689

PREFACE.

In preparing this little volume for the public, I entered upon the task with the sincere desire of saying something that would open the eyes of voters to see this subject in its true light, and influence them to ask God to forgive them for the neglect of their duty to him and their fellow-man, and then to vote as they pray. All Christians should vote against liquor. They will be held responsible by God at the day of Judgment, if they pray for this terrible curse to be removed, and then vote to keep it and to license it to make more drunkards.

Reader, have you ever given this matter a serious thought? If not, I hope this little volume will lead you to more earnest reflection upon the path of duty, and strengthen you to walk therein. In the hope that it may be received and judged by a generous public with the same kindness and favor awarded her other books, the present work is respectfully submitted by

The Author.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE.

THE HARD TIMES; THE CAUSE AND THE REMEDY 7

THE REFORMED DRUNKARD.

CHAPTER I. - - - - - - - - - - - 44
CHAPTER II. - - - - - - - - - - - 58
CHAPTER III. - - - - - - - - - - - 92
CHAPTER IV. - - - - - - - - - - 100
CHAPTER V. - - - - - - - - - - - 117

THE STORY OF A RUINED LIFE.

CHAPTER I.—The Murderer - - - - - - - 127
CHAPTER II.—Changes - - - - - - - 144
CHAPTER III.—Clouds - - - - - - - - 172
CHAPTER IV.—The Denouement - - - - 180

CALIFORNIA WINE AS A TEMPERANCE DRINK, AND ITS RESULTS.

CHAPTER I.—More Truth than Fiction—The First Time - 194
CHAPTER II.—Facts and Figures - - - - - 198

THE AUTHOR'S APPEAL AS A W. C. T. U. TO THE VOTERS.

CHAPTER I.—Moral Suasion - - - - - - - 203
CHAPTER II. - - - - - - - - - - 205

FARM MONOPOLY IN CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER I.—Facts—A Visit to the Millionaires - - 208

295689

A STORY OF CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

CHAPTER I.—Tempted and Tried—The Suicide - - 211
CHAPTER II.—The Christian College—The Kindness of a Wife to a Drunkard - - - - - - 212
CHAPTER III.—The Double Wedding—The Preacher—Nettie, a Music Teacher - - - - - - 216

THE W. C. T. U. APPEAL TO VOTERS.

CHAPTER I.—A Short History—What Prohibition in Politics has Accomplished - - - - - - 221

A W. C. T. U. REPORTER PAINTS A BAR-ROOM 237

HONEST REFORMERS - - - - - - - 240

THE ORIGIN OF ALCOHOL AND ITS PURPOSE - 248

NEED OF REFORM.

CHAPTER I.—Mixing the Load - - - - - 250
CHAPTER II.—Tempted and Tried - - - - - 256
CHAPTER III.—At the Old Home - - - - - 270

ALL THE REFORM PARTIES MUST UNITE - - 277

HOW TO BE A CHRISTIAN - - - - - 283

THE HARD TIMES: THE CAUSE AND THE REMEDY.

CHAPTER I.

First, we say that the hard times have been brought about by a long series of corrupt legislation, beginning almost in the commencement of the war and continuing to the present term of Congress. At that time the Democratic party was in office, and had been for a long time. Then the reins of government were turned over to the Republican party, which has been in power until the present administration. The Democrats had a President one term, but the Republicans had the majority in both houses of Congress.

The Democrats were held responsible for what they did in their long term, and is it any more than just to hold the Republicans responsible for their control of public affairs during the many years that party was in power?

Let us examine their record a little. When Abraham Lincoln, that grand old man of the people, became President, he found no money with which to carry on the war; so Congress was importuned and did actually create money, and it

was legal tender for all debts, both public and private, and all were prosperous as could be expected. But, behold, the plutocracy of the country had been ignored, so Shylock takes a hand. The bankers must have a convention, and have it at once.

Let it be remembered that as the war-cloud began to loom up, the gold and silver money of the country was withdrawn from circulation. Where had it gone? Where, indeed, could the Government look for money to carry on the war but to the moneyed men of our own country? Surely Wall street would come to the rescue and pour out her wealth and treasure in defense of the Government. So said justice, so said patriotism. But history tells us quite another story. Neither American nor foreign capitalists would loan the Government any money upon anything like reasonable terms. True, the banks would loan their notes at twenty per cent discount; that is, they would exchange eighty dollars of notes for one hundred dollars in Government bonds at a high rate of interest, payable in gold, and backed by the Government. But they had not the power to make even these notes good in the hands of the soldier. Foreign capitalists would not loan us any money, for they hoped to see the Republic destroyed, and the star of American liberty sink into utter ruin amid the carnage of war. Words are entirely inadequate to express the utter hope-

lessness of the situation. But to get a glimpse at the terrible greed and avarice of the money-loaners we turn to Appleton's Cyclopædia for 1861, page 296. We learn that the money-kings of Wall street graciously tendered loans to the Government in her distress at from twenty-four to thirty-six per cent interest. These same money-kings to-day are quoted as those generous, patriotic capitalists, the pillars of the Government. Why, the Government was almost ready before the war closed to exempt them from military duty. The South itself was not any more persistent in its determination to sustain slavery than were these same benevolent gentry to sap the very life-blood from the Government by their usury.

Mr. Lincoln steps to the front and says to Congress: "I read in the Constitution of the United States that Congress shall have power to declare war." "That's all right," say the bankers. Says Lincoln: "I read again that Congress shall have power to coin money." Then to the world he said, "We will coin money;" and the Government, at whose head stood the fearless, large-hearted Lincoln, would not bow down to the greed of Shylock. And accordingly, on the 17th of July, 1861, and the 12th of February, 1862, bills were passed authorizing the issue of $60,000,000 treasury notes, without interest, and payable for all debts, public and private. These were demand notes, and, unlike all other subsequent issues, did not have

the infamous exception clause in them; therefore they were always good at their face value. They were never depreciated in value, as all later-dated greenbacks were on account of the exception clause in them. But, as stated before, the gold-gamblers of Wall street had been ignored, and they were mad; so they must get together; it wouldn't do to let the Government make the money for the people and ignore their gold.

So we find that four days after the passage of the legal tender act the bankers of the country held a convention in Washington, D. C. But why should they meet in convention? Because Congress had made the money of the country a full legal tender for all debts, public and private, and their gold was hid away for this very purpose, and it was not likely to be wanted, and there must be something done to make a demand for it; therefore the necessity of holding said convention. And in that convention was concocted the diabolical scheme of the exception clause, which was always in all subsequent issues of money. There is much more that might be said along this line, but space will not permit, and we must notice other acts of robbery that have been perpetrated.

Next we take a glimpse at the Banking Act, one of the most diabolical robbery schemes of all, in which the money was shut off from the people, except through the intervention of the banks. The Government simply turns all the money over

to the bankers, without interest and only a ten per cent security, giving them the right to sap the life-blood from the people as speedily as they like by charging exorbitant usury.

We will now take a look at the contraction of the currency by destroying greenbacks. On the 12th of April, 1866, there was an Act passed by Congress to take up all the paper money and burn it. Bear in mind this paper money bore no interest. In this Act Congress authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to sell 5-20 bonds, and with the proceeds retire United States currency, including greenbacks. The bonds bore interest, but were not a circulating medium.

About this time, one E. G. Spalding, a Buffalo banker and a Congressman, wrote to McCulloch, who was then Secretary of the Treasury, advising him to contract moderately, stating that he looked for spasms of tightness for money. They knew just how it would act on the public, and planned deliberately to rob the people. Let us examine a few of the years of contraction which followed. At that time (1866), before there was any contraction, there was in circulation $1,996,687,770. This year there were only 520 business failures in the whole country, involving a loss to business men of $17,625,000.

1867. Contraction was pushed with vigor. Business failures, 2,386, with a total loss of $86,218,-000.

1868. $473,000,000 burned. Business failures, 2,608; loss, $63,774,000.

1869. This was the year that consigned to the flames the largest amount of any one year of the contraction period, requiring $500,000,000 to satisfy the greed of the gold gamblers of this country. Business failures, 2,799; loss, $75,054,900.

1870. $67,000,000 burned. Business failures, 3,551; loss, $88,242,000. Reduction of wages all over the country, employees thrown out of work, strikes talked of; but the furnace is heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be, and still the dreadful work goes on.

1871. $35,000,000 cremated. Business failures, 2,915; loss, $85,520,000. Times get harder and harder.

1872. The vandal torch only consumed about $12,000,000, but the strain had been so hard that the business failures reach the enormous figures of 4,069, with a loss of $121,058,000. Hard times intensified, talk of strikes, and business depressed.

1873. The year when the storm reached its height. Although there was but $1,909,000 burned, yet the burden had become so great that the people became panic-stricken, and the great panic of that year was the result. The failures of business firms amounted to the enormous number of 5,183, with a loss to the business of the country of $228,-499,000. 500,000 men were thrown out of work, wages were cut down all over the country, and

strikes and riots were frequent. Who does not remember those trying years? And still the vandal proceeds with his torch.

1874. Notwithstanding the terrible work of the last year, the door of that horrible furnace is again swung open and receives of the circulating medium of the country $75,484.000 legal tender certificates of indebtedness, $85,760,000 treasury notes, $6,-385,045 legal tenders, $3,000,000 fractional currency, and $1,000,000 bank notes—producing 5,832 failures, with a loss of $155,239,000 to creditors. A million men compelled to tramp in search of work; wages go still lower, and more strikes. My brother, could God point to the cause of these disasters with a more potent finger than he has for the wickedness of greed of this country's parasites? How long, oh, how long, shall this continue? But we are not done yet.

1875. Burned, $40,817,418; business failures, 7,740; loss, $201,060,000. Two million laborers out of work, famine and hunger begin to stare the people in the face.

1876. The amount of destruction this year is uncertain. The best we can get is $85,000,000 greenbacks and bank currency. Failures, 9,092, and $191,000,000 loss during the first quarter of the year.

With the record of the above ten years, as shown in the above quoted article, is it any wonder that times are hard, and that starvation stares

so many in the face, and riots and strikes are so frequent? But let us look a little farther. One would suppose that the legislative bodies would take warning and change their tactics. But no, in the face of all this array of wreck and ruin, with the finger-board of contraction at the close of each year pointing to the cause, they go on with their dreadful work at the command of their bosses, the money power, while the people sleep away their precious liberty and pray for Providence to interpose in their behalf, while John Sherman went marching on with the torch to burn the remaining $300,000,000 of the people's money. 3,000,000 men out of employment, bankruptcy and ruin multiplying with great rapidity, wages cut down to starvation prices, strikes, riots and consternation seize the people; the circulating medium is cut down to $606,000,000 in 1877.

These are the foot-prints of the money power which is still forging chains for American industry, with a view to enslaving American labor by robbing the laborers of their homes and firesides, and thus controlling their life and liberty by con trolling their wages through the control and monopoly of money. These are God's truths. If they are heeded, we find relief; unheeded, we sink deeper and deeper into poverty and want, and finally into serfdom. God grant that this may be averted.

But we are not done yet; we will now take a

look at the Credit Strengthening Act. This was an Act passed for the special benefit of the gold-gamblers. The law authorizing the 5-20 bonds did not make them payable in gold, as you will see by the records of Congress prior to 1869, but this Act did make them payable in gold; thus their purses were stuffed to the amount of many millions. Some say more than a hundred millions.

But that this Act was intended to benefit a few money-lenders is shown by instructions sent by Baron James Rothschild to August Belmont, who was chairman of the Democratic National Committee, that if the Democratic party did not provide for paying 5-20 bonds in gold, it must be defeated; or, in other words, it must favor the passing of this Credit Strengthening Act, or be defeated. Again we refer to Thad Stephens, also to John Sherman, for he, too, once was an honest man, if he is not now. But we must pass this to the next scene of robbery.

The next we find is the Refunding Act. This Act was approved July 14, 1870, and provided for the refunding of the National debt. What is refunding this debt? Webster says that to fund means to put into the form of bonds or stock, bearing annual interest, and to refund is to renew these bonds or stocks, probably under new form or contract, which may change the rate of interest, though the interest continues. The funding

system is a scheme of finance or revenue by which provision is made for paying annual interest on a public debt. Mark you, it is a scheme, and no provision is made for the debt itself. The funding of this bonded, untaxed, interest-bearing debt is a calamity upon this generation, for it places the burden beyond their control. We have already paid interest enough to have twice paid the debt, and yet it is a greater burden on us to-day than ever before. The evil effect of this system has been apparent at times. When we had money enough in the Treasury to more than half pay off the public debt, we were debarred the privilege on account of the Refunding Act. This vile act of refunding has postponed from time to time the payment of the debt from ten to twenty years, and in consequence of this nefarious act about $750,000,000 cannot be paid until 1907. Consequently, with an enormous amount of money in the Treasury lying idle, or, what is still worse and more intolerable, deposited with National banks, which have been granted its free use for more than twenty years, the people are not only deprived of its use in their business, but are still compelled to pay interest on the entire amount. This Act must be treated fully in order to understand it, and I think these legislative acts of the Republicans ought to be shown up to the public.

Is it any wonder the masses are getting restless under this regime? A large debt saddled on

them, with no provision made to pay off the principal, deprived of the use of all this vast amount of money, and yet obliged to pay interest on the same! Now, would you have any confidence in the business ability of a man who would arrange his affairs so that he would still continue to pay interest on a large debt after he had accumulated enough to pay off the principal? Would you not think it more business-like to pay off the original debt than to leave it hanging over the heads of his heirs? Yet this is just what our Congress is doing in this refunding scheme. And, further, the same Administration that has enacted this law, has put forth every effort for the expenditure of these vast sums of money in any and every way other than to pay off this debt.

The direct tax bill, the educational bill, the river and harbor bill, bills to provide for coast defenses, and innumerable other bills, are schemes concocted for using this surplus in a way that would prevent the payment of the bonds, and to continue this infernal system of taxation, which is wringing the life-blood out of the people, and which affords the only plausible pretext for maintaining party lines between the two old political organizations.

And, further, not long since Mr. Weaver made the discovery that this funding bill never passed Congress in the form that it appears on the statute books. By the changing of one word the

entire bill was so changed as to make the four per cent bonds payable only after, instead of previous to, thirty years. The anarchism of 1887, under its worst construction, or the great strikes and lawlessness of the present month, sink into utter insignificance before such assassination of law.

The funding of our public debt is for the sole purpose of aping the English aristocracy, which began two hundred years ago with the same piratical funding scheme, the same nefarious banking system, and almost every step has been borrowed from English laws. The interest on her debt supports a few idle aristocrats (parasites), but it has reduced to ignorance and degradation millions of her toiling people.

Another object in funding the public debt is to build up a moneyed oligarchy and an aristocracy of wealth to compete with our ancient foe. That those who have long been at the helm are determined to carry out their plans, is shown by the bill of Senator White, to refund the entire National debt into fifty-year two and one-half per cent bonds; also the bill of Senator Farwell, to perpetuate the National banks. These incidental circumstances add strength to the evidence that they are determined to saddle this interminable burden upon the American people. There is but one interpretation to the funding act. Its object is to compel our children and children's children throughout all generations to serve the children of

these bondholders. Voters, is this the inheritance you intend to bequeath to your children? Is this the liberty they are to thank their fathers for? Yet, sir, this is the inheritance the money-kings would bequeath to the posterity of American labor.

This is what the old parties are asking you to do. This is what for thirty years you have been doing. You have been bartering away this inheritance, this blood-bought liberty, selling the birthright of your children. And what have you received in return? Mortgaged homes, endless taxes, unremitting and unrequited toil are no better than the inheritance of slaves. And will you permit this bondage to continue? Are the ties of party so dear that liberty, home and family must be sacrificed upon its altar? In the name of your homes, and those sweet, bright children that bless them; in the name of the thousands of homes and tens of thousands of wrecked and ruined lives, I entreat you to break this party tie and thraldom, and smite down this iniquitous legislation and the miscreants who have enacted it.

It would seem that by this time the money power of this country ought to be satisfied. It is strange that after examining the preliminaries of an infamous plot in the beginning of the civil war, and the infamous banking system, whereby the money power was permitted to rob the people by exorbitant interest, sapping the very life-blood

from the people, as the parasite draws the life from the plant or shrub; and then again, as we have seen in the exception clause which gave the gold-barons a treble leverage over even the soldier in the field, you ask how is it that the moneyed man has such great advantage? It was thus: the soldier faces death on the field of battle at $16 per month; with $16 he can buy just $16 in bonds and no more. The man with the gold gets $16 in gold, and buys three times that amount in greenbacks, and goes to the United States treasury with his $48 in greenbacks, and the treasurer turns over to him $48 in bonds. And then when General Weaver brought up his bill to pay to the soldier the difference between depreciated greenbacks and the gold with which the soldier was promised to be paid, but instead got greenbacks which were at one time worth only thirty-three and one-third cents on the dollar, one of our great men, a man that was high up in the G. O. P., said that we must throttle this monster (the Weaver bill) right here. Will some one tell me who that man was? I do not like to call his name. And then after examining the contraction scheme, and its terrible effects, how it ruined thousands of the best business houses in the country and sent millions of honest laboring men tramping over the country in search of work, when there was none, and the funding and refunding schemes, all of which ought to have awakened the voter long, long ago, one

would suppose that the money power would be satisfied. But no. Great and powerful is the greed for more. After having refunded the public debt and made the bonds payable in gold coin which did not cost them more than sixty cents on the dollar, one would naturally suppose that they would be satisfied. But the only desire that seems to prevail in the minds of the money power is gain, gain, gain, little caring what the cost may be; and we next find these civilized brigands consummating a scheme for the demonetization of silver. This act passed in 1873, and destroyed the money quality of this metal, thereby causing a further contraction of the currency. The object of this act, first, was to prevent the payment of the bonds; and, second, to make them more valuable. Never in the history of the nations was an investment so safe and reliable. Shylock, with his hoarded millions of ill-gotten gain, could rest on downy beds of ease. Neither flood nor drought, fire nor famine, mildew nor blight, nor any other creature brought him anxiety or worry.

He seemed to think he had obeyed the divine admonition to lay up his treasure where moth and rust cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal; indeed, the entire country has become, and is yet, sponser for his wealth, for under the law every producer and millions of wage-workers have been instituted a vigilance committee to look after his interest. Why should he not have op-

posed having his bond investment disturbed? The Government held his bonds in safe keeping and paid him interest on them, and graciously handed him over ninety thousand dollars out of one hundred thousand dollars to do banking business with, without any interest, but permitted him to charge all the interest that the traffic will bear; besides, the Government collected this interest on his bonds and paid it over to him in gold, free of charge. He was exempt from taxes, the insurance agent was a stranger to him; they neither molested nor made him afraid. Being thus fortified, he was content to let the producer of wealth eke out a miserable existence, while he fared sumptuously every day. But, sir, it was not the American capitalist alone that entered into this infamous scheme for the demonetization of silver, as you will see by examining a bankers' magazine of August, 1873. In 1872, silver being demonetized in France, England and Holland, a capital of five hundred thousand dollars was raised, and one Ernest Seyd, of London, was sent to this country (to this U. S. A.) with this fund, as agent of foreign bond-holders and capitalists for this same object (demonetization of silver), which was accomplished one year later.

There it is in a nutshell—an English capitalist sent to this country in the interest of foreign capitalists with a half million dollars to buy our Congress and rob the American people! In cor-

roboration of this testimony we read from the Congressional Globe of April 8, 1862, page 2304, these words: "Ernest Seyd of London, a distinguished writer and bullionist, is now here and has given great attention to the subject of mint and coinage. After having examined the first draft of this bill (for demonetization of silver), he made various sensible suggestions which the committee adopted and embodied in the bill." So says Mr. Hooper, who was at the time chairman of the committee of coinage, but Judge Kelley told the Hon. Gilbert De Lamater that he (Kelley) saw the original draft of the bill, and it was in Ernest Seyd's own handwriting. To undertake to place an expression on paper to represent the disgust that ought to fill every true American patriot at such vile corruption, would be like the profane man who was driving up a very steep hill with a load of nice apples, and at the foot of the hill was a very bad mud hole, but when nearly to the top his tailboard slipped out of the wagon, letting his apples roll down into the mud hole. He looked back and saw the condition with horror. An oath was at the end of his tongue, but he checked himself and pleasantly remarked that if he undertook to swear he couldn't do the case justice. So it is with the case in hand; if we were to try to express abhorrence of such contemptible corruption, sanctioned by most of our high officials, it would be a failure. Therefore I refrain from the

task of finding a word strong enough to apply here. England failed to subjugate us by her bullets, but with a crafty use of her gold she seeks to subjugate us by controlling our congressional legislation.

And to-day American industry pays tribute to England, despite our blood-bought seal of independence. Dear reader, space will not permit the full presentation of this deep-laid plot, so we will write again on the demonetization of silver.

Starting out on the suggestion that we ought to put more of the financial question into our lectures, would it not be well to write more about it too? So we will add our mite to the sum total of defense on the line of reform. One of England's greatest statesmen once said, "Show me the law of a country and I will show you the condition of its people." So standing upon this ground we are led to think that there is something wrong with the laws of our country—hard times upon us, no money to be obtained for any pnrpose. What is the trouble? There is nothing that denotes prosperity in the near future; wherever we turn we see discontent on every hand, labor is idle, or on short time and low pay; mill after mill is silent, furnaces cold and idle, furnishing no means for the laborer to support his family; tramps marching in armies through the country and the gaunt wolf of starvation staring into desolate homes, strikes and low wages pre-

vailing everywhere. Look at the many strikes all over the land in the last fifteen or twenty years. Just the other day there was a strike and riot that looked ugly in the silk and dyeing factories of New York, and again a few days ago at Denver, Col. What is the meaning of all this? Such was the case just before the downfall of all nations that have passed out of existence. Riots, strikes, and then follow revolution; and I tremble for the Republic. All of this trouble has an awful language in it if you will look at past history of former nations that have gone out of sight and hearing except in history.

On the other side we see all over this land granaries bursting with the abundance with which God has blessed the land, palatial mansions rising in fabulous magnificence and mountains of wealth piled up on every hand, the product of half-starved labor poured into the coffers of the idle, affluent parasites of all communities. At every turn in God's universe we hear the cry of distress coming up from poverty-stricken homes, crushing out the manhood and womanhood of all human kind, blighting the beauty and buoyancy of youth and destroying the faith of mankind in an all-wise and merciful Father. In a land of plenty where the willing hand of industry has created untold wealth, why should that hand be paralyzed for the want of the very wealth it has created? Why should comfortable food, clothing and homes be denied those who have produced these things in such

great abundance? These are questions that must be met and answered correctly before the tribunal of a long-suffering but determined people; these questions will not down any longer. But what is the cause of this disturbance? We answer, a long series of bad legislation. Let us lay aside all party prejudices and malice and look these things squarely in the face and make a careful inquiry into this matter. First, when a political party is in power (in office) in all branches of this government, is it not just to hold it responsible for all of the laws that are actually passed? Yes. Well, the Democrats prior to the war were in office a long time, and the war of the Rebellion was an actual reality at the close of their reign. And you all held the Democratic party responsible for the bad legislation during their term of office, and rightly, too. In 1860 the Democrats surrendered the reins to the Republicans, and they began to make and unmake laws. Under their administrations the war was fought, the rebellion quelled, reconstruction was accomplished and many grand and noble laws were enacted, which we give them credit for and say, bless God for all this. Amen and amen! Glory to God! But hark! what is this that we hear stealing through this great applause and rejoicing? It is the voice of our immortal Lincoln. Hark! what does he say? Be careful, get it all, don't lose any of it, for it has a meaning deep as the ocean and high as the mountain. Read it carefully; hear his words. At the

close of the war, in reply to a letter from a friend, he said: "Yes, we may all congratulate ourselves that this cruel war is nearing its close. It has cost a vast amount of treasure and blood; the best blood of the flower of American youth has been freely offered upon our country's altar that the nation might live. It has been indeed a trying hour for the Republic, but I see in the near futrue a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the Republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my superstitions may prove groundless!" What a wonderful prophecy and how minutely it has been fulfilled. Great God! is it possible that we have got to drink to the dregs all of this bitter cup? or will the voters of the land rally themselves and get out of the rut of party and save us? Let us look at some of the omens to which our lamented martyred president points (for I believe this utterance cost Lincoln his life. Wall St. and London could not handle him.) Space will permit only a hint at the different species of legislation, so we will only glance at them as we go along. As to the fulfill-

ment of the above prediction, we cite J. J. Ingals in a speech he made at Glen Echo. He said, "That it was a fact that 31,000 people owned more than half of the entire wealth of the country." This divided per capita would give to 31,000 each $9,678,400, while at this rate the remaining portion would be in the hands of sixty-five and a little over millions of people. But where did it begin, or in what law was it made possible for this concentration? We answer, during the war, when the knife was plunged into our greenback. In Feb. 25, 1862, Congress stipulated that greenbacks should be legal tender for all debts both public and private, excepting on imports, which from that time forward should be paid in gold. This gave the money-mongers power to begin their dirty work. Of all corrupt laws that ever were enacted, we think the National Bank law caps the climax. By it the very life of the poor is ground out of them. But we cannot dwell on these points, but will in the future. Now the foundation of corruption is laid, the machine is made, and the crank is in the hands of the National Bank, and all that it has to do is to turn the crank and Congress grinds out their grist to suit them. The next we notice is the contraction of the currency which has been already hinted at. On April 12, 1866, an act was passed by Congress for a regular and systematic cremation of the greenbacks, but for all this money that was borrowed there had to be an interest-bearing bond put in its place. John A.

Logan once said that a money famine made low wages and low prices on everything but money. Now then, the contraction machine of the currency is grinding and money becomes hard to obtain; on grinds the mill and harder and harder get the times. Let us look at a few of these years of contraction. On December 4, 1866, E. G. Spalding, a Buffalo banker and a member of Congress, wrote to Secretary McCulloch, "I think you no doubt now to a certain extent have control of the currency of the country, and I think that you will of necessity contract moderately so as to perserve a tolerable easy money market. There may be *occasional spasms of tightness* for money, but generally I shall look for plenty of money *for at least one year.*" It would be well to state that when this letter was written there was one billion, nine hundred and ninety-six millions, six hundred and eighty-seven thousand and seventy dollars currency in circulation. During this year there were only about 520 business failures in the whole country, including a loss of but a little over seventeen and a half millions; (1867) this year, the work of contraction was vigorously pushed—failures, 2,386.

1868. During this year four hundred and three quarters millions dollars was burned up with two thousand and three-quarters of business failures, entailing a loss of nearly sixty-four million; 1869, money burned, five hundred million two and three quarter thousand failures, losses to business men

over eighty-five million, money scarce, wages falling all over the country. But we cannot give in detail all of these years of disaster at this time, but if it is wanted we will give it in another article. Suffice it to say that the mill is still grinding, and kept on until Uncle Sam ground into the furnace up to and including the year 1871, one billion, eight hundred and eight million, three hundred and fourteen thousand, four hundred and seventy-five dollars, and at the close of the war this money was all in circulation. Then we say in the face of these facts, is it any wonder that we have hard times? when we all know if there is plenty of money, times are good everywhere? Now if we would remedy the condition of things, we will have to reverse our course—pass laws for the benefit of the poor and let the rich take care of themselves. They can do it; they have plenty of money; they need no protection. Get more money in circulation—let it be gold, silver and paper money, greenbacks, if you please. Let it come direct from the U. S. Treasury through some medium to the people. Abolish the present banking system, let the government be our banker; let the money out for building public highways, Post Office buildings, etc. There are lots of ways to get it into circulation. Then you will see good times. This is the mission of the Prohibition party, and we will never get back to the good old times until the Prohibition party is enthroned in the White House at Washington, and Congressional halls

push the work. Light is breaking. The day of our salvation is at hand.

CHAPTER II.

THE LAND AND THE LABOR QUESTION.

THE whole business of redemption is a miserable farce; because the smallest amount of paper currency that is redeemable is $50.00, and the only place of redemption is the sub-treasury in New York. Is not this clearly a scheme of robbery to advance Shylock's interest? Getting to the sub-treasury and the large amount necessary at once shuts off the masses from any advantage there might be in resumption. The people are told that the National Bank currency is redeemable in greenbacks, and that the greenbacks are redeemable in specie.

The fact that there is not enough specie behind the paper currency to redeem one-half of it, and should a crisis come that would be any advantage to the holders of specie, the Shylock of the counter would be at the sub-treasury, while the masses, with less than $50.00, would get no advantage whatever. This is evidence that this act was for robbing the people for the benefit of the money power.

PLUNDERING THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.

The amount of land that has passed into the hands of alien owners is much larger than is gen-

erally supposed. This land is in the possession of men and women who have no interest in the welfare of our country and spend all they make out of our rich soil in foreign lands. The following is a partial list of them:

	ACRES.
German Syndicate	12,000,000
Phil. Marshall & Co., London	1,300,000
Marquis of Tweedale in Mass	1,750,000
English Syndicate in Mass	1,300,000
Sir Edward Reid	2,000,000
The Holland Land Co.	4,000,000
English Syndicate in Texas	3,000,000
Anglo-American Syndicate	750,000
Byron H. Evans, London	700,000
Duke of Sutherland	400,000
British Land Co. in Kansas	320,000
Wm. Whaley, Member of Parliament	310,000
Missouri Land Co., of Edinburg, Scotland	300,000
Robert Tenant	230,000
Dundee Land Co., Scotland	247,000
Lord Dunmore	120,000
Lord Houghton in Florida	60,000
Lord Dunraven in Colorado	60,000
English Land Co. in Arkansas	50,000
Alex. Grant, London, in Kansas	35,000
English Syndicate in Wisconsin	140,000
M. Ellenhauser, Nova Scotia	600,000
Scotch Syndicate in Fla	500,000
A. Boysrn, Danish Consul	5,000
Missouri Land Co	165,000

And in addition to those named in the above list there are eighteen British lords and one lady who own in this country about a half-million acres more of American land, or an average of over seventy-three thousand acres each.

The outrage imposed upon the people of this country is simply appalling. To thus squander our public domain ought never to have been allowed. Nearly thirty million acres mostly

owned by the subjects of Europe, and not an acre of it on the market for sale. Think of this, voters of America!

This vast expanse of beautiful, fertile land is being held by foreign plutocrats until our public domain is exhausted and the infamous conspiracy shall have been consummated, when they may gather tribute from American tenant-toilers, which they must pay to foreign landlords for the privilege of toiling beneath the American flag and on American soil.

In pursuance of this deep-laid plan, monopoly has seized upon mines, forests, transportation lines, manufactures and finances of the country, until all who toil must, with few exceptions, ask for the privilege to do so of those who have been made wealthy masters of the country and its business interests, and its toiling, wealth-producing masses, through this legalized villainy, and the Government, its industries and the future destiny of its people, are at their mercy.

In the meantime Congress had, on the 1st day of July, 1862, passed an Act which chartered the Union Pacific Railroad Company, and gave it a land grant of each alternate section for ten miles each side of its line and bonds to the amount of $20,000 per mile. On July 2, 1864, Congress passed an Act amending the former one, and extended the grant to twenty miles on each side of the track; and to induce these capitalists to

build a road over an empire of their own, gave them $20,000 per mile. By the provisions of the first-mentioned Act, the Central Pacific, the Central Branch of the Union Pacific, the Kansas Pacific and Sioux City and Pacific Railroad Companies were chartered and granted lands ten miles wide on each side of their respective lines. On March 3, 1863, four more were granted, twenty miles of land on each side and ten miles on each side in addition, to indemnify for lands within their strip already settled upon. This would make thirty miles wide each side (and each alternate section). On July 1, 1864, Congress granted the Northern Pacific Railroad Company a tract of land one hundred miles wide, and extending half way across the Continent. The grant included 315,000,000 acres, or over 330,000 square miles of land, making a tract six times as large as Pennsylvania, eight times as large as Indiana, larger than the thirteen original colonies, and larger than British India, which has a population of 240,000,000 people; it is larger than England, Scotland, Ireland, Denmark, Sweden, Germany and France combined. Congress at the same time raised the price of the land in that tract still owned by the Government to $2.50 per acre, so that the struggling pioneer who sought a home on the public domain within this empire of the rich was compelled to pay at the rate of $1.25 per acre for his own tract, and the same for a like tract given to the railroad, while the heritage of our children is

being thus squandered on the corporations at home. Foreign capital was invited to come over and invest in our rich, productive soil.

In order that we may understand the common principles which have existed through all ages bearing upon the laborer and his condition in society, we will glance back over the past for some considerable time. We first find the laborer makes his appearance in English history as a serf or a slave; he owned neither land, cattle nor goods, but was wholly dependent upon his lord, who furnished him with food, clothing and shelter, and in return was entitled to his services with little remuneration, and his lord was responsible for his conduct. He belonged to the estate, and if the estate changed hands the title to the land carried in it rights to the laborer, and he served under the new landlord. He had no civil rights, neither for nor against any one, save through his lord of the manor. This condition was not absolute. For when he was not working for his lord, he was at liberty to cultivate a garden, gather fuel from the manor forest, and devote his time to his family, and thereby accumulate a little means for himself, and eventually purchase a piece of land, and thus free himself; or, if he was able to master a trade as a mechanic, he received higher wages than a serf, which was of little value to him. Otherwise, he was considered as upon the same footing as a serf. In towns and cities he had no civil rights until he acquired property and entered the guild

of his path. He then could sit upon his own account and employ journeymen and hold apprentices. But custom had long held him as a man of low caste, and unfortunately a stigma has followed the man of labor in the eyes of a certain class to this day. At that time the capitalist or landlord was not actuated by hostile feelings, nor did he in any way seek to oppress him. For as a serf he was virtually his property; he protected him for the sole purpose of avoiding his loss, but wages was a pretext for a quarrel at any time, as it is to-day. But, in accordance with God's law of justice, this state of things could not always continue, and so in 1349 God sent a plague, terrible in its nature, the Black Death which swept all over England. Its devastation was horrible. This plague marks the beginning of a new era; it marks an era of freedom for the serf, for nearly one-half of the entire population was swept away, and labor assumed the phase of being the most important element in the kingdom. Laborers demanded quadruple pay, and dictated their own terms. The historic statutes of laborers were passed, and then began the antagonism between capital and labor, and has continued until the present. In 1381 the Peasants' war broke out, and in the settlement the King promised to free them and remove the stigma forever, but the Parliament refused to ratify that promise. In a unanimous vote they declared that they would rather perish altogether in one day. The strife con-

tinued; other civic laws were passed constantly. The laborer was forbidden to leave his place of abode, or travel without a passport. In 1391 Parliament was petitioned to forbid the children of the base form to attend the schools, but the strife was pushed on both sides, and finally the landlords gave up the employment of serf-labor, and rented their land out to tenants in small farms for a money consideration. At the end of fifty years serfdom was a thing of the past. Then the wages of workmen was more than enough for a comfortable support, and his day's work was eight hours. With the close of the reign of Henry VIII., after a period of about 150 years, legislation again oppressed the laborer, and for 250 years he struggled against laws which tended only to the interest of the rich classes, and the prosperous workman became a beggar with a starving family. The first effort of law-making in favor of the laborer was the English poor law of 1601, which failed of any good.

Now, reader, we have had a look at the condition of labor in the times back to where the memory of man runneth not. It would look, from some applications made by our Saviour, as if these conditions obtained in his time. Now let us look at our own condition and see if we cannot find a similarity in many ways during our early history immediately following the discovery of America. The Atlantic States were infested with adventurers. Their purposes were the gathering of the precious

metals, trading with the Indians for furs, and the locating of fishing-banks from which food might be obtained for Europe. In 1607, Jamestown, Virginia, was occupied by the English, and finally became a permanent settlement. Colony after colony was established along the New England shores. Religious and political oppression in Europe stimulated the tide of emigration, and the new world began to live. Up to this time there had been no real industrial settlements made; but later, during the seventeenth century, people of a different stamp were driven by persecution to our shores, and the colonists gained an element of thoughtful, diligent and religious caste. In the early period of our history the man who sought to live of his own labor found toil remunerative, and in this country the white workman has never been subjected to the hardships and privations which disgrace the pages of English history; he has always been, politically, the peer of any one. At that time land was free (would to God we had it now to be free with!) to all who made use of it for their support. He quickly learned to rely upon his own efforts, and grew self-reliant and independent with the exercise of his natural rights, unhampered by the fetters of conscienceless legislation, and with the pride and knowledge which are inseparable from full citizenship the workman developed the germ of American independence, and all would have been well but for that same class of infamous legislation which has been

forced on the people of this country and Europe, such as the exception clause in the greenbacks, the Funding Act, the Credit Strengthening Act, the Resumption, and so on. Dear reader, look at our condition and compare it with the past of Europe, and define, if you can, where we are drifting. We have been giving you a continual description of influences which plutocratic demagogues have been forcing upon us, which are now grinding the life-blood out of the American people and causing unrest and discontent throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Is it not clear why English capitalists were anxious to have our silver demonetized, and why they could afford to send Ernest Seyd over here with a capital of half a million dollars to accomplish that object? Gentle reader, will you pause one moment to consider why the Rothschilds, who controlled the financial policy of England as the brokers and security holders of America control our financial policy, could afford to pay, not only the paltry half million, but many millions more if need be to accomplish their object?

Our civil war taught England a severe lesson. She found that her welfare, and in fact almost her very existence, depended upon American supply of cotton, meat and cereals. There was liable to be a cut of either by war, famine or otherwise. But England, the world's great creditor, held the bonds of all nations, and if she could make them payable in the dearest money in the world, it

would enhance her securities many millions, and if she should insure herself an ample supply of wheat and cotton she could be independent of us under all circumstances. And since she owned and controlled all India, that great wheat and cotton country, she saw that through India's cheap labor and the demonetization of silver in this country (U. S. A.) she would have a double leverage over America and her product. Silver money is used exclusively in India. England coins it, and if with eighty cents she can buy silver, stamp it and pass it for a dollar in payment for India's wheat and cotton, she not only gains the 20 per cent from her own subjects, but in consequence of the demonetization of silver in America, her debtors here were compelled to pay at least ten per cent more than they would have paid had not silver been demonetized.

Let it be borne in mind that this discount, whether it be much or little, was just that much new capital in England to use in India in opening it up to cultivation and bringing that vast wheat and cotton country into competition with our like products, and we have furnished just that much capital to injure our own markets with. The injury to the people of this country through the demonetization of silver can never be justly estimated.

The panic of 1873, which followed immediately, was one of the most disastrous that ever befell any people up to that time. The English lan-

guage fails to describe the blighting misery that desolated the country. The devastation and ravages of war are scarcely comparable. The Dark Age of our republic may well date from 1873, when silver was demonetized, to the time when it was again restored to its money power in 1878. Bankruptcy and financial disaster brought in their train their legitimate offspring, and the statistics of those days and years which followed are voluminous with the most startling and loathsome crimes. Murder, insanity, suicide, divorce, drunkenness, and all forms of immortality and crime have increased from that day to this in a most appalling ratio. Will any man dare say that legislation has had nothing to do with these revolting conditions? Yes, verily, and Republican legislation at that, for as was stated in a former page, they have had full power ever since the war to the present administration. These conditions can only come by degrees. Every cause produces its effect, and without cause there can be no effect produced. Every result is produced from certain causes, and it is no more certain that like begets like than that the increase of crime and misery in our country is the direct result of legislation. And it is impossible for a nation to remain free whose laws are made granting special privileges to the few and ignoring the rights of the many.

The contraction of the currency, commencing with the destruction of the greenbacks in 1866, and the stringency increased by the demonetiza-

tion of silver in 1873, has been productive of more misery and crime to the people of this country than all the war, pestilence and famine that ever afflicted the human family. In regard to the policy of contraction, Professor Walker, of Yale College, who is not a politician nor a statesman, but a cool, unbiased writer and teacher, says, "When the process of contraction commences, the first class on which it falls is the merchants of the large cities; they find it difficult to get money to meet bills. The next class is the manufacturer; the sales of his goods fall off. Laborers and mechanics next feel the pressure; they are thrown out of employment. And lastly, the farmer finds a dull sale for his product, and all unsuspicious of the real cause has a vague idea that his difficulties are on account of the hard times. There must be some cause, but what? Don't know, never stopping to look into the matter for a single moment."

Recardo, another eminent writer on political economy, says that commodities rise or fall in proportion to the increase or diminution of money. "I hold," said he, "this fact to be incontrovertible."

John Stuart Mill says: "If the whole volume of money in circulation were doubled, prices would double, or *vice versa*."

It would seem strange indeed if those who have followed us through the discussion of these various robbery schemes are not impressed with the fact that something is wrong with the govern-

ment, and so there is. But we are not done yet. There are three monstrosities which we wish to bring before the reading public, viz., the Resumption Act, the Land Question, and the Liquor or Saloon Question. We will only take a glimpse at the Resumption Act, for it is but the natural product of legislation preceding it which we have already noticed. Nevertheless it comes in for its share in the course of the present hard times. The people had found the fractional currency very convenient, and they had become so accustomed to its use that when it was swept away by an act of Congress, passed Jan. 24, 1875, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to destroy all of it, it was a very apparent inconvenience. But underlying this act is a deep scheme of plunder. For this factional currency, like the first issue of the greenback, was without interest, but when this was destroyed the same act authorized the Treasurer to coin silver of like denomination to take its place, and it became necessary for the Treasurer to issue, or at least he did issue, non-taxable interest-bearing bonds to pay for the bullion, thereby saddling extra burdens upon the people. Is it not clear that by the destruction of a non-interest bearing currency, like the greenbacks, and substituting an interest-bearing bond, a burden has been added to the people? Not to the tax-payer only, but to every consumer of food and clothing. Now, dear, we will take up the results of the saloon and the wine question.

THE REFORMED DRUNKARD.

CHAPTER I.

A young physician sat alone in his office in the village of Perrysburg, in the central part of New York. It needed but a single glance at his lofty brow, clear eye and intellectual countenance to demonstrate that in him his profession had an ardent, enthusiastic votary, and science one of her most devoted lovers. The evidences of hard study, constant meditation and intelligent, patient reflection, were to be seen in every lineament of his features with a clearness which left no room for doubt that the young man and "the midnight oil" were intimate acquaintances. He sat this morning so much absorbed in the perusal of a most interesting article on contagious disease, from the pages of a leading medical journal, that he scarcely noticed the opening of his office door.

The person who entered was a young man about his own age, clad in the sable garments which are said to be indicative of the clerical profession. He was tall and slender, and the marks of earnest, untiring mental labor were as apparent in his countenance as in that of the young physician. Indeed, a skilled anatomist, observing him closely,

would have said that his mental temperament was too active for his physical, and that the utmost care would be necessary to enable him to live out the span ordinarily allotted to dwellers upon the earth. His countenance withal, wore a fierce, earnest expression of benevolence and goodness which accorded well with the calling he had chosen. He was, without doubt, one of the most faithful, zealous and conscientious laborers in the vineyard of his Divine Master.

A moment he stood and contemplated the young physician, unwilling to interrupt his studies, but the errand upon which he had come was one of benevolence and mercy, and at last he spoke.

"Good morning, Dr. Gleason, you seem very much interested in something, but I must venture to disturb you."

"Pray excuse me, my friend," said the young physician rising and extending his hand with unaffected cordiality; "but I was so much engrossed in Dr. Everleigh's theory of Contagious Diseases, that I scarcely noticed your entrance. Pray, be seated, Mr. Crawford," pointing to a chair as he spoke.

The young clergyman seated himself and then asked, "Are you at leisure for a short time?"

"Entirely so," replied the doctor, drawing a chair close to his visitor, "what can I do for you?"

"I want you to go with me upon an errand of charity."

"That," said the young man earnestly, "is a call I always heed. What is the nature of the case?"

"Last evening," said the minister, "I was returning from a visit to one of my parishioners when my attention was attracted by the shouts of merriment from a group of boys who had collected on the sidewalk. Evidently there was something of more than ordinary interest to them and I approached them to ascertain what it was, and there, lying on the ground, in a frightful state of intoxication, was a man who was evidently a stranger in the village. He was ragged and filthy to a degree, and had evidently wallowed in the very depths of the mire of dissipation. But fallen and degraded as he was, there was still something about him which appealed powerfully to my sympathies. He was a human being, and, though steeped in sin, it was to such that the Master bade us go. Accordingly I cared for him, raised him up, and, helpless as he was, with the assistance of some of the larger boys, took him away and put him to bed."

"Where did you take him?"

"To the widow Stanton's. She did not much like to receive him, but at my earnest solicitation consented to do so."

"Have you seen him this morning?"

"Yes," replied the minister, "I called there early, and that is why I came for you. I found

him this morning raving with an attack of what I believe to be *delirium tremens*."

"Delirium tremens! This is, indeed, serious," said the young doctor. "Have you any idea who he is or where he is from?"

"Not the least. Nobody knows anything of him, and of course he is unable to give any intelligible account of himself. All that I have been able to learn is that he came here on a train from the west two or three days since, and has been spending his time at those horrible dens of iniquity, the rum-holes of the town, going from one to another, and pouring down the fiery liquid which transforms men made in the image of God into the lowest types of the brute creation."

"It is dreadful," said Dr. Gleason, in tones of deep and earnest feeling, "to think of the amount of misery and wretchedness which those demons in human form—the rumsellers—inflict upon the human race. I would not bear their fearful responsibility for all the wealth of the world. How many souls, damned to eternal perdition, will justly charge their ruin to them, no one save the Omniscient himself, can ever tell. It is, indeed, fearful to contemplate."

"Yes, and to think," said the minister, "that men claiming to be reasonable, intelligent, upright members of society should be found to apologize for their crime, the most hideous and gigantic ever perpetrated against the human race, because it

threatens alike all ranks and classes of society. How many of the brightest and most glowing intellects which ever adorned the pages of the world's history have fallen beneath its baneful influence, and instead of proving guides to their fellows have been but stumbling-blocks in their way. God pity and forgive them."

While this conversation was taking place the doctor had been busily engaged in making the necessary preparations to accompany his vistor, and they at once set out, and after a few minutes' brisk walk reached the widow Stanton's cottage. A ring at the door-bell brought a smart, tidy-looking servant girl to admit them. She at once showed them to the parlor where Mrs. Stanton soon joined them.

"Good morning, Dr. Gleason," said she, extending her hand with frank cordiality to him, and bowing slightly to the minister whom, as the reader is aware, she had already greeted this morning, "I am glad you have come. Your skill is very much needed, I assure you."

"Yes," said the Doctor smiling as he took her hand and shook it warmly, "I understand that your house has been converted into a sort of hospital."

"How is the patient?" asked the minister.

"Just the same as when you left," replied the lady.

"Is he still as restless, and does he seem as much

terrified at imaginary objects as when I left him an hour ago?"

"Just the same, only that he seems to be somewhat exhausted by the violence of his exertions. His conduct is at times absolutely terrifying, while his curses and exclamations are enough to chill one's blood with horror. I dare not stay alone with him," said Mrs. Stanton, shuddering in spite of herself.

"How long has he been this violent?" inquired the doctor.

"About midnight he commenced raving, and has kept it up with but intervals of a few moments at a time ever since."

"Has he slept any?"

"Not a wink since that time."

"What seems to be the nature of his mental emotion?" inquired the doctor, "Does he seem angry and furious, or are his emotions chiefly those of terror and affright?"

"Chiefly the latter."

"What does he seem to fear? natural objects, such as serpents, reptiles, and the like, or demons and monsters?"

"Snakes and spiders seem to be his particular objects of dread," said the lady. "He appears to see, or imagine he sees, them all the time, and his struggles to keep out of their way are at times positively frightful. At other times he implores his attendants, with piteous cries, and screams of

agony, to keep them away from him. And all the while great drops of sweat, like beads, stand all over his face. Although entirely his own fault I cannot help feeling the deepest pity and sympathy for him. His sufferings are enough to melt a heart of stone. He must have relief soon, or death will relieve him," and the widow's eyes filled with tears as she contemplated anew the sufferings of the wretched victim of his own misdeeds.

"Who is with him now?" asked the minister.

"My son Edmund, and another young man, the son of a neighbor. He is so violent at times," she added in explanation, "that one person cannot get along with him."

"Well," said the doctor, rising to his feet, "let us see him, and we will see what can be done."

The widow also arose, and leading the way they soon entered the chamber of suffering, whence issued cries and moans of agonized terror sufficient to appallthe stoutest heart.

What was it that, as they approached the bed upon which lay the wretched sufferer, thrilled the young doctor with such evidently intensely painful emotion? Why did he start as if struck by a bullet and grasp so convulsively the arm of his friend and spiritual adviser, while a marble pallor overspread the whole of his features the moment his eye fell upon the delirious occupant of the couch? Why did his knees tremble and almost refuse to support his frame as he approached the

bedside, and why that fearful tremulousness of the usually firm and steady hand as he made the necessary examination of his patient? We shall see presently.

Restraining his too apparent emotion so far as he was able by the most powerful exercise of his more than ordinarily strong will, he began to examine the patient as to the condition of his pulse and such other matters as his situation would permit. While thus engaged his eyes met those of the sick man. The effect upon the latter was scarcely less than that of the first glance had been upon the doctor. For a moment his gaze was arrested, and then he burst into a hideous, mocking laugh which curdled the blood of all his hearers.

"Aha!" he cried in exultant tones, "you are here in hell, too, are you? I thought you was so very good you would never come here, but it seems your goodness hasn't helped you much. Isn't it a jolly place? Do you see those snakes wriggling and twisting and fighting with one another? Isn't it fun? Now, now, see! Some of them are coming this way! Don't let them get on me! Keep them off!" he screamed with all his might, and frothing at the mouth he fell back from the half sitting posture he had assumed in a convulsive paroxysm of affright.

Terribly as the young doctor was moved by the dreadful scene, he still retained sufficient firmness and command of himself to perform his duty to

the sick man. With features of ghastly pallor and tightly compressed lips, while his hands trembled so that he could hardly unclasp the case of medicines he had brought with him, he prepared some remedies, and giving the astonished attendants the necessary instructions for administering them, he took his leave, only saying that he would soon return. Mr. Crawford accompanied him.

"What can be the matter with Dr. Gleason this morning?" said Mrs. Stanton as soon as the door had closed behind the two men. "I have seen him in the sick room a good many times, but I never saw him affected as he was this morning."

"It may be that he never saw a case of this kind before," said her son, "and his violence," pointing to the patient, "may have been too much for the doctor's nerves. You know he is very young."

"Yes," said the other young man, "but there was something more than the violence of the patient which affected him. When Mr. Jones went crazy he was as violent as this man has been, but the doctor was not moved as he has been by this man."

"But the violence was of a different character."

"That is true, but it was no less frightful than in the present case."

"Yes," said Mrs. Stanton, "Joseph is right. The mere violence of this man was not sufficient to agitate the doctor so terribly. There was mutual recognition between him and his patient, and both

were alike affected. Depend upon it they have met before, and there is some dreadful secret between them."

"But what can it be?" said Edmund, still doubting.

"I have no idea," said the lady; "but the doctor has always seemed to me like one who had some hidden sorrow, and it may be that this man is in some way connected with it."

"We shall doubtless know all about it in good time," said Joseph; "so let us borrow no more trouble about it now. I am very certain that, whatever it may be, it is nothing in any way discreditable to Dr. Gleason."

"Of course not," said Edmund, who was a warm admirer of the young physician, and who, with all the impulsiveness of his youth, at once repelled the idea that there could be anything wrong about him.

"I presume not," said the lady now, hesitatingly, "but I wish we knew what it was. None of us knew anything of the doctor until he came here little more than a year ago."

"Very true," said Edmund, with some warmth, "but his conduct since he came here has been sufficient to prove that he possessed one of the noblest natures which ever dwelt in man. See the confidence which Rev. Mr. Crawford, who knows him better than any of us, places in him. This ought to be sufficient proof of his goodness."

"Yes, but he, too, may be deceived," said Mrs. Stanton.

"He may be," replied her son, "but I do not believe he is."

"I can hardly think he is," chimed in the other young man, "nor do I think, my dear madam, that because there is something in this matter which we do not understand, that we should therefore suspect one of whom we know nothing but good. Rather, let us continue to think well of him while patiently waiting for the unraveling of the mystery."

"You are right," said Mrs. Stanton, candidly, "and I am wrong; so let us say no more about it."

Let us, meantime, accompany the clergyman and doctor as they pursue their way to the office of the latter. As they gained the open air of the street, the physician heaved a deep sigh of relief, and when the minister would have turned in the direction of his boarding-house, he gently laid his hand upon his arm.

"Come with me to my office," said he in a subdued tone; "I want to talk with you."

"Certainly, if you desire it," said Mr. Crawford, as he resumed his place at the side of the young man, and they walked on in silence.

The intimacy and confiding friendship between these two young men was something remarkable, almost equalling the old-time love of David and Jonathan. Years before our story opens, they had

met and been room-mates at an institution of learning which has, perhaps, turned out more of the great men of our land than any other one in the country—Yale College. Coming together there, without any previous acquaintance, they had within those classical walls formed ties which nothing but death could sever. As has already been stated, they were just about the same age, and the congeniality of their dispositions, their high moral character and ardent devotion to science, had linked their souls together in the most indissoluble bonds. Throughout the whole of their collegiate course they had pursued their studies together, had read the same authors, and had finally graduated with high honors in the same class.

But at the close of their collegiate course they had separated. Mr. Crawford had long resolved to become a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, while Gleason's predilections led him to engage in the practice of the healing art, and while the former had entered a theological seminary, the latter had prosecuted his studies in the office and under the instruction of one of the most eminent practitioners of the city of New York. But though thus separated, the affectionate regard engendered between them during their collegiate days by no means waned. They had corresponded constantly, and when Dr. Gleason received his diploma and established himself in the pleasant and thriving

village of Perrysburg, he soon learned with unfeigned joy that his old friend had accepted the call of the congregation there and was about to become their pastor.

Indeed, the doctor had taken no little part in bringing about this state of things. Youthful as he was, the ardor and fervency of his piety, and his intelligent and earnest advocacy of everything good and noble, had from the first given him a prominent position in the church of which he was a member; and when the question of filling the pulpit left vacant by the resignation of Rev. Mr. Hodsden began to be agitated, his suggestion of the name of his friend, Mr. Crawford, for the vacant living had been favorably received and promptly acted upon. And to the credit of both pastor and people be it said that neither had as yet seen any cause to regret their action in the premises.

When Mr. Crawford came to Perrysburg, the old intimacy was of course renewed, and many a leisure hour did the friends pass in that wholesome and unrestrained communion of soul with soul which had characterized their earlier years. In every work of benevolence or alleviation of human suffering, the pastor found an earnest and untiring co-laborer in Dr. Gleason, and thus the ties which bound them together had been drawn closer and closer until at the time our story opens it could truly be said of them that "their souls were knit together."

One trait of Mr. Crawford's character, strengthened somewhat, perhaps, by the fact that for at least ten years he had been both fatherless and motherless, deserves especial mention here, and that was his unusually ardent love for his only sister, now a sweet and beautiful girl of seventeen, and who resides with an aunt in his native State of Massachusetts. Aside from his books, his religion and his class-mate, she was the only thing on earth he had to love, and upon her he lavished all the deep and boundless affection of his soul, and in his hours of confidential communication with his friend, the doctor, he never wearied of speaking in the most endearing terms of her goodness, her many graces, and her almost perfection.

Let it not be imputed to him for weakness that he thus gave free vent to one of the noblest impulses of the human soul, for Ellen Crawford was, indeed, worthy of all that poet, lover or brother could say in her praise. She was tall and graceful as an Hebe; her complexion was of that wondrous clearness and brilliancy of which we so often read in works of fiction, but so seldom see in real life, and was set off to the best possible advantage by her azure eyes and her wealth of auburn curls. But surpassingly lovely as she was, here mere physical beauty was really the least of her charms. With a mind of more than ordinary strength, which had been most carefully trained and cultivated by the best of teachers, under the supervis-

ion of her brother, she united a soul and heart so overflowing with genuine, unaffected love and tenderness for all, that it was impossible for her to injure by word, thought or deed the feelings of the least of God's creatures, while her perfect frankness and truthfulness left no room for anything which savored in the least of deception. And the confiding trust with which she looked up to and leaned upon her brother was alike creditable to both, and spoke volumes in their favor.

Having thus acquainted the reader with the circumstances surrounding our characters, let us resume the thread of our narrative.

CHAPTER II.

When the young gentlemen reached the doctor's office they sat for some time in silence. Mr. Crawford well understood that the extreme agitation displayed by his friend in the presence of the sick man was to be the subject of explanation, but its effects were still apparent in the nervous restlessness of the doctor, so different from his usually calm and placid manner, and the mystery surrounding the affair was to him so inpenetrable that he dreaded any allusion to it, while the doctor, on his part, evidently equally shrank from its introduction. At length, however, the latter spoke.

"You, of course, observed how painfully I was affected upon entering that sick chamber this morning?"

"I did," replied Mr. Crawford, "and I could not help wondering at it. You are usually so calm and self-possessed under all circumstances that this seemed almost wonderful to me."

"The bystanders noticed it, of course," said the doctor musingly, and evidently pained by the reflection, "what must they have thought of me?"

"Nothing amiss, I venture to assure you. Your standing in this community is too firmly established for that. Besides, I know you too well to imagine that there could be anything wrong," was the reply.

"Ah! Harvey," said the doctor warmly (for in this familiar style the young men were accustomed to address each other), "your affectionate regard for me would lead you to excuse me even if guilty of a fault. In this instance I am not, but your faith in me is none the less grateful to my feelings."

"Say no more of that, my dear friend," said the minister tenderly and earnestly, "what were friendship worth if it would not excuse and defend its object? and besides, knowing you as intimately as I have for the last six or eight years, sharing all your secret thoughts as I have, honored as I have been with your full confidence, I know that no burden of guilt is resting upon you. Hence, I am entitled to no credit for my confidence in you."

"But in one thing you are mistaken," said the doctor, "with sorrow I have to confess that one secret I have withheld from you, and for that I ask your pardon."

"It is granted before I know the secret," said Mr. Crawford. "And this is no doubt connected with the affair of this morning."

"Yes, my friend; the man whom we have just visited is my only brother."

"Your brother!" echoed the divine in amazement.

"Yes, my brother—one whom I have not seen or heard of for years."

"But I never suspected that you had a brother. Years ago I knew that, like myself, you had been deprived by the hand of death of both your revered parents, but always supposed that, unlike myself, you were the sole surviving member of your father's family. I am astonished beyond measure at what you say."

"For years," said the doctor, "I have known nothing of him. Indeed, since my acquaintance with you began, I have not known if he were living or dead. And this is why I never spoke of him, especially as the remembrance of his career, as you may well imagine from what you saw last night and this morning, was anything but pleasant. Is it surprising that I should regard intemperance as the one great curse of humanity, and

the rumseller as the most dangerous enemy of the race?"

"No, indeed, you certainly have cause to denounce in the most unmeasured terms this bane of human happiness. But I am curious to know all about this matter, so carefully and faithfully concealed for all these years."

"You shall know all," said the doctor rising and walking to and fro, "and I do not believe you will blame me for having kept it from you so long."

"I am very sure that I shall not," said the minister, with much earnestness and sympathy in his tones as he contemplated the evident mental pain of his friend.

"Then listen," said the latter, and, seating himself again, he proceeded to unfold the following history, which, however, we will give in our language without attempting to follow his.

Samuel Gleason was one of the most highly respected citizens of the seaport town of New London, in the State of Connecticut. Of enlarged and liberal views, and comprehensive mind, no one appreciated more fully than he the importance of a liberal education, especially as his own opportunities in that direction had been considerably limited in his youthful days, and the profits which he derived from the vigorous and upright prosecution of a somewhat extensive coastwise trade gave promise of ample means to indulge his inclinations in this respect, so far as his two sons, James

and Henry, were concerned. They were his only children, and he was often heard to declare that whether he left them anything else or not, they should at least have the benefit of a good education. And his desires in this respect were for some time seconded by both the boys with a degree of zeal which was most commendable, and which promised the happiest results. In the district schools which they attended none were more attentive or diligent, and none stood higher in their class or in the estimation of their teachers than James and Henry Gleason.

Thus matters progressed, promising all that fond parent could wish until James had attained the age of seventeen, Henry being but little over a year his junior, when both their parents, within a few days of each other, were taken away by a fearful pestilence by which New London in common with many other towns and cities was almost decimated. By an examination of Mr. Gleason's will, it was found that in the contingency which had arisen—the death of both parents—all his fortune had been devised in trust to two of his brothers who were to act as guardians for the boys until they attained the age of twenty-one respectively, the interest accumulating upon the principal sum devised, to be applied, as far as necessary, to their maintenance and education, and the principal, with whatever accumulations might remain unexpended, to go to the boys in equal proportions upon reaching

their majority. And in the event of the death of either of the sons before that time, the whole was to go to the survivor, while if neither attained that age, then the estate was to pass in equal portions to the two brothers.

As soon as the contents of the will were ascertained, William and Thomas Gleason, the two brothers, had an interview, and after consultation it was decided that James should remain with William in New London, while Henry went to live with Thomas in the city of New York. They were, accordingly, for the first time in their lives, separated, to the great sorrow of James, though Henry seemed to care less. For, young as he was, James had already observed in Henry some disposition to be what the world terms "fast," and though he had thus far by constant and judicious watchfulness, quite remarkable in one so young, been successful in curbing and controlling the somewhat erratic disposition of his brother, he could not help fearing that when removed from his influence the evil which he dreaded might obtain mastery over him. And subsequent events proved that his fears were by no means unfounded.

Immersed in the mysteries and intricacies of a heavy wholesale trade, Thomas Gleason had but little time to give to the mental culture of his ward, and though the will expressly enjoined that the most unremitting care should be given to his training and education, like many other good men

under similar circumstances, Thomas felt that he discharged his full duty in this respect when he provided the youth with skillful instructors and required him to devote the proper number of hours each day to study. The rest of the time he was at liberty to pursue his own inclinations almost without restraint—a most fearful liberty to a boy of his moral tendency in a place so beset with pitfalls and temptations to vice on every hand as the city of New York. Evening after evening the boy was out till eleven, twelve and sometimes one o'clock, taking all too faithfully the hideous lessons taught in the dens of iniquity to be met with at almost every corner, and often when he returned home and crept slily to bed, the unsteady gait and thick, husky voice told of disgraceful libations poured out in copious measure at the shrine of Bacchus.

When Henry had been a year in New York, James paid him a visit, and how was he shocked to find the worst fears he had entertained at his departure more fully realized than even he had dreaded! His features were red and bloated, marks of dissipation and debauchery, absolutely hideous in one so young, were visible all over him; his breath was constantly poisoned with the fumes of alcoholic drinks, and his conversation was habitually interlarded with profane oaths, and ribald and obscene remarks. James was terrified beyond measure, and he at once set to work, by remonstrance with his brother and intercession

with his uncle, to counteract the evil influences which were surely dragging him down to perdition. But in vain were all his efforts for his salvation. The boy was already too much wedded to his sensual gratifications to hear either the entreaties and remonstrances of his brother or the voice of authority exercised by his guardian. The former he repulsed with words of bitterness and scorn, and the latter he openly and insolently defied. And when his uncle, in the hope of effecting his reclamation, proposed to send him out of the city and away from the influences which had acquired such fearful ascendency over him, he not only refused to go, but actually fled from his home, and all efforts to induce him to return were utterly unavailing. And when it was proposed to use force to compel obedience to legitimate authority, he fled from the city, and so effectually concealed himself that all efforts to discover his retreat were in vain. And thus penniless, friendless, he had voluntarily become an outcast and a vagabond upon the face of the earth, dependent only upon his own ingenuity for the means of support, so complete had been the ruin wrought in him in one short twelvemonth by the vicious associates he had chosen. Nay, more! It was whispered that, despite his youth, dissipation was not his only fault; but when the allowance made by his guardian was insufficient to satisfy the constant drain upon his purse, he scrupled not to supply his

necessities by plying the vocation of a pickpocket, or even signing his uncle's name without his permission.

"From that day to this," said the doctor, "I have never heard aught of the brother thus led astray. The expenditure of large sums of money, the most strenuous exertions of skillful detectives, and all the means and appliances which love and solicitude for his welfare could suggest, have been resorted to in vain, until at last we came to believe him dead. And now, though more than seven years have passed since that time, yet the first glance at the poor, miserable vagrant, raving with the delirium of drunkenness, told me that it was none other than the brother whom I had so long and vainly sought. And if any proof that it is indeed he were wanting, his instantaneous recognition of me furnishes it beyond controversy. Can you wonder that I was agitated beyond control when I made the discovery?"

"No, indeed," said his friend. "The only wonder is that you controlled yourself sufficiently to prescribe for him at all. But what do you intend to do? Of course you have formed some plan."

"I am not sure that I have. As a matter of course, now that I have him within reach, I shall retain my hold upon him as long as possible, and make one more earnest effort for his reformation. It seems to me that the hand of Providence is visible in bringing us together again, and it may be that

though He permitted our former attempts to prove unavailing, He will not now refuse to crown them with success. At any rate, it is my duty to do what I can for him, and I shall not prove derelict."

"You are right," said the minister, warmly, rising and grasping his friend by the hand. "His coming to this place was truly providential, and I feel confident that He will smile upon the efforts which we—for I must be permitted to share your labors in this behalf—shall put forth for his redemption."

"God bless you for your kindness," said the doctor, as his eyes filled with tears; "you are indeed a friend in need. Your counsel and assistance will be invaluable to me in my self-imposed work. But it is only what I expected from your well-known generosity and warm-hearted friendship."

"Do not speak of generosity in the performance of what is only my duty," said the clergyman, "especially when that duty is only a pleasure to me. The Lord has commanded us go 'to the lost sheep of the house of Israel,' and 'the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.' To do His will is my chief delight, and let us not claim commendation therefor from mortal man. So, my friend, you may depend upon my seconding to the best of my feeble ability any steps you may take."

"Mrs. Stanton and her family must know of the relationship we sustain to each other."

"Yes, it is necessary to your credit that she should know it, I think," was the reply. "And, besides, she will be more willing to have him stay where he is, and to aid us in our intended work, if she knows that he is bound to you by such ties."

"Will you take the trouble to inform her?"

"Certainly, if you wish."

"Please do so, then, at your earliest convenience. I should like to have her know all before I go there again."

"I will go there immediately," said Mr. Crawford. "And after that?" he added, in a tone of inquiry.

"After that we will decide upon something for the future," said Dr. Gleason. "At the present we can do nothing more than to restore him to his reason and to health. I shall stay with him all the time, and trust to the influence which kind and affectionate treatment may have to break the bonds by which he is enthralled." And the young gentlemen parted.

Great was the astonishment of Mrs. Stanton at the revelation made by Mr. Crawford in pursuance of his promise. The good lady felt very much humiliated that she should have entertained the remotest shadow of suspicion of the doctor, and she strove to make amends for her want of faith by the most unremitting attention to the wants and necessities of the invalid. As for Edmund, he was almost as much elated at the dissipation of the

mystery as he could have been by the discovery of some new and important principle in physical science. His faith in the doctor had been fully justified by the course of events, and as a natural consequence that faith, strong though it had been before, received confirmation beyond the power of anything earthly to shake. From this time he not only loved Dr. Gleason, but he venerated him almost as a being of superior order. The fraternal, unselfish affection he displayed in his treatment of his poor, erring and unfortunate brother, appealed strongly to the generous nature of the boy, and filled him with feelings of the most unbounded admiration.

Nor were the Stantons alone in manifesting their approbation of the feeling displayed by the doctor. Friends who had hitherto been merely passive were now converted into warm admirers, and crowded around with offers of assistance so numerous as to be at times almost embarrassing. Offers to watch with the sick man were freely made, and when they were declined (for the doctor had resolved to share this burden with no one save Mr. Crawford), fair hands were not slow in preparing numerous delicacies to tempt the appetite of the invalid. Such was the empire which the uprightness and generosity of Dr. Gleason had established for him in the hearts of the simple villagers.

He, meantime, was devoting himself with the most untiring assiduity to the care and nursing of

his brother. Fortunately, it was a time of very general health in and about the village, and hence he was able to give almost the whole of his time to Henry without seriously neglecting any other patient. How narrowly he watched every indication of the subsidence of his fearful disease, and with what anxious care he compounded from day to day the prescriptions which were designed to relieve his sufferings, and to restore him to reason once more!

And in time his self-denying watchfulness was amply rewarded. The struggle between himself and the terrible demon of disease which had fastened its grasp upon his brother was long and painful, but at last it succumbed to his care and skill, and once more the clear light of reason beamed from the eyes which had been so long obscured by the sad effects of intemperance. His brother, the companion of his earlier years, and the sharer of all the innocent sports of his childhood, was saved, but the burning fever had left him with scarce an infant's strength, and it was apparent that weeks must elapse before he would be able to rise from his bed.

To say that a sense of devout thankfulness filled the heart of the doctor as he contemplated the success with which his wearying but unwearied attention had been rewarded would but faintly express his feelings. The emotions of his heart were stirred to their depths, and with the most fervid

warmth did he on bended knees pour out to his Maker the meed of his grateful praise and thanksgiving for this great blessing. Nor did he at the same time forget to ask the aid of the Divine guidance and wisdom in the discharge of the task which still lay before him, but from which he shrank with a feeling of diffidence and distrust of self almost painful—that of attempting the reformation of his brother. He felt truly that the illness from which that brother was just recovering would furnish him with the most potent arguments in favor of a future career of abstinence, and yet he dreaded to introduce the subject, fearing to wound the feelings of him whom he wished to save, and thus drive him again to the very paths from which he strove to rescue him. He knew the sensitive nature of Henry, he realized that he must feel degraded and humiliated by the past, and he shrank from any allusion to it. Who has not thus held back from the performance of some duty apparently painful in the extreme, but which, when at last it is approached, turns out to be simple and easy of accomplishment? So it was in this instance.

One day the doctor was sitting by the window in his brother's room. He was busily engaged in reading, and neither had spoken for some time, when by some sort of inward consciousness he became aware that his brother was looking at him. It may be, as some people teach, that some sort of

spirit influence revealed it to him—it matters not how it was communicated—but suddenly raising his eyes he met those of the sick man fixed upon him with a look of anxious, earnest, wistful inquiry, responsive to which he laid down his book and drew his chair to the bedside.

"Brother James," said the invalid, "if I may be permitted to call you 'brother' after the past, I have been very sick, have I not?"

"You have, Henry, my brother, been very ill indeed."

"And you have saved my life?"

"No, I do not claim the merit of that. I have done what I could for you, but to One higher and better than I should you return thanks for the preservation of your life."

"But you were the instrument," he persisted. "But for your care and attention, all claim to which I had forfeited by my own misconduct, I should now be lying in the cold and silent grave with all hope or chance of repentance and reformation forever gone. What a terrible reflection!"

"Say not so, my dear brother. To God belongs the praise of having saved you, and He could have found other means as available as my poor exertions."

"And now, brother," he continued, scarcely heeding the last remark of James, "I want you to save me still farther. I want you to save me from myself, even as you have saved me from death."

"Anything that I can," said the doctor earnestly, while his heart gave a great, upward leap for joy, "I will cheerfully do for you."

"Then help me to get rid of the accursed vices which have dragged me to such depths of degradation, and to become as good and as pure as you."

"Do you sincerely and truly desire to repent and reform?"

"God knows my heart," said the sick man solemnly, "and He knows that the one wish of my soul is in some measure to make amends for the hideous life I have led for the past seven or eight years. Only," he added hesitatingly, "you must teach me how, as you wished to do years ago, when I scornfully repulsed you. Ingrate that I was! Had I then heeded your fraternal counsels, my present humiliation, as well as a long, black list of hideous crimes, had been spared to me."

"Never mind that, my brother," said the doctor kindly. "Let us not speak of the past. Our business is with the future."

"But I shall think of it none the less, and I must speak of it. I must tell you the dreadful story of eight years of dissipation and debauchery of every kind, and then if there can be forgiveness for such a wretch as I, I will strive to deserve it."

"Christ will not withhold his forgiveness from any one who is truly penitent, and who earnestly turns away from the paths of sin," said James earnestly and solemnly, "and shall man be more

just than his Maker? If He can forgive, shall we not also?"

"But my misdeeds have been so many," said Henry anxiously, "and of so vile a character, that it seems almost beyond the power even of Omnipotence to overlook them."

"'Though your sins were as scarlet, yet will I make them as white as wool,' saith the inspired Word," was the reply. "And who shall gainsay His utterances? Remember that He had mercy even upon the thief who was expiating his crimes upon the cross, and surely He will not refuse pardon to you, my brother, if your penitence and reformation be sincere."

"Then listen to the sad and shameful tale," said Henry, and turning away his head, as if fearing to look his brother in the face, he began the humiliating story.

We need not inflict the whole of the painful narrative upon our readers, and most certainly it would be anything but interesting or profitable. It is not often that an equal amount of crime and vice is crowded into the same space of time. In the eight years which had passed since Henry went from New London to make his home in the great commercial metropolis, there was scarcely any form of crime and infamy in which he had not freely indulged. Pocket-picking, grand larceny, gambling, forgery, were scarcely more than common pastimes with him, while of every species

of licentiousness and debauchery he had freely partaken, until his once manly and vigorous frame was bent by premature old age, and his constitution shattered to a degree from which it would require years to recover, even if recovery were at all possible.

Such are the awful concomitants of a life of vice and crime, and such the inevitable results of a departure from the path of rectitude, and yet, how many thousands of young men—aye, and young women, too—do we see upon every side, entering upon the path which Henry Gleason had trodden to such a frightful extent, and the end whereof is one at which humanity must shudder and angels weep. Oh! beware, my young friend, how for the sake of a momentary gratification you take the first step in a career fraught in the end with so much misery. Tamper not for a single instant with the insidious and soul-destroying foe which lurks at the bottom of every wine-cup. The first stage may be pleasant to contemplate; the fiery stimulant may for the moment exhilarate your feelings and enhance your enjoyment of the present; it may cause wit and repartee to burst forth in brilliant scintillations and for the moment increase your importance with your boon companions; it may even surround you for a time with friends who will indulge in the most extravagant protestations of devotion so long as you contribute to their amusement or your purse is sufficient to

meet the demands they will make upon it, but who will desert you whenever distress comes or a fresh victim is presented, but that first step is but the beginning of sorrow. The second step, from which it is almost impossible to refrain, is a downward one; the next is still lower, and so you go on, and on, and on, in the downward course, until at last you find yourself shunned by all the wise and good, bereft of fortuue, and deserted by treacherous friends—a poor, miserable, drivelling outcast, a mere blot upon the fair face of humanity. Who can contemplate such results without a loathsome, sickening feeling of the soul, and yet who does not see and realize that thousands of the brightest and best of our land are daily walking in this awful path?

Dr. Gleason listened to the humiliating and painful account of his brother's waywardness with no manifestation of emotion save a gradually increasing pallor of countenance as the sickening sensation at his heart deepened with each new revelation. And when the sad narration was completed, is it to be wondered at that he experienced a sensation of inexpressible relief which found utterance in an audible sigh? That sound, the only response he had received to any part of his confession, attracted the attention of the wretched man who was thus laying bare the heinous nature of his past life. Turning his face quickly toward the watcher and listener, he exclaimed:

"Said I not truly that my crimes were past Divine as well as human forgiveness?"

"No, my brother," said the doctor in a voice which quivered with emotion, "piled mountain high though your transgressions are, still are they not beyond the cleansing influence of the blood of the Lamb. And if in singleness of heart you ask his aid to return from your wandering way, be assured he will not withhold it."

"But I am so weak," said he piteously, "I feel that I cannot stand alone. Sin and vice have sapped all the little moral strength I ever had, and left me a mere infant. What can I do?"

"He has promised to give us strength to resist every temptation if we but ask Him."

"Yes," said the brother, with something like bitterness in his tones, "that is what all the temperance people say, they lift us upon our feet, forgetting that we are debilitated by sin and indulgence until we are unable to walk, and tell us to go to Him, but make no effort to support our halting, trembling steps. Instead of pitying, they despise our weakness, and are ashamed to be seen hand in hand with us, sustaining us in our tottering walk until we have attained sufficient firmness to go alone. Is it strange then, that so few of the fallen inebriates are reformed?"

"You are right," said Dr. Gleason, thoughtfully, "there is too much of the Pharisaic 'I am more holy than thou' in all our efforts for the suppres-

sion of vice and immorality. But in the present instance, be assured, my dear brother, that this mistake shall not be laid to my charge. I will stand by you and aid you in your proposed reformation, and if I can aid you in the contemplated good work by any means in my power, no service will ever be more cheerfully rendered."

"That is but what I should have expected from your past goodness to me," said the sick man, while his eyes filled with tears, "and yet I can scarcely comprehend it. It seems to me that you must despise me in view of my long career of crime and wickedness, and how then can you stoop so low as to take me by the hand and lead me to higher and better ground?"

"Your sins I may despise," said the doctor, as with a touch as tender as that of the most delicate lady he stroked the brow of the invalid, "but yourself never. No matter how far you may have been led astray by evil influences and evil associations I can never lose sight of the fact that you are my brother—the son of a revered father and mother—and never shall it be said that I deserted an only brother when my hand might have rescued him from a fearful gulf which otherwise threatened to overwhelm him."

"Then by the help of God," said the sick man with energetic fervor, "I will yet be a man. God only knows how I have loathed and despised myself and the life I was compelled to lead, and how

I have striven to escape from the hated thrall. But when I strove to climb up out of the abyss of degradation into which I had fallen, I was greeted on every hand with averted, scornful, loathing looks; the doors of respectable society were shut in my face, and all that I could look or hope for was a few words of reprobation, and no doubt well meant but impracticable advice, while the giver, like the priest and the Levite, looked coldly upon me and passed by on the other side. Society of some sort, I, in common with every human being must have, and when refused admission to that of the more respectable class, what could I do but turn for companionship to the debased circle which alone would accord me its sympathy and countenance? And thus the chains which I was striving to break, with each renewed effort became but riveted and strengthened, until at last I became the vile thing I have just described to you."

"God forgive us all," said the doctor with deep emotion, "we have indeed much to answer for in our treatment of those who are more unfortunate—I will not say weaker, for it is more misfortune than weakness—than ourselves. This conversation has opened my eyes to a great many things which never occurred to me before, and in the future I shall not be found derelict in my duty in the matters of which we have been speaking."

"But what shall I do? I have been so long under the dominion of vice that mentally as well

as morally I am as weak as a child, and am incapable of rational thought or action. I must depend upon you not only for strength but also for guidance," and the tears rolled down his attenuated cheeks as he spoke.

"For the present," said the doctor tenderly, "you must do nothing but remain quiet and regain physical health and strength, with these will come more mental vigor, and then it will be time enough to decide upon a future course. What little strength I may be able to impart shall ever be at your command. And now," he continued, "you must rest. This long conversation has excited and wearied you, and you need repose. So turn your face to the wall and sleep while I watch with you."

With the docility of an obedient child the sick man assumed the position indicated by his brother. The events of the past two hours had relieved his mind of a mighty burthen, and in a short time he was buried in a calm and refreshing slumber, while the faithful friend and brother sat beside him with his heart swelling with rapture and his spirit vocal with the music of praise and thanksgiving to that Beneficent Being by whom this long deferred but mighty deliverance had been wrought. For years he had on bended knees implored the interposition of the Omnipotent to restore to him, redeemed and purified, his long-lost brother. Months and seasons had come and gone and his intercessions had

remained unanswered; that hope long deferred which "maketh the heart sick," had well nigh given place to the darkness of despair, and now at a moment when he least expected it, and when the conviction that that brother was no longer in the land of the living, had well nigh taken possession of his soul, his brother was not only in this remarkable manner restored to him, but restored with the barrier which the devices of the Evil one had erected about his soul smitten down by the mighty power of truth, the crust which sin had formed upon his seared conscience broken, and his heart softened and made ready to become a fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Is it strange, then, that deepest emotions of gratitude welled up from his soul, and filled his heart with ecstacies of joy to which it had long been a stranger, or that to him that sick room seemed illumined with an almost heavenly radiance, while his spirit murmured, "Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not?"

Long time he sat and mused upon the remarkable manner of his discovery of his lost brother, and the influences and circumstances by which his reformation had been accomplished. So wonderful, so incomprehensible it all seemed, that he could scarcely realize that it was not all a dream, and he found himself repeating the beautiful and almost inspired words of the poet:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

But however inscrutable it all appeared to him, certain the one fact remained—that his brother was redeemed—and upon that spot memory then and there erected a golden monument to which in after times she could look back with peculiar satisfaction as the beginning of an epoch in the doctor's life. Years have passed since that day but still the monument stands, the same glistening pillar as when first erected, and still does memory gaze with never-failing delight upon its undimmed beauties, for the fair, fond hopes that day called into existence have never faded or withered, but have gone on to perfect fruition. But let us not anticipate.

In his proposed work of strengthening, sustaining and invigorating his brother until he should so far have recovered from the effects of his long career of vice as to be able to stand alone, the doctor found powerful and willing coadjutors, not only in Mr. Crawford and Mrs. Stanton and her family, but in the host of friends which his upright conduct had won for him in the village, and to whom of course the relationship between himself and his patient became speedily known. For it was not in the nature of things that a matter of so much importance should remain concealed in a rural community like that of Perrysburg, and many were the wondering comments made by the

villagers upon the strange event. But wonder as they might at the romance attending the meeting and reunion of the two brothers so long separated, their hands were ever ready to do whatever was necessary for the comfort of the sick man, and warm words of cheer and encouragement to persevere in his reformation were ever on their lips.

Amid such influences, and surrounded by such incentives to good, and daily cheered by the presence and fraternal care of his brother, it is not surprising that Henry Gleason constantly gained in strength, and that with returning health came renewed vigor to an intellect which had once ranked second to none, but which had for years been dwarfed, clouded and debased by the indulgence of the most hideous and degrading vices to which humanity is ever subject. Indeed, it would have been strange had it been otherwise. With the living, vivid example of his brother's high-toned moral sense constantly before his eyes, and his mind attuned to appreciate in all its force the measureless distance between morality and immorality; at all times enjoying the most familiar and unrestrained intercourse with the noblest, the purest and best of the excellent little community in which his lot was so fortunately cast, it would have been strange indeed if his spirit had not been the recipient of the best and most lasting impressions.

How highly favored was his situation as com-

pared with that of a large majority of the poor wretches who seek to escape from the deadly clutches of the foul demon of Intemperance! How often is it the case that men who have become convinced of the error of their ways, and who would gladly turn from the paths of crime to the higher and nobler walks of sobriety and uprightness, have been forced back into the dark and devious lanes they so much desire to quit by the almost scornful coldness with which they have been met on the very threshold of their attempted reform, and that, too, by men whose voices were ever loudest in denunciation of intemperance and its kindred vices, and in sounding the praises of virtue and total abstinence—men who were bright and shining examples of the faith they professed, but who were unable to realize and comprehend the fact that inebriates, when they first attempt to throw off the chains, are like children when they first essay the task of walking. It will not do to place them upon their feet and tell them to walk. The mother, when she undertakes to give her infant its first lesson in walking, knows that she must sustain and support and guide its tottering footsteps; she realizes full well that the most trifling little obstacles, an inequality in the floor or carpet, a small stick, one of the toys with which the little adventurer has been wont to amuse himself as he sat upon the floor—any such trivial obstruction—is quite sufficient to overcome the feebly-sustained

balance and to precipitate the little pupil headlong, only thankful if he escapes a severe bump in falling. With what care, then, does she follow his every movement, with hands outstretched and ready at the first indication of unsteadiness to clasp and sustain the trembling little frame until, encouraged and strengthened by her patient watchfulness, he runs everywhere without fear or danger.

So with the poor victim of intemperance whose reformation you ask. When by faithful, loving, persistent effort you have succeeded in awakening him to a sense of the horrors of intemperance and the delights of sobriety and virtue; when you have succeeded in loosening the loathsome and degrading shackles by which he has been so long enthralled; when you have aroused him from the filth and mire in which he has so long been prostrate, and have enabled him to stand upon his feet in the dignity of manhood, think not that your work is accomplished, and that he may safely be left to do the rest himself. Oh, no! So far is your task from being finished, that it is only just begun. Every step which he takes in the new direction is as feeble, uncertain and tottering as those of the infant when he first starts on his adventurous journey across the room, and he requires the same watchful care and attention. Do not then forsake him, but stand by him, cheer, comfort and sustain him; surround him with

pleasant and attractive associations; be ready to support him if he stumbles; assist him to rise if perchance he should fall, and in time you will have the proud satisfaction of contemplating a soul redeemed from endless perdition by your exertions and the blessing of Heaven.

In the case of Henry Gleason, as we have seen, none of these appliances were wanting. Surrounded constantly by the pleasant associations and allurements we have portrayed, his transition from the condition of an inebriate to that of a sincere, earnest, and devoted adherent of the temperance cause, was as rapid as it was permanent and steadfast. And with his reformation his physical frame resumed the vigor and healthfulness of which years of debauchery and dissipation had robbed it. His step grew firm and elastic, his eye became clear and piercing as that of an eagle, and the marks of vice and degradation rapidly disappeared from his countenance. At the end of a year from the time of his meeting with his brother, so complete was the transformation he had undergone that no one would have recognized in him the poor wretch who that night lay upon the ground the object of the jeers and merriment of a thoughtless crowd of boys.

Another, and not less important, change, too, had taken place in him since that eventful night. From being, as almost necessarily follows the life of vice he had led, an habitual scoffer at things

Divine, he had become a firm believer in the truths of the Christian religion, and had finally united himself with the church of which his brother was such a consistent member. Words can hardly portray the joy of James Gleason when the brother whom he had so long mourned as lost, by taking his position in the ranks of the followers of Christ, testified in the most unequivocal manner the sincerity of his repentance. Henceforth he felt no uneasiness or apprehension of his again relapsing into the ways of evil, for he had now a double motive to perseverance in the good path he had chosen.

Thus matters had gone on for a year or more, and Henry had been a member of the church for several months. He had as yet engaged in no employment, but still remained a pensioner on the bounty of his brother. As often as he proposed engaging in any business, the doctor would say,

"Never mind, brother; there is plenty of time yet. You must not think of leaving me until you have made up for all the long years in which we did not see each other;" or something of similar import, thus effectually silencing all importunity on the subject.

But at last came a time when he could no longer be silenced. A voice was awakened in his bosom which demanded that he should go forth and labor to repair the evil he had done during these long years of debauchery and crime—a voice

which spoke in thunder tones and would not be hushed. It was the voice of conscience and of duty calling him to labor in the vineyard of the Lord.

We have already mentioned the fact that Henry had become a member of the church to which his brother belonged. Some months after this event had taken place the brothers were sitting in the Doctor's office. They were silent, for James, as was his wont when not otherwise engaged, was immersed in study, and Henry was in silent communion with his own thoughts. At length, however, the latter arose, and drawing his chair close to his brother, said,

"Excuse me for interrupting you, but I have something on my mind about which I have long desired to speak to you, and now it seems to me that I can withhold it no longer."

"Speak freely, my brother," said James kindly, closing the book as he spoke, "and do not deem it necessary to ask an excuse whenever you have anything to say to me."

"You know," said Henry, coloring and speaking with no little embarrassment, "that all the best years of my life thus far have been spent in open and unblushing rebellion against the will of our Divine Master. I persistently closed my ears against His commands and the admonitions of His word, and went steadily forward on my career of crime and iniquity until it seemed as though there

was no help for me. But I have at last, as I trust, found mercy through his precious blood, and now it seems as though duty demanded that I do something to repair, so far as is in my power, the evil I have done. In other words, I feel as though duty demanded that I should become a laborer in my Master's field, to warn others against the sins I have committed."

He paused and looked earnestly at his brother, who mused for a moment and then, raising his eyes to Henry's face, asked,

"Have you thought well of this, Henry, or is it a mere passing fancy?"

"I have thought of it," he replied, "almost ever since the hour in which I united with the church. It has been present to me night and day, and though I strove hard to stifle it, the voice sounded louder and louder in my ears until I can evade it no longer."

"Then, my brother," said the Doctor, earnestly and solemnly, extending his hand as he spoke, "obey the call, and may heaven bless your labor with abundant fruitfulness."

"But," said Henry with increasing embarrassment, "there is one serious difficulty in the way. My education, as you are well aware, for the last several years has been such as to fit me for anything else rather than a preacher of the gospel. The little foundation laid by the kindness of our father in my mind for such a calling has long since

been buried and hidden beneath the waves and sands of vice and crime. What can I do?"

"You can enter a theological seminary," said the doctor, "and in a very short time, with your natural quickness and ability, you can qualify yourself admirably for the station you seek to fill."

"But that will take money, and that I have not got."

"I will furnish the means," said James quietly.

"I cannot consent to tax your generosity to that extent," said Henry earnestly. "You have already done for me a thousand fold more than my deserts, and I am unwilling to be a burden upon you any longer."

"It is not generosity but justice that commands me to furnish you the means to prosecute your studies," said the doctor.

"How so?"

"Listen and I will explain. By our father's will his entire estate, amounting to several thousand dollars, was devised to us in equal proportions, to be paid to us on our attaining the age of twenty-one. We had long lost all trace of you, and so in accordance with the further provisions of the will it was all paid to me. Your share I have kept untouched and in a shape to be surrendered at any time. It now amounts, with its accumulations, to something in the neighborhood of fifteen

thousand dollars which I am ready to make over to you at any moment."

Surprise, wonder and gratitude were all depicted in Henry's face as he listened to this communication. A short time he sat in silence, and then as his eyes filled with tears, he leaned forward, and burying his face upon his shoulder exclaimed in a tremulous voice:

"God bless you, my noble brother, for your kindness to a poor, miserable, undeserving wretch like myself. Heaven will reward you, but I never can."

"Yes," said James tenderly embracing him, "I am already more than rewarded by seeing my only brother assuming the station to which his talents and native goodness entitle him. True, you were long gone astray, but oh! how earnestly I prayed for your return, and God has answered my prayer. And shall I now refuse to do an act of simple justice when He has dealt so mercifully with me?"

Long time the brothers sat and communed of the future, and when they left the office for their boarding house it was with the distinct understanding that Henry should enter the theological seminary at ———, at the commencement of its next term.

Great was the satisfaction of Mr. Crawford when informed of the state of affairs. Although we have to some extent lost sight of him in this hurried review of events, it must not be supposed that he had in any wise changed or that his interest in the

two brothers had in the least abated, but on the contrary had rather increased. James still continued the same faithful assistant in the work he was striving with such singleness of purpose to perform. Henry he had seen converted and brought into the fold under his ministrations, and now that he was about to become a co-laborer with him in the great harvest of the Lord, it created a new bond of sympathy and affection between them. Henceforth, until Henry's departure, they were almost inseparable companions, and many a lesson of grace and spiritual strength did the young divine impart to his earnest friend and pupil during this season.

CHAPTER III.

About two months after the conversation detailed in our last chapter, Henry Gleason took leave of the kind friends among whom he had passed the happiest period of his life, and set out for the city of ———. His parting with the many who had learned to love and esteem him during his stay there was affectionate in the extreme, and many a kind and earnest wish and heartfelt prayer for his future safety and guidance followed him as he set forward on his journey.

But it was only to his brother and his spiritual

preceptor that he fully unbosomed himself. The good work which they had begun and wrought out in him had so inwoven a feeling of gratitude and reverence for them that it seemed almost like parting with his very self to bid them adieu. And he must not be accused of unmanly weakness if, upon taking leave of them, he shed tears of regret, or that, distrustful of his own strength, he trembled lest he should fall from the high estate to which they had elevated him and again relapse into his evil ways. Not that he really feared anything of the kind—he had learned to look upon his past life with too sincere loathing and hatred for anything of the kind to be reasonably apprehended—but the only period of his manhood's estate which he could contemplate with anything like satisfaction had been passed in their immediate companionship, and now that that companionship was about to be terminated, the contrast between it and the life he had before led was so vividly presented by the phantasmagoria of memory as to cause a sort of shuddering lest the former gloomy cloud might once more envelop him in its darkening folds.

As for them, they entertained no fears of Henry's departure from the path into which they had succeeded in turning his feet, for in addition to his own strength he was clad in the impenetrable armor of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Still the separation was by no means devoid of sadness

on their part. James loved his brother with all the earnestness and fervor of fraternal affection, intensified and strengthened by the peculiar circumstances which had surrounded them; and Mr. Crawford loved him as one of the most grateful fruits of his labors in the ministry. They, therefore, while regretting the necessity which induced his departure, cheerfully acquiesced in it, and, with many an invocation of blessings upon his head, they bade him an earnest, hearty God-speed in the walk he had chosen.

Without any incident worthy of note, our student reached the city of ———, and was at once installed in the proper department of the seminary. It is by no means our purpose to follow him throughout the years of his academical course, or to comment upon the steadiness and untiring assiduity with which he prosecuted his studies, and which, besides winning for him the favorable regard and esteem of the professors, carried him forward in the course of instruction prescribed in the rules of the institution with a rapidity almost unparalleled in its annals. Indeed, he seemed disposed, by the most extraordinary diligence, to fully make up for the time he had worse than lost in his debaucheries, and many a brilliant prediction of future greatness for him was made by the gray-headed sage who presided over the destinies of the seminary.

His correspondence with his brother during this

period, which it has been my good fortune to examine and which may some day be given to the public, was constant and unremitting, and never failed to breathe forth the most reverential affection and deepest gratitude for what that brother had done for him, while at the same time it evinced a vigor and originality of thought and expression, combined with a fine poetic fancy, which gave promise of a brilliant future.

The doctor, on his part, was delighted at the prospect of future usefulness opening out before his brother. The depth of his sorrow at the previous fall of that brother and his departure from the path of rectitude; the scrupulous fidelity with which he had guarded the dreadful secret until it had become, as it were, a part of his very self; the almost miraculous manner in which they had been brought together after such a lengthened separation, and the part he had borne in his reformation and in placing him in the enviable position he now occupied, all had endeared that once errant brother to him above the ordinary degree of fraternal affection, and he watched his progress with a solicitude and keen satisfaction only equalled by that which a fond mother experiences at witnessing the onward and upward course of her first-born. And the letters addressed by Dr. Gleason to his brother during this period, many of which are still extant, bear ample testimony to the existence of this state of feeling. Though lacking to some extent the

poetic fire which characterized the productions of the latter, they bear none the less positive evidence of the most devoted affection.

The intimacy between Dr. Gleason and Mr. Crawford meantime continued unabated. But though nothing could sever their friendship or the spirit-communion which existed between them, the delights of personal intercourse and of that daily, unreserved and unrestrained interchange of thought and sentiment which had so long characterized them, were about to be taken away from them. The cause is best explained in an extract from a letter addressed by the doctor to his brother about this time:

"I have to call upon you, my brother, for your sympathy and condolence—not only for myself, but for our entire church here. We are about to lose the services of one whom we can ill afford to spare, and who has been more thoroughly identified with the prosperity and usefulness of our church here than any other man—I mean our friend, the Rev. Mr. Crawford.

"The reasons of his leaving us are briefly as follows: You are aware that when he came to take the pastoral care of our church he left behind him in Massachusetts a sister, to whom he was most devotedly attached. A few weeks since he received a telegram from his sister conveying the sad intelligence that the aunt with whom she was living was stricken down with paralysis and was

not expected to live. Of course he lost no time in hastening home, where he arrived to find his aunt alive but speechless. She breathed her last two days later.

"His sister being then left alone, he naturally felt it his duty to make provision for her proper support, and while debating in his own mind the best means of accomplishing this object, he was waited upon by a deputation of the elders of the parish there, who invited him to accept the ministry of their church, the place being at the time vacant. This call, seeming to remove all the difficulties in his way, for it enabled him to take personal charge of his sister without interfering with the arrangements already made for her attendance at school, he decided to accept. He is now here, but will on next Sabbath preach his farewell sermon, after which he will at once proceed to enter upon his new charge.

"The entire congregation deeply regret parting with him, and I peculiarly so. You are aware of the peculiar and intimate relations which have existed between us, and can readily understand why I should feel as I do about the matter. But we all realize that duty calls him there, and we would not restrain him if we could."

The parting of Mr. Crawford with his congregation, alluded to in the foregoing letter, was a most affecting one. He had served them so long and faithfully, and so much to their satisfaction and

spiritual good, that they had become attached to him to a degree rarely witnessed between pastor and congregation, and when in his farewell sermon he recounted the incidents of his ministrations among them and spoke of the painful emotions with which he abandoned a field where he had been so useful and which was endeared to him by so many pleasing recollections there was scarcely a dry eye in the audience. And when the discourse was ended, and the clergyman descended from the pulpit to mingle with his flock; and when old fathers and mothers in Israel, as well as the babes of the church, pressed forward to take him by the hand perhaps for the last time, there was manifested in all its power the almost boundless dominion which pure and simple goodness can achieve over the human heart. Time and space would fail us to record the one-hundredth part of the blessings invoked upon his head as he went forth from among them to enter upon his new field of labor, and we must leave much to the imagination of the reader.

But to Dr. Gleason, as he had stated in his letter to his brother, the parting was especially painful. The relations between them had been of such peculiar intimacy; they had been co-laborers in so many works of charity and benevolence, not the least of which was the reclamation of that brother whose career he was watching with such soulful hope of the future, and their spirits were

so linked together by unity of thought and sentiment and feeling that in the severance of those bonds by which they had been so long and closely united, it seemed as though he was parting almost with his very self. Surrounded with warm and ardent friends he undoubtedly was; friends to whom scarcely any appeal he might make would be in vain, and yet he felt oppressed with a sense of loneliness almost inexpressible. To whom could he turn with the same degree of freedom and confidence under any and all circumstances as to the friend from whom he had just parted perhaps forever? Who could or would advise him in any delicate matter with the same clearness and perspicuity of judgment, or who could as fully enter into, and comprehend all the hidden springs by which his mind might be actuated in any given case? Ah! who could do for him what this man had done during the many years of their association?

Such were the questions which Dr. Gleason asked of himself when he had bidden his friend farewell, and vain seemed to him the effort to procure a satisfactory answer. But at the same time he realized the truth that this world is full of mutation and constant change, and that he is the truly wise and good man who submits without murmuring to the dispensations of Providence, and he endured this separation without repining.

As for Mr. Crawford, though deeply deploring

the necessity which called him away from the congregation where so many of the best years of his life had been spent, he went to work in his new field with the same earnest zeal, and the same self abnegation which had so won the hearts of his parishioners at Perrysburg, and he soon occupied in the estimation of his new flock a position scarcely less exalted than the one he had held there. So for the present, and in the earnest, God-fearing discharge of his duty, let us leave him for a time while we turn to glance at other characters and other events connected with our story.

CHAPTER IV.

Time in his ceaseless revolution had brought about the year of grace 18—, the year which witnessed the inauguration of a mighty reformation in the cause of temperance. The dark waves of drunkenness and intemperance had been for a long time gathering increased volume and force and swelling and mounting higher and higher until they threatened to engulf the whole land, and to submerge all ranks and classes of the community within their boiling, seething, soul-destroying depths. Then it was, when thousands of the most gifted and talented of our country had been subjected to its fell sway, that a few noble spirits,

moved with pity for the helpless victims, organized an untiring and unsparing crusade against the demon intemperance which, loud-mouthed and defiant, arrogantly boasted its intention to subject the whole race to its degrading domination.

It was a contest from which the stoutest spirit might have shrunk appalled. For aside from the direct conflict with the vice which called their organization into being, these brave men had to encounter the frowns and sneers, the contumely and contempt of those very persons whom they were endeavoring to rescue from a worse than Egyptian bondage, as well as the accumulated prejudices of years. And the history of the times shows that in not a few instances these reformers were assailed with weapons of a more substantial and hurtful nature than any words, however bitter or reviling.

Yet, strong in their convictions of duty and armed in the impenetrable panoply of right, they pressed steadily onward until they had wrought a work which shall endure long after their names shall have been forgotten. They could not, it is true, entirely stem the tide, but they educated and enlightened public sentiment until it came to regard drunkenness, if not as a crime, at least as degrading, and erected around the temple of Bacchus a barrier of public opinion which has done, and is doing, much to restrain young men from entering therein. The fruits of their labors

are to be seen in the various prohibitory and restraining statutes of many of the States and in the numerous temperance organizations abounding in the land, while the names of thousands of drunkards reformed through their efforts constitute for them a monument more enduring than marble or brass, and more glorious than the noblest shaft ever erected by conqueror to commemorate his victory.

Among the most earnest and zealous of the laborers in this good work was Henry Gleason. He had tasted in its depths the full measure of the degradation of a drunkard's life, and who so well qualified as he to warn others of the dangers from which he had, almost miraculously as it were, been so completely rescued! No sooner, therefore, had the trumpet sounded the call to battle with this worst foe of his race, than he abandoned the closet and his studies, and, with the full sanction and hearty concurrence of his brother, to whom he had communicated his intentions and desires, he plunged headlong into the strife. No one was more untiring in the conflict than he; no one made more earnest or heartfelt appeals to the young to refrain from entering into the path the end whereof was certain death to both soul and body; none more trumpet-tongued and none whose exhortations were more effective than his. With tireless assiduity he went from place to place and in spirit-stirring tones, which told with tremendous

effect, he warned his hearers of the hidden dangers which lurked in the depths of the flowing bowl. He soon became renowned as one of the most earnest workers and effective champions of the temperance cause, and invitations to address temperance meetings, not only in his own but in other States, poured in upon him with such rapidity that he was utterly unable to comply with them all.

As was to have been expected, the Rev. Mr. Crawford took an early and deep interest in the temperance movement, and gave to it all the time and attention he could possibly spare from his ministerial duties. True, his position was not such as to admit of his leaving home and entering the lecture field in this cause, but he labored none the less earnestly in his own home circle to further the good work. He was active and zealous in getting up and organizing meetings in his own and the adjoining parishes, and was ever ready to lift his voice in denunciation of the mighty evil with which the land was cursed.

In this exalted work he for some time found a hearty coadjutor in his sister. With strong impulsive convictions of right, she entered with all her might into all her brother's projects, and seconded his efforts with a zeal no less devoted than his own. But she was young, and consequently more volatile than he, and she sooner tired of the toil of the conflict, and at last came to a pitch of

almost indifference upon the subject. Nay, more! at times it was almost impossible to persuade her to attend even the stated meetings of the temperance club which had been organized in their own town, so complete had come to be her apathy upon the subject.

One evening Mr. Crawford came home from the postoffice, with something like excitement in his manner. Throwing a letter into his sister's lap, he exclaimed hurriedly:

"Read that, Ellen."

"What is the matter, Harvey? You seem unusually excited," said the fair girl as she raised the letter.

"Read that, and it will explain all," said the clergyman as he threw himself into an easy chair.

Without further remark, she raised the letter, and, removing it from the envelope,read it carefully through. It was from Henry Gleason, accepting an invitation to lecture before their village club on the next Thursday evening.

"Who is Henry Gleason?" she asked with a decided degree of indifference in her tones, as she finished the perusal.

"Who is Henry Gleason!" repeated her brother with some astonishment. "You surely cannot have forgotten either him or his brother, Dr. James Gleason, so often have I spoken of them since my return from Perrysburg. The Doctor was my most intimate friend while there, and Henry is the

brother whom we rescued from the bondage of drunkenness, as I have so often told you. Since his reclamation he has been a student at the Theological Seminary at ———-, and is said to be one of the most eloquent and effective advocates of the cause. I wrote to him about a week ago asking him to come here and deliver a lecture before our society, and, as you see, he has consented to do so."

"Yes, I remember him now," said the girl, "and I suppose we will have the same old story to which I have listened until I am heartily tired of hearing it."

"I am aware, my sister," said the brother kindly, "that you have become weary of this matter. I cannot blame you, for to one of your years and temperament anything oft repeated becomes irksome, but I would like to have you go and hear this man. He comes with a high reputation for eloquence, and I feel assured that his lecture will be very interesting."

"After all it will doubtless be the same old story," said Ellen, coldly, "and I have heard it so often that I know it by heart."

"But you will go and hear it once more, will you not?"

"I am by no means sure that I will," said she with the pouting, willful air of a spoiled child.

"I really wish you would, sister mine," said he tenderly, approaching her and passing an arm

around her waist, "he and his brother are special friends of mine and I would like to have you show them this degree of respect. Besides, I want to invite him to make his home here during his stay in town."

"You can do that with my free consent, I assure you," said the girl; "whether I hear his lecture or not I shall never be found derelict in extending the duties of hospitality to any friend of my noble brother."

"No doubt of that, my dear sister," said he, kissing her, "and yet I really wish you would go and hear him."

"If you really so much desire it, Harvey," said Ellen tenderly, "I will go, and yet it will be no little task for me to go and listen to a story which I have already heard until it has lost all interest for me."

"A good story never loses its interest to me by being often told," said the young man gravely. "And besides," he added, in a tone of pleasantry, "it has been so long since you have heard this story that it will seem like a new one to you."

"Well, well, I will go," said she in a similar vein, "and I venture the prediction that you will be as much disappointed in your crack speaker as I was in the last lecture to which I listened."

"We shall see," said he, "and now let us have tea, for I have much to do this evening."

The Thursday evening of the lecture came, and

an immense crowd had assembled at the hall. The fame of the speaker had preceded him, and the exertions of Mr. Crawford, and others who felt an interest in the temperance cause, to give currency to the appointment, had drawn together the largest audience which had graced a similar occasion since the movement was first inaugurated. All the *elite* and fashion of the town were there at an early hour, and all impatiently waited the coming of the train which was to bring the lecturer, for he was not expected to arrive until it was fully time for the lecture to commence.

He came, and scarcely had he commenced speaking before every one in the congregation felt and realized that they were to be amply repaid for their attendance. His presence was commanding, his diction clear and distinct, his knowledge of his subject was perfect and he had, withal, that peculiar magnetism which gives so many speakers such perfect control of their audiences. His illustrations were clear and pointed and singularly apposite; his humor was irresistible and convulsed his hearers with laughter; his pathos was sublime and compelled every one to hold his breath with silent awe, and when he drew upon his own experience and portrayed the miseries, the horrors and wretchedness of the drunkard's life there was scarcely a dry eye in the room. And when the hour and a half which he devoted to the subject was exhausted, and the speaker was silent, the

entire audience sat for a moment as if in a trance, and when the spell was broken and they started to their feet, no word of applause greeted the masterly address to which they had listened. No. Their spirits were wound to too high a pitch by the brilliant oratory they had heard, and silently they dispersed to their homes, each one feeling that it had been good to be there.

A few there were, however, who remained to greet the orator and to congratulate him upon the success with which his effort had been crowned, and among these were Mr. Crawford and his sister.

The greeting between the two gentlemen, as might have been expected from their past associations, and the length of time which had elapsed since their parting (for they had not met since Henry's departure from the village of Perrysburg nearly a year and a half before) was cordial in the extreme, and when their salutations had been exchanged and Mr. Crawford had introduced his sister, it needed no urging to induce the speaker to accept the cordial invitation of his old friend to pass the night at his house. We cannot say precisely what effect the glance which the lecturer cast upon the lovely and intelligent features of Ellen Crawford had in determining him to accept the invitation—certain it is that she had never looked more radiantly beautiful than she did at this time.

Her azure eyes sparkled with emotion, and the

interest excited by the discourse to which she had just listened had lent an unwonted lustre to her complexion, and as she eagerly seconded the invitation of her brother, Henry Gleason thought he had never beheld any one so surpassingly beautiful. In that first moment of their acquaintance was laid the foundation of events which were to color the whole of the future lives of both.

As they walked home from the hall in which the meeting had been held Mr. Crawford slily rallied his sister on the disinclination she had shown to attend the lecture.

"Well, sister," said he, "shall I apologize for my cruelty in compelling you to attend this meeting, and promise never to do the like again?"

"There," said she, "say no more about that. I frankly confess that you were right and that I was wrong, and with this concession to your superior sagacity and wisdom you ought to be content."

"What!" said Mr. Gleason, with some astonishment in his tone and manner, "does Miss Crawford require a command to lend the powerful influence of her countenance and support to so noble and holy a cause as that of temperance?"

"No, not that," said Ellen, "my heart approves of the cause, and of all that is being or can be done to advance it, but I am such a useless little body that it never seemed to me possible for me to accomplish anything at all. And inasmuch as

all the lectures we have had here have all been about one and the same thing, I had naturally come to feel some indifference about attending our meeting."

"No one," said Mr. Gleason, gravely, "can afford to be indifferent in a cause of so much importance to the great interest of humanity. And no one is without his influence, and no one should shrink from exercising it."

"But what can a person like me do?" asked the young lady. "I cannot get up and speak in advocacy of the cause, nor can I go around among the audience and solicit signatures to the pledge of total abstinence."

"Very true, but if you cannot exercise an active you can a passive influence. Every cause gathers its strength from the number of its open adherents, in part at least, and when one regularly attends the meetings held in the interest of such cause, even though they take no active part in the exercise, they thereby testify in the strongest manner their adherence to and support of that cause. And thus whatever influence they may possess is at once transferred to and inures to the benefit of the cause. Hence I say no one can afford to be indifferent or even negligent."

"That," said Mr. Crawford, "is precisely what I have been trying to impress upon our wayward Ellen for the last three months, but she is almost beyond my influence."

"Now, brother," said Ellen poutingly, "you are too bad. If you will say no more I promise to attend every meeting without question or urging."

"Bravo! Gleason, you have made one convert," said Mr. Crawford, laughing, while Ellen—they having by this time reached home—sprang away from them and up the steps into the house.

The gentlemen followed more leisurely and were soon in Mr. Crawford's elegantly furnished parlor, where they passed one of the most delightful seasons either had ever known in reviewing old acquaintanceship and talking over the incidents of the past. Midnight came and found them thus engaged; the clock from an adjoining steeple pealed the hour of one and still the two friends scarcely thought of retiring, so deeply were they interested in all that concerned each other. At last, however, wearied nature asserted her claims and they retired to rest, but not until Henry Gleason had yielded to the earnest solicitations of his friend to remain his guest for a day or two longer. Whether the brief interview with the clergyman's sister had any influence in procuring the acceptance of the invitation we are not able to positively inform our readers. We have our own opinion and they may have theirs. In all candor, however, we must confess that he had been somewhat attracted by her, and that, having decided to remain their guest for a few days, he determined to know more of her before he left.

For the next three days Mr. Gleason remained an inmate of Mr. Crawford's mansion, when he left to fill an appointment, of some weeks standing, to address a temperance convention. But while there he had so assiduously followed up his laudable determination to know more of Ellen Crawford, and so satisfactory had been the result of his investigation, that the invitation to repeat his visit at no distant day, which he received both from Mr. Crawford and Ellen, was scarcely necessary to induce him to do so.

In fine, dear reader, notwithstanding the preoccupation of his mind with devotion to the cause of temperance and to his theological studies, Henry Gleason had in those three days learned to love Ellen Crawford as he had never loved before. Her beauty had made a powerful impression upon him from the first, and further acquaintance had convinced him of the fact that the charms of her person were more than equalled by those of her mind. Her unaffected frankness and good sense, and her unmistakable refinement and cultivation had completed the conquest which her loveliness had begun, and when he went away from the home of her brother it was with a fixed determination to return and, if possible (and if he was successful in obtaining her brother's consent, of which he had but little doubt), to win her for his bride.

In pursuance of this determination, he came again in a few weeks and was received by Mr.

Crawford and Ellen with a warmth of welcome and heartiness of greeting which showed the high estimation in which he was held, and which certainly augured well for the success of the suit which he was fully resolved to urge. At least, so far as Mr. Crawford was concerned, he felt a reasonable degree of assurance, and as he had not learned to rid himself of the ancient notion of propriety in addressing a young lady—that the proper course was first to win the consent of her parent or guardian—he took an early opportunity to address his friend upon the subject.

It is quite unnecessary to inflict upon the reader the details of the interview which he sought upon this subject. It is sufficient for the purposes of this story to say that the conference was eminently cordial, frank and satisfactory to both, and that when he left the presence of Mr. Crawford it was with his free consent to make Ellen his wife if he could, and with the heartiest wishes of the brother for his success.

Thus far all was well. But it was with some degree of trepidation that he approached the task of making the conquest which he had obtained permission to attempt. True love is proverbially modest, and in all her intercourse with him the closest scrutiny failed to discover to him anything more than an attempt on her part to treat her brother's favorite guest with proper and becoming respect. And even if at times she manifested some

degree of pleasure in his society, he was still unable to detect more than the pleasure of friendship, and he felt at no small loss whether to ask for more, and so risk losing all, or to await the development of events in the hope of a warmer and stronger feeling springing up in her bosom. Who that has attained to manhood's estate has not felt himself in a similar dilemma?

Thus several days passed in painful indecision, and the time which he felt that he could spare for this visit had expired, and still he had made no advances in his wooing. "Many a time and oft" he had resolved to ask the all-important question and learn his fate, and as often the fear of repulse had kept him silent, but now he felt that it could be postponed no longer.

On the evening before his departure, therefore, he asked her to take a walk with him to a leafy grove a short distance from the house, which was a favorite resort of theirs. There was nothing unusual in his asking her to walk out there with him—he had often done so before—but on this occasion there was an undefinable something, she could not tell what, either in his tone, his looks or his manner, as he preferred his request which caused the flush upon her cheek to deepen and her eyes to droop beneath his glances. There was, however, no other manifestation of emotion; her simple preparations were soon made, and they wended their way almost in silence to the shady

dell. Perhaps it was the thought of his approaching departure which rendered them both so unusually reticent. Who knows?

They pursued their way until they came to a rustic bench which had been erected for the accommodation of loungers beneath the branches of a mighty oak, monarch of an hundred years. Here Mr. Gleason paused, and facing his companion said in a low and tremulous voice:

"Sit down here, Ellen, please. I have something of vast importance to me to tell you."

She started and blushed violently, for it was the first time he had ever addressed her thus familiarly, but, in obedience to his appealing look, she sank upon the seat. He placed himself beside her, and taking her unresisting hand in his, he poured into her ear in earnest, manly utterances, and yet as soft almost as the whisper of the zephyr in the leaves above their heads, that tale which has been told and listened to ever since the world had a being, and which is yet ever new and full of interest to both speaker and hearer. And when he had finished his story, and raised the head which drooped upon his shoulder, one glance into the crimson face and love-beaming eyes of the fair girl at his side told him that his suit was not in vain. For, carefully as she had guarded her secret, Ellen had long cherished in her inmost soul a deep and earnest love for the handsome, talented and eloquent temperance orator. And as he read

his answer in that glowing face, he folded her to his breast in a strong, passionate embrace, and the first, warm kiss of love pressed upon her willing lips sealed the compact they had made.

How long they sat there, indulging the dreams which their impassioned affection conjured up, we know not, but the shades of night had fallen,

"And the sentinel stars kept their watch in the sky,"

ere they left the place which henceforth was hallowed by the most sacred associations and returned to the mansion of Mr. Crawford. Here, hand in hand, they sought that gentleman in his study to inform him of what had taken place and ask his blessing upon their projected union.

That that blessing was freely given the reader will, of course, have no difficulty in understanding, and then followed an earnest conference as to future movements. It was finally settled that the wedding should not take place until Henry had completed his course and entered upon the work to which he had devoted his life, and that as soon after this as circumstances would admit they should be united.

The next morning Henry took his departure for the scene of his studies, having found in the incidents of this evening an incentive to, if possible, still greater exertions in the effort to fit himself for his chosen calling.

CHAPTER V.

It has been said that "the course of true love never did run smooth," but we confidently offer the case of Henry Gleason and Ellen Crawford to prove by one instance, at least, that the time-honored adage is not of universal application. For during the little more than a year which intervened between their engagement and their marriage, not a single cloud arose above the horizon of their happiness. True, they saw but little of each other, for Henry had now a fresh incentive to even increased diligence in his studies, and was unwilling to spare much time even to visit his betrothed, but their separation was cheered by the constant and frequent interchange of white-winged messengers of love which, gliding from each to the other, bore the oft-repeated assurance of unalterable affection and never-failing confidence. And the occasional interviews which they enjoyed were marked by a tender and appreciative regard of and consideration for each other's feelings which gave promise of the highest degree of happiness in store for them in the future.

Immediately after his return from his successful wooing, to the seminary, Henry communicated the engagement he had formed to his brother, who still resided at Perrysburg, and never was brother more warmly, or with more heart-felt sincerity congratulated than he was by the good doctor. For though

the latter had never entertained any apprehension of Henry's relapsing into the evil ways from which he had rescued him, still, aside from the pleasure he experienced at the closer relation with his friend Crawford into which he would thereby be brought, he felt that this new association would afford a still stronger safeguard, if any were needed, against so dire a calamity as this would be, and the letter in which he communicated his approval of the contract was such a model of fraternal affection, and abounded with so many expressions of practical good sense, that I am almost tempted to reproduce it here, but upon reflection will forbear.

* * * * * * * * * *

A year has passed away since Henry formed his engagement with Ellen Crawford. Let us go to the Theological Seminary at ———, for it is commencement day, and we shall be certain to meet old friends there, and to witness an assemblage of learning, talent and piety such as one seldom sees. Beauty, too, will be there, in all its radiance, for the mothers, sisters—aye, and sweethearts—of the aspirants for honor will be present, all filled with brightest anticipations for their loved ones.

Let us enter the magnificent hall devoted to the exercises of the day. At one end a stage, extending entirely across, affords seats for the officers and faculty of the institution, as well as space for the declamation of the graduates, and the seats in front, arranged in the form of an amphitheater,

afford the best possible opportunity for the spectators to hear and see all that is said or done.

As we glance around the hall, already tolerably well filled, our eyes light upon the well-remembered form and features of Dr. James Gleason. For this day terminates the connection of his brother with the institution and he, consequently, feels more than a passing interest in the exercises of the hour. He experiences no anxiety or uneasiness as to the manner in which that brother will acquit himself—he understands too well his standing in the institution—but he is his last living relative, and he naturally feels anxious to witness him in the hour of his triumph.

Turn your head. Coming down the aisle we see Rev. Mr. Crawford, and, hanging upon his arm, in all her radiant loveliness, his sister Ellen, the interest and excitement of the scene lending, if possible, an increase of beauty to that by which she was usually adorned.

As they came near where the doctor was sitting, he hastily rose from his seat, and the two friends, so long separated (for they had never met since Mr. Crawford left Perrysburg), grasped each other by the hand with a warmth and earnestness which spoke more eloquently than words could have done of the depth and sincerity of their attachment to each other. When the cordiality of their greeting gave time to think of matters of ceremony, Mr. Crawford turned to Ellen and said:

"My old friend, Dr. Gleason. Doctor, my sister Ellen."

"And, I suppose," said the doctor extending his hand with easy frankness, "I may almost say 'my sister,' from what Henry has written me; and certain am I that I shall never blush at the thought of the relationship," he added gallantly.

"My brother," said Ellen in a similar strain, "has often warned me of the evil consequences of forming hasty conclusions, and I fear he will have to read you a homily on the same topic. You do not know me yet."

"Oh!" said the doctor laughing, "I am by no means so much of a stranger to you as you think, though I have never been so fortunate as to meet you before. But if you could see the letters I have received from my brother during the last year, you would not accuse me of forming my conclusions hastily, at least upon this subject."

Ellen blushed at this proof of how completely she had filled the thoughts of her lover during their separation, but it was with a pardonable feeling of pleasure, as much as of maidenly modesty, at having been made the subject of his correspondence.

"Come, doctor," she said, "let us say truce to this matter. I admit you have the best of me, and I desire to make peace."

"I agree, upon one condition."

"What is that?"

"That you lay aside formality with me, and call me 'James' instead of the high-sounding 'Doctor' with which you have been wont to address me," said the doctor.

"That is certainly very reasonable," interposed Mr. Crawford, "in view of the fact that you are so nearly brother and sister."

"Now, if you are going to take up arms against me, too," cried Ellen merrily, but in the undertone in which the conversation had thus far been carried on, "I shall openly rebel, and defy you both."

"Let us say no more, my friend," said Mr. Crawford with mock terror and alarm in his tones; "Ellen now seems very gentle, but her wrath is dreadful when aroused, as I very much fear your poor brother will find to his cost."

"Judging from the letters he has written me," said the doctor smiling, "he seems very willing to take the risk."

"Gentlemen, I cry you mercy!" said Ellen. "Let us drop this unprofitable subject and find seats; for, see, the exercises are about to commence."

There was the usual little rustle and confusion which attends the final seating of any audience of the size of this one, and then the examination began. We have neither time, space nor inclination to go into the details of this hour; suffice it to say that the exercises, of whatever character, were in the highest degree entertaining, and reflected the

utmost credit alike on the institution and the students. But one there was who, at least in the opinion of our three friends, excelled all his fellow-graduates in profound knowledge of his subject, in grace and eloquence of diction and delivery, and in the poetic imagery with which his thoughts were clothed. Need we say that this was none other than Henry Gleason?

And indeed it would be difficult to conceive of a more finished and eloquent address than he delivered upon that occasion. He had taken the utmost pains, and employed all the resources of his highly-cultivated mind in its preparation. His experience upon the rostrum as a temperance lecturer had given him a confidence and consequent grace and freedom of delivery which many of his classmates lacked, and when he had concluded and taken his seat, scarcely one in the vast audience but whose heart awarded the decision—which the judges afterwards pronounced—that to him belonged the first prize of the day. Even among his fellow-graduates the awarding to him of this distinction created neither envy nor jealousy, for they one and all recognized his intellectual superiority, and with a frankness and freedom from selfishness which did them infinite credit, they freely yielded him the palm.

How proud of her betrothed was Ellen Crawford as he thus towered above his associates, and how the love-light kindled in her eye and flamed up

anew on the altar of her heart as she reflected that this mighty intellect and noble mind had given its choicest treasures to her. And Henry. Not all the plaudits, and the clapping of hands which greeted him when his address was concluded were half as dear to him as the glance of loving approbation which he received from those azure eyes. And not even the heartfelt congratulations of his brother and Mr. Crawford afforded him one-half the satisfaction which did the few half-whispered words in which Ellen expressed her pleasure.

The next morning all was excitement and bustle in the little town of ——, for there was to be a long vacation, and the hundreds of students who had imparted life and animation to the social circles were about to leave for their homes. Many were the warm wishes and God's speeds which followed each train of cars as it bore away those who by their upright and correct deportment had won the kindly regard of the community amid which so many happy days had been spent.

Among the crowd of leave-takers who thronged the platform of the depot (for nearly the entire population of the village had turned out to bid the young collegiates farewell), one little group of four persons attracted more than ordinary attention and interest, for among them were Henry Gleason and Ellen Crawford. He was a universal favorite, aside from the high position he had won

the day before, and Ellen's rare and wondrous beauty would attract attention anywhere. The other members of the group were, of course, Dr. James Gleason and Mr. Crawford, and as they stood slightly apart and conversed in a low tone, they were the recipients of many a glance of admiration from the bystanders. And not a few of the village fair, we fear, mingled with their glances a slight tinge of envy at this monopoly by a stranger of the prize orator of the day. But she was too happy to heed or care.

"Come, Ellen," said her brother, as the train drew up to the platform, "this is ours. Good-bye, Doctor, good-bye, Henry," shaking hands with each in turn, "I hope soon to greet you in our own home."

The parting between the betrothed lovers was indeed tender and affectionate, but grave and dignified. There were too many witnesses to admit of any extraordinary demonstrations, and besides, they knew that in all human probability their separation was but for a brief season. For in two months the engagement, entered into a year and more before, was to be consummated, Henry having already been solicited by the congregation of which his brother was a member to assume the pastoral charge of their church. And an hour later the two brothers were whirling away with all the speed of steam in the direction of Perrysburg, where they were greeted with a warmth and earn-

estness which gave the most happy auguries of the usefulness of the new pastor.

And those auguries were more fully realized than even the most sanguine dared to hope. The eloquence, zeal and earnestness which Henry Gleason brought to the service of his Master among this people, his untiring assiduity and unselfish devotion alike to the temporal and spiritual necessities of his flock, soon won for him a place in their hearts equal if not superior to that enjoyed aforetime by Mr. Crawford.

Two months from the commencement of his labors among them, he brought home to be a co-worker with him, one who, although a stranger to every member of the congregation save his brother James, still occupied no small empire in their hearts by reason of her relation to their former much loved and revered pastor—Ellen Crawford—now, however, no longer Ellen Crawford, but his loved and honored bride.

And from that time to the present she has constantly and untiringly shared his labors. In the sick room she is ever ready to administer comfort and relief; in every circle and society for the aid of the suffering poor of the parish she is a leader; in the Sabbath-school, and every similar institution for the promotion of good, none is more earnest or unwearied than she. She has ever been to the needy and suffering of whatever grade or class a very angel of mercy, and the love which

was first extended to her because of her relationship to their former as well as to their present pastor, has been transformed into the most devout affection and veneration because of her own worth.

And here we take leave of The Reformed Drunkard.

THE STORY OF A RUINED LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MURDERER.

Mrs. Dr. Dick sat quietly sewing, only glancing occasionally at the little clock on the mantel whose hand almost pointed to the hour at which she might expect the coming of her husband, for though nearly a quarter of a century had passed since their marriage, she still looked with the same eagerness for his return from business as in the days when they were first united, and upon his part, the Doctor always experienced the same feeling upon turning his footsteps homeward as when he was a bridegroom of but a few days' standing. Theirs was one of the few households in which over twenty years of conflict in the great battle of life had neither dimmed nor in any degree obliterated the feelings which had first induced them to link their fortunes together.

The room in which Mrs. Dick was seated afforded ample evidence that the Doctor had been, in the language of the world, "successful." The elegant furniture and luxurious carpets, the rich paintings

which adorned the walls, and the extensive collection of rare and costly books, could have been the property only of a man of intelligence and correct taste with ample means to gratify it.

But while the practice of his profession had brought him wealth and honor, no part of his ample fortune had been accumulated by oppression or grinding the faces of the poor. His well-earned reputation for generosity towards the unfortunate who crossed his pathway was as widely extended as his probity and professional skill were recognized and admitted. Many a poor patient, without the means to pay the most insignificant fee, was indebted to him, not only for gratuitous restoration to health, but for the very food which kept them from the pangs of hunger.

Suddenly Mrs. Dick was startled by a footfall upon the doorstep so unlike the usual tread of her husband—so hasty and apparently excited—that she sprang to her feet. The next moment the door of the room was violently thrown open and the Doctor rushed in with an infant in his arms. His manner betokened the most intense excitement, and for an instant she was considerably alarmed.

"Here," said he, holding the babe towards his wife as she advanced to meet him, "is a child whose life I saved from the fury of its unnatural and brutal father."

"What do you mean, Robert?"

"I have not time to explain now—will tell you

all when I return," he replied, and again rushed out into the street.

Mrs. Dick, though naturally very much terrified, turned her attention to the little innocent which had been so strangely placed in her charge, and which had begun to manifest its want of something in the only mode known to the infantile world—by crying. Summoning a good-natured domestic, she caused some nourishment to be prepared for it, and when its hunger had been appeased, and its wailing consequently stopped, she contemplated it with almost maternal interest.

It was a girl about five months of age, with beautiful features, as far as the features of an infant of that age can be called beautiful, and had "the most wondrous blue eyes," as Mary, the cook, expressed it, "that she had ever seen in all her born days."

It needed not the mystery which surrounded the little stranger to interest Mrs. Dick in her. She had borne children—a daughter and a son, the first of whom was already married, and the last absent at college—and her mother's heart throbbed with true womanly sympathy and pity for the helpless innocent which now lay in her arms, and over whose young life she well realized that a cloud of some sort had been cast. But little time was allowed her for speculation as to who or what the little one might be, for her husband again entered the room.

But in what a condition! His hat was crushed

and battered, his coat was torn, and he was covered with blood from head to foot. She had never seen him in such a plight, and though by no means a person of weak nerves, the suddenness of this ghastly apparition gave her such a shock that she fell fainting to the floor. Mary, though scarcely less terrified than her mistress, yet retained sufficient presence of mind to catch the babe as Mrs. Dick fell, and so saved it from injury.

"Now, my dear," said the Doctor, when Mrs. Dick had been restored to consciousness, and he had made the necessary changes in his appearance, "I will tell you the story of our little foundling. It is a sad one."

"Whose child is she?"

"She is the child of Joseph Davis, the lawyer, who lately came here from ———, and who lives, as you know, on the next street," replied her husband.

"But whence came the blood upon your clothes and person, my dear husband?" inquired the lady, her thoughts recurring to the appearances which had so much alarmed her.

"Listen and I will tell you. A most horrible crime has been perpetrated. As I was passing Davis' house on my way home, I was startled by a terrific scream from within, and rushing into the house I beheld a sight which curdled the blood in my veins. Davis, in a frenzy of drunkenness, had this innocent babe in his hands and was in the act

of dashing out its brains. His wife was on the floor gasping in the agonies of death, her throat cut from ear to ear, while the bloody knife with which the fiend had done his murderous work, lay in the pool which flowed from the fearful, gaping wound in her neck."

"How horrible," said Mrs. Dick.

"It is, indeed," returned her husband. "I snatched the babe," he continued, "brought her to you, and then went with some officers to arrest him. We found him in the house singing some Bacchanalian song, and as soon as we entered he rushed upon me and threw me upon the floor in the blood of the murdered woman, while he strove to get hold of the knife, evidently with the intention of taking my life. However, he was secured before he could do any further mischief."

"Why, husband," said Mrs. Dick shuddering, "I tremble to think of the danger you were in. But what cause of enmity had he against you?"

"None whatever. We never met before, and indeed I do not think he knows me at all. He merely attacked me because I was the first to enter the room."

"Such are the awful effects of intemperance," said Mrs. Dick, solemnly. "God forbid that our son should ever fall a victim to its demoralizing influences. Do you know how long this wretched creature has been addicted to the terrible vice?"

"I was told by a man who professed to know

something of his antecedents that he was at one time a prominent lawyer of ———. Though but a young man, he had already won a position which many an old practitioner might envy, was a member of the church, and one of the leaders of the temperance society there. But he violated his pledge, went from bad to worse, and finally became a confirmed inebriate. He lost his business, spent all his property, as well as a very handsome dower received with his wife, and finally came here to commit the horrid deed which has this evening so shocked our whole community. This is briefly what I learned of his past history from one who knows."

"It is almost too horrible for comprehension," replied his wife. "But what has been done with the poor murdered lady?"

"Her corse was being prepared for interment when I left the house," said the Doctor. "She will be buried to-morrow or the day after. But what shall we do with the little one?"

"Had Mrs. Davis no friends who would be glad to adopt and care for her?"

"None, I believe," said Dr. Dick. "She was an only child; her mother was a widow at the time of her marriage, and has since died."

"Then let us keep and adopt her as our own," said Mrs. Dick. "Sweet little creature," she continued, turning towards the sofa on which the infant was quietly sleeping. "Is she not a beauty?"

"Certainly," replied the Doctor good-humoredly, "all children of that age are perfection in the eyes of women, I believe, and this can never be an exception to the general rule."

It would be difficult to interpret the grimace with which Mrs. Dick replied to this sally of the Doctor's. It might have expressed either disgust at his apparent want of feeling, or contempt for his implied slur upon the female sex in general, or almost any other feeling which anyone chose to imagine. Certain it is that she made no reply in words, but that the expression of her face was significant of almost anything which anyone saw fit to suppose it might mean. However, the Doctor made no quarrel about it; having said his say, he appeared entirely contented to allow his good wife to indulge any feeling she chose in the matter.

And in good sooth, the little girl who had come so, almost providentially as it seemed, into their care and custody, seemed to justify Mrs. Dick's encomium upon her. She was remarkably sprightly and attractive for a child of her age, while her deep, blue, transparent eyes seemed indeed the "windows to her soul." Hard must have been the heart which would not be moved by the beauty and angelic innocence depicted upon that countenance.

Turn we for a moment to the guilty murderer in his cell as he watches the slowly-passing moments, every one of which brings him nearer and nearer

to the hour of doom which he had prepared for himself. At first he appeared totally unconscious of the damning guilt which his own act had fastened upon his soul. When sufficiently sobered, after being taken into custody, he asked for what he was arrested. Upon being informed that it was for the murder of his wife, he evinced no recollection of the matter, but when confronted with her lifeless and pallid corse, the firmness which he had manifested gave way, and with loud cries and lamentations he besought them to inflict upon him the vengeance which his conduct had merited.

"Hang me! hang me!" he cried, as he smote upon his breast in unavailing remorse. "God knows I have deserved no less."

So violent appeared the stings of his conscience that it was deemed necessary to watch him constantly lest he should inflict personal violence upon himself. The utmost care was exercised to prevent him from committing suicide; his food was carefully examined to see that no friend from outside had supplied him with poison, and an attendant always remained with him at meal time to prevent him from making any improper use of the utensils furnished him with which to eat his food. And yet, as will appear farther in the progress of our tale, these precautions were entirely unnecessary. Self-destruction was the farthest thing from his thoughts, consummate hypocrite that he was.

Time passed, and the court in which Joseph

Davis was to be put upon his trial for the crime of willful murder, convened. Despite his apparent poverty, and the strong current of public opinion which was setting against him, he had succeeded in retaining the ablest counsel of the circuit for his defense.

Never, perhaps, had a case of such surpassing interest to the public been called in the court over which Judge Worthington presided with so much dignity and ability. Mrs. Davis was a woman of remarkable sweetness and amiability of disposition, and even in the short time that she had resided in ———, she had won numerous friends to whom the intelligence of her terrible death came like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, and awakened at once the most unappeasable demand for vengeance upon her murderer. And to those who knew her not, the atrocious crime of which she had been the victim appealed in thunder tones for the stern retribution of the law.

His counsel went into his defense with the most tremendous pressure against them, but with a zeal and assiduity which were at once their highest commendation. Not that they made use of any improper or undue influences to secure his acquittal—they were far too high-minded and honorable to resort to any unworthy means to obtain a verdict in his favor—but they fully realized the truth of the proposition that any man, however guilty, was entitled to have a fair trial, and to have his

case presented in the most favorable light of which it would admit, and this and no more they set out to do.

The defence was the somewhat hackneyed one of insanity, but in this case there seemed more foundation for such a defense than is usual. He had been so long under the influence of alcoholic stimulants that it hardly seemed strange that his brain should have been influenced by it, and his counsel made the most that could be made of that fact. But their ingenuity and the brilliant and persuasive eloquence in which they indulged before the jury were alike unavailing. At the close of a protracted trial, every step of which was watched with the most intense eagerness by the excited crowd who filled the court-house from first to last, the jury returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, and Joseph Davis was sentenced to atone for his hideous crime upon the scaffold.

There was but one sentiment throughout the vast audience, or indeed in the entire community, in regard to the justice of his conviction. No one entertained the slightest doubt of his guilt, and though in this community, as elsewhere all over our free land, there was a class of philanthropists who conscientiously denied the right of frail humanity to take life even as a punishment for the most atrocious crimes, these would not have reversed his conviction if they had possessed the

power. The utmost that even their tender consideration for the lives and rights of others would have asked was, that his sentence might have been mitigated from hanging to imprisonment for life, and we are by no means sure that they are in error in their views. It is certainly a most fearful responsibility to take away the life of a fellow-creature under any circumstances, and so long as humanity remains the finite, imperfect thing it is, so long will the liability to mistakes continue. And what can atone for the wrong done to an innocent person, and to those whose hearts have indissolubly linked themselves together with his, when his life is taken away by judicial sentence? That, despite the machinery provided by the tender care of the law for eliciting truth, hundreds of innocent persons have been convicted of heinous crimes, and have perished upon the scaffold, is not and cannot be doubted by any one at all familiar with the history of criminal jurisprudence in this and every other country, and it may be that it would be better, if the punishment awarded to supposed crime were such as to admit of at least a partial reparation if the innocence of the supposed criminal should in time become manifest, as has often been the case. But pardon this digression, dear reader.

From the time that sentence was pronounced upon him, Joseph Davis seemed to be a changed man. The air of reckless abandon which had

characterized him before disappeared, he passed hours in reading the scriptures and in apparently solemn meditation upon his awful situation; he sought eagerly for the society of ministers of the gospel and other pious persons, to whom he spoke freely of his sense of sin, his earnest penitence and his hope that the Omnipotent would show him the mercy he had denied to others, and not unfrequently the jailer, as he went his round, was arrested by the voice of the condemned prisoner as he pleaded earnestly with the Almighty for pardon and forgiveness.

The jailor was a very humane and kindly man, of sincere piety, and a devout Christian, and to him these evidences of repentance and contrition for his great crime, on the part of his prisoner, were in the highest degree gratifying. He spoke freely to his friends of the change which had taken place in the culprit, repeatedly expressed his belief in the genuineness of his conversion, and treated the prisoner with a degree of kindness and consideration which he humbly hoped and trusted would have the effect of leading him still nearer to the One who alone can atone for human sin and give peace to the troubled conscience. Poor man! he little suspected that he for whom he was so willing to do any thing in his power was merely acting a part, the better to carry out a scheme which had been matured in his corrupt bosom,

and which involved still another crime shocking to the sense of the entire community.

As the day fixed for his execution drew near the apparent piety and penitence of Davis became more and more intense, his requests for the society and religious conversation of his jailer more frequent, until it almost seemed that he was unwilling to have him out of his sight for a moment. And the kind official, willing and anxious by all means in his power to deepen and confirm the good impression which he was sure had been made, never turned a deaf ear to these requests. Every moment of time which could be spared from his duties was spent in the cell of the condemned man, and every ministration which his experience could suggest, and which would have a tendency to relieve the apparently sorrowing spirit was freely carried into effect.

So time passed, and the night preceding the day of execution at last arrived. All necessary preparations for the sad event of the morrow had been made. At this time the absurd idea that executions must be in public for the sake of their example had not been eradicated from the minds of our legislators, and hence the gallows upon which Davis was to pay the penalty of violated law had been erected upon a gentle eminence in the outskirts of the village, and some distance from the jail.

On this evening when the jailer came to the cell of Davis with his supper, the latter said:

"To-morrow, I believe, is— is— the day— on— which— I— am— to die, is it not, Mr. Bradley?"

"Yes," said the kind-hearted man in a low and feeling tone, "to-morrow is the last day of your life. Is there anything I can do for you in addition to what I have done?"

"I do not know that there is," returned the prisoner with well-affected emotion, "you have been so kind to me that I dislike to tax you farther. And yet," he continued, hesitatingly, "I hate to pass this, the last night of my life, alone."

"There is not the least necessity of your doing so," Bradley hastened to reply, "I will get who ever you wish to spend the night with you. Who shall it be?"

"If it is not asking too much," said Davis in a tone of humility, "I should prefer your company to that of any one else. If you can come in after you have locked up for the night, and stay with me till the morning, I feel that it will enable me to meet my awful fate with more Christian courage."

"I will do so with pleasure," returned Mr. Bradley, while down deep in his heart glowed a little feeling very much like self-gratulation that he had been selected for this office in preference to so many others of more pretentious ability who had from time to time administered consolation to the condemned man.

"And then," continued Davis in the same humble manner, "I would like to have you in the morning

send for Rev. Mr. Whitney to pray with and accompany me to— to— the gallows."

"It shall be as you wish," said the jailer, "and now is there anything else?"

"No, I thank you. Good-bye for the present."

Under the pretext that the noise and revelry of the other prisoners jarred harshly upon his pious meditations, Davis had induced the jailer to give him a cell in a remote part of the building, and now as the official walked down a long corridor which led to the cells of the other prisoners, the murderer looked after him with a smile of such fiendish glee that had he chanced to look back and caught the satanic gleam through the grated door of the cell he had just left, he would have been very far from returning to it that night notwithstanding his promise. But he saw it not, and with his heart lightened at the thought of cheering, to some extent, the last hours of a man whom he believed to be sincerely contrite, he went about his usual evening duties.

About eleven o'clock, according to his usual custom, Mr. Bradley went the rounds of all the cells to see that everything was safe for the night, after which he bent his steps in the direction of Davis' cell, carrying with him two or three tracts of a religious character. The prisoner, who was standing in a corner of the cell near the door, greeted him kindly as he entered, and then, as Bradley turned to secure the door, the prisoner struck him a tre-

mendous blow from behind with a post he had torn from one of the two chairs with which the cell was furnished.

The stroke was sufficient to fell him senseless to the floor, and the next moment, and before he had in the least degree recovered, the murderer had torn off the fallen man's coat, after which, feeling in the pockets of his still insensible victim, he drew forth a common pocket knife with which he cut his throat from ear to ear, then arose and gazed with an unmoved countenance upon the rapidly flowing life blood of the man from whom he had never received aught but kindness. Watching the rapidly paling countenance of this, his second victim, he said in mocking accents which might well befit the lips of the arch-fiend himself:

"Well, Bradley, you will stay with me to-night and then send for Whitney in the morning, will you? How very kind of you. But I have no idea of staying with you, or of seeing Whitney, or dancing at the end of a rope for the amusement of a crowd of fools. Ha! Ha! Won't there be an excitement when they find the delectable little show is not to come off, as advertised? Unavoidably postponed on account of the absence of the principal actor. Pretty good, isn't it? But I've no time to waste, apostrophizing here."

So saying, he proceeded to remove the murdered man's pants, and in a short time had replaced his own with them. He then put on the coat and hat

which Bradley had worn, and as they were just about the same size and form, with hair and whiskers very much alike, he anticipated no difficulty in personating his victim sufficiently to make his escape. Possessing himself of the keys of the prison, and the jailer's lamp, he walked quietly out, passing in full view of one of the turnkeys, who supposed it to be Mr. Bradley on his way home, and hence offered no opposition to his exit, carefully locked the outer door, and deliberately walked away. Two or three persons passed him while engaged in fastening the door but recognizing, as they supposed, the well-known figure of the jailer, they merely gave him a passing salute and hurried on their way.

The flight of the double murderer was not discovered until morning. As Mr. Bradley had communicated to his family his intention of passing the night with the condemned man, of course they felt no uneasiness at his absence, and it was not until one of the turnkeys in his morning rounds, came to the cell of the murderer that the horrid tragedy which had been there enacted, and the escape of the prisoner were discovered. Of course the alarm was immediately given; men were sent out to scour the surrounding country in all directions; large rewards were offered for the apprehension of the double murderer, and every effort that could be devised to compass his arrest were at once put in force.

But the seven or eight hours' start which he had gained, and the absence of anything peculiar in his appearance which could serve to guide his pursuers, and which rendered a minute description of his person somewhat difficult, enabled him to elude those who were in search of him, at least for the present. He was never seen in ——— again. For weeks the search was prosecuted with unabated eagerness, but he had too effectually concealed his course; the unavailing ardor of his pursuers at last began to abate; other incidents effaced the recollection of these double tragedies from the minds of the good people of ——— to a certain extent; people ceased to talk about them, and life flowed on as though its surface had never been rippled and stained by so much crime and bloodshed.

CHAPTER II.

CHANGES.

"Good morning, Dr. Dick. I am glad that you are once more able to be out. How do you feel this morning?"

"I am gaining strength slowly, I thank you," replied the Doctor; "but my long illness has left me very feeble, and it will be some time, I fear, before I am myself again."

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Simpson, "three or four months of illness necessarily reduces one very much. It has been about that length of time since you were taken ill, has it not?"

"Much more than that," replied the Doctor. "It is a few days over six months since I have been outside of my house, and this is the third time I have ventured to take the air."

"Why, bless me, so it is! What a memory I have, to be sure! I remember now that you were not able to attend as a witness at the Davis trial, and that was five months ago. By the way, you of course knew he had escaped."

"Yes, I heard of that. No trace of him has been found, I believe?"

"None whatever. Is his child still with you?"

"She is," replied the Doctor. "And that reminds me, Mrs. Dick and I have decided, after mature reflection, that the best thing we can do is to adopt her in legal form, and I wish you to prepare and present the proper application to the court at its next term."

"With pleasure," replied the worthy attorney, producing a memorandum book and beginning to write rapidly. "What is her name and age?"

"We have called her Antillo," replied the Doctor, "and she is about one year old. Is there any other information you desire?"

"No, that is all, Doctor."

"Then I will bid you good morning. I find my-

self getting very weary and must hasten home. Drive on," he added to the boy who held the reins.

"Good morning, Doctor. Hope you will soon be yourself again," called out Mr. Simpson pleasantly, and they parted.

In accordance with the good old Doctor's request, Mr. Simpson took the necessary steps, and at the next term of the court an order was made permitting him to adopt Antillo Davis as his own child, to give her his name, and to rear her as his own, the Judge remarking that he was pleased to make an order so manifestly for the interest of the worse than orphan as this must be. And from this time she was universally recognized throughout the community as in reality, what she had been virtually from the hour in which he saved her from the drunken fury of her father, his own child. And as time passed, and she grew from a puling infant into a lovely, sprightly little girl, whose gay laughter, and pattering little feet, and almost wondrous beauty carried joy and sunshine into every corner of the Dick mansion, there were not a few who almost envied the Doctor and his good wife the possession of their little treasure.

And it was not alone her beauty, marvelous as it was, which endeared her so much to the heart of every one who knew her. Her quickness of intellect, and the sweetness and affectionate tenderness of her disposition were really wonderful, and seemed almost angelic. Indeed there were some

wise ones who shook their heads and sapiently observed that she was too refined for this polluted world, and that she would soon return to the heavenly home whence she had come for a brief visit. But these superstitious prognostications had little effect upon Dr. Dick and his good wife. With true parental care and assiduity they went forward training and developing, both mentally and physically, the little one whom circumstances had placed in their charge, and well were their exertions repaid.

Meantime, the health-giving effects of California's salubrious climate had become famed in the region in which Dr. Dick lived, and as the remnants of the old disease which had so sorely threatened his life still lingered around him and gave him no little trouble, especially with each recurring spring, he decided to remove thither. Accordingly, when the little Antillo had reached the age of four years, they set out upon their journey.

The iron horse had not yet performed the almost supernatural feat of whirling hundreds of passengers from the eastern to the western ocean in the space of a few hours, and a trip to the modern El Dorado was far from being the mere pleasure jaunt it has since become. At this time the tide of emigration thither either went by water from New York, or stretched away in long trains of canvas-covered wagons, drawn by patient oxen, across the

mighty desert of the West at the rate of a few miles a day.

The former was the route selected by the Doctor and his little family, though Mrs. Dick, who, despite her somewhat advancing years, had still a tinge of romance in her composition, had at one time advanced the idea that "it would be delightful to go across the plains in an ox-train, camping out each night like so many gypsies." But when the Doctor suggested that such a course might have a tendency to aggravate the very evils which it was the prime object of the journey to remove, she at once yielded her inclination, and the voyage was determined upon.

It is not necessary that we should follow them throughout the course of their somewhat tedious voyage; suffice it to say that their experience was not unlike that of the generality of voyagers to the golden shores of the Pacific in those days, and that in due time they arrived in safety in the Gate City of the West. Proceeding some distance into the interior and southern portion of the State, the Doctor finally settled in a pleasant little village and resumed his practice, finding in that genial climate the relief in hopes of which he had crossed a hemisphere.

Years passed away and Antillo had attained the age of fourteen. Her sweetness of disposition and intelligence had suffered no diminution with the passage of time, and she was known far and

near amid her acquaintances by the pet name of "The doctor's angel."

"My dear," said Mrs. Dick to her husband one morning as they sat around the breakfast table, "What shall we do in regard to the education of our little Antillo? She is getting into quite too deep water for me, and something must be done. What shall it be?"

"I hardly know," replied the doctor, "what do you propose?"

Now they had fully discussed this matter before and had arrived at a conclusion, but they desired to see how their child would relish the proposition of leaving home, for this was what had been determined upon between them.

"I suppose, of course," said Mrs. Dick musingly, "that she will have to be sent from home. How would you like that, my child?" turning to her daughter.

"Of course, my dear mamma," replied the lovely girl, "you know it will be very painful for me to leave you and dear papa, but then I want a good education, and if I cannot get that here, I am willing to go anywhere that you may deem best."

"Spoken like yourself, my own sweet child," exclaimed the doctor, turning on her a look of love, "and just what we might have expected."

"Why, papa, what else could you have expected?" said the girl. "After the uniform kindness

with which I have been treated by you and my dear mamma, it would certainly be most ungrateful in me to set up my wishes or inclinations in opposition to your judgment of what is for my good."

"Bless you, my dear daughter," said the mother, while her eyes filled with tears, "such regard for our wishes more than repays us for all we have done for you."

"Well," said the doctor, while a suspicious moisture gathered in his eye, "it seems to be settled that she must go away. Where had we best send her?"

"I suppose there are good schools in San Francisco," replied Mrs. Dick, "but there she would be among entire strangers."

"There is a male and female seminary at Holyoke, Massachusetts," said the doctor, "the female department of which is presided over by an old and highly valued friend of mind, and where the course of instruction is equal to the best college in the land. By sending our daughter there we would place her in a situation where she would not only receive the most thorough culture and training, but would also be treated with all the care and kindness which a mother would bestow upon her. What think you of sending her there?"

"It is a long distance away, and would keep her from us a long time, would it not?"

"Yes, I hardly suppose it would be best in that event for her to come home at all during her whole course," said the doctor. "But would not the advantage of having her in the charge of some one who will take more than a mercenary interest in her counterbalance this?"

"Perhaps it might," replied the mother. "What do you say to this, my daughter?"

The little girl felt a choking sensation in her throat at the thought of going so far away from home, but she repressed it, and bravely answered,

"I will cheerfully submit to any arrangement you may deem for the best. How long would I probably have to stay there?"

"Three or four years, probably," said her father.

"It's a long time to pass without seeing my dear papa and mamma," said Antillo, while the tears gathered in her eyes, "but we can hear from each other very often, and if you think it best I am content."

And so it was settled that with the coming spring Antillo should proceed, in company with a friend of the doctor's who was going east at that time, "to the States," and became an inmate of the Holyoke Seminary. Amid the bustle of arrangements for her departure, the preparation of a suitable wardrobe, and the thousand and other matters which the contemplated prolonged absence rendered necessary, the day upon which she was

to leave her pleasant home at last arrived. The doctor was going with her as far as San Francisco, to see her on board the steamer and place her in charge of his friend, after which he would return to their valley home.

Up to this time the little girl had borne up bravely, but when the hour came in which she was to part from that dear mother (for it must be remembered that she was the only mother Antillo had ever known,) for so long a time, perhaps forever, the pent-up emotions of her soul refused to be longer restrained and, clinging to her neck, she sobbed as though her heart would break. But when that overcharged heart had somewhat relieved itself, she looked up and smiling brightly through her tears, exclaimed,

"Forgive, dear mamma, the violence of my emotion. It is not because I do not wish to comply with your and dear papa's desires, but the thought of not seeing you for four long years overwhelms me."

"Do you repent of your determination to go, my daughter, and wish to stay?" asked the mother in a voice as full of emotion as Antillo's.

"No, mamma," replied the girl, "I do not. I am willing to go because you and papa think it is best for me, but it is natural that parting should affect me thus."

"True, my child, and your sentiments relative to it are in the highest degree creditable both to

your head and heart. This separation is none the less painful to me than to you, but I submit because I know it is for your good. You will be present to my mind every moment of your absence, and in every prayer to God I shall mingle a petition for your safety and protection. You will not forget, my daughter, to pray to Him every day of your life?" and the mother strained her child again to her bosom.

"That shall be my first and last daily duty," said the girl solemnly and fervently.

"That is right," returned the mother. "He will never neglect or forsake those who call continually upon His name. And now, good-bye, my love."

"Good-bye, dear, dear mamma," said she.

And with that most potent talisman, a mother's fervent, long, earnest kiss upon her lips to shield her from harm, Antillo took her seat in the carriage beside her father and they rapidly rolled away in the direction of the great metropolis of the Pacific coast.

The parting between Antillo and her father was scarcely less emotional than that between herself and her mother, though the Doctor's habitual self-control restrained to some extent the manifestation of his feelings. His love for her was as deep and earnest as that of his wife, but sought other modes of displaying and making itself felt. But the last adieus were said, and when the gun of the steamer signalled her departure, the Doctor stepped upon

the wharf, where he remained gazing after the vessel with its precious freight till it disappeared behind one of the points which form the entrance to the Bay of San Francisco, when with an aching void in his heart he sought his carriage and proceeded in the direction of the home from which one gleam of sunshine had departed for a long time—it might be forever.

But whatever his feelings might be, at thus parting for years with one whom the good old Doctor and his wife had learned to love with a degree of intensity which could not have been excelled had she been in very truth of their own flesh and blood, those feelings found the fullest echo in the heart of the fair young girl who stood upon the deck of the fast-receding steamer and strained her eyes to catch the last glimpse of his much-loved form. He was the only father she had ever known; his roof the only one which she remembered ever to have sheltered her; the kindness and constant affection with which she had ever been treated by those whom she regarded as really her parents had developed in her tender and emotional nature a depth and holiness of love seldom equalled, and the rapidly-increasing strip of water between herself and that father seemed to her a great gulf between herself and all happiness, which each revolution of the huge wheels but widened and made more and more impassable. She had no fears but that in the new relations she was about

to assume she would be treated with the tenderest and most thoughtful care—the repeated assurances of her parents were sufficient proof that this would be so—but yet it would be the love and care of strangers, and how inadequate this seemed to supply the place of that to which she had been accustomed!

Her heart was full, and when the form of her father could no longer be distinguished, and she was as it were alone upon the heaving world of waters, she abruptly broke from her companion, who till that moment had been standing beside her upon the deck, and hastened to her state-room, there to give free vent to the tears she could no longer restrain.

"Poor child!" soliloquized he, looking compassionately after her as she descended the companion-way, "she does well to weep at this, her first leaving home, for few children have been blessed with as kind and noble parents as she has. Well, let her indulge her grief in quiet for a time, and then it will go hard with me if I do not find means to divert her mind for the rest of the voyage, for I already love her almost as if she were my own child."

At the end of an hour Antillo again made her appearance and came timidly towards Mr. Templeton, who was promenading the deck. As soon as he saw her he hastened to meet her.

"And how is my little girl by this time?" he asked smilingly, as he extended his hand.

"Oh, sir!" she replied, her cheeks flushed and her eyes still red from her recent weeping, "you must think me very foolish and very rude. Will you pardon the abrupt and unladylike manner in which I ran away from you a short time ago?"

"There is nothing to pardon, my dear child," he said kindly, "it is but natural that you should have wanted a good cry all by yourself upon leaving the best of parents. Oh! no, you were neither rude nor unladylike."

"And you are neither hurt nor offended?" she queried, a little hesitatingly.

"Why, bless you, no. Why should I be?" He continued, "Your emotion, so far from being a cause of offense, is in the highest degree creditable to your pure and loving heart."

"I am glad you are not offended," said she simply and innocently.

"Why, of course I am not. How could I be? But let us say no more about it," he said, and then, changing the subject, he added, "the evening is really very fine. Would you enjoy a promenade upon the deck?"

"If you please," said she, and taking the arm he offered, they began walking up and down.

Mr. Templeton was a man about fifty years of age, possessed of a considerable degree of education, culture and refinement, had travelled to some extent, and was quite familiar with the coast along which they were running in easy view, having at

one time been connected with a surveying party which had made a very thorough exploration of it. He pointed out to her the various peaks and indentations with which it was diversified; gave their names; told some quaint and curious story or romantic legend connected with almost every one; drew comparisons with similar scenery he had encountered in foreign travel, and around all his conversation threw a charm which completely beguiled the mind of his companion from the contemplation of her sorrow at leaving home. So absorbed and interested was she that she had not noticed the gathering gloom of the evening and its attendant chilliness until he exclaimed:

"But here I have been rhapsodizing, and never once noticed that my little girl was getting cold. Come, let us go into the cabin, and after tea we will procure additional clothing and come on deck if you desire. A night at sea is very beautiful, and this promises to be fair," said he, looking carefully around the horizon.

"I was so much interested in what you were saying," replied Antillo, "that I really had not noticed the cold. But now that you have mentioned it I do feel a little chilly. Let us go below," and they descended the companion stairs.

A moonlight night at sea! Poets have sung of its charms, and painters have exhausted the treasures of their art in the vain attempt to convey a correct idea of its beauties. The most exalted

ideas which the mind gathers from animated page or illuminated canvas fail to represent a tithe of the witchery and tranquil splendor of the scene. Description fails, and the brush becomes powerless—it must be seen to be appreciated.

When our voyagers again came on deck the moon, almost at its full, was pouring a flood of soft, silvery light across the gently heaving waters of the mighty Pacific, bringing out into brilliant outline the tall spars and mazy rigging of the gallant steamer, and changing the column of smoke which streamed back from her tall funnel into a long line of vapory, phosphorescent light, like the tail of a comet, until it imperceptibly melted into and blended with the surrounding atmosphere; myriads of stars were twinkling in the rich ethereal blue of the firmament; little flashes of phosphorus gleamed out from the fathomless depths around them as their stanch vessel heaved the waters from her quivering sides, and around and over all hung a calm and holy tranquillity which seemed more of heaven than of earth.

In the presence of such sublime and peaceful beauty the feelings of Antillo were hushed into a quietude and repose in harmony with the surroundings. In reverential awe and silent admiration she stood by the side of her companion, and in unspoken delight feasted her eyes upon the magnificent panorama spread out before her, while she almost held her breath lest it should

dissolve away out of her sight. And in that silent and holy hour her spirit was drawn up to the Infinite with a hallowed power of elevation she had never known before, while a more perfect realization of the frailty and insignificance of humanity than she had ever known took possession of her soul. For hours she staid upon deck and drank in the beauties of the scene, and when she sought her cabin couch it was with a clearer conception of the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Almighty than she had ever enjoyed before.

Day after day of the journey passed in a similar manner; fresh evidences of the Omnipresence of the Great Jehovah, and new beauties of nature were unfolded to her imaginative and appreciative spirit with each successive hour, and when she at length reached Holyoke Seminary it was with a clearer comprehension of the attributes of the Majesty of Heaven than the careful parental training of Dr. Dick and his excellent wife had been able to impart to her.

"Say to my dear father and mother," she said to Mr. Templeton at parting, while the tears stood in her eyes, "that from the bottom of my heart I thank them for having sent me on this journey, painful as the separation from them was. Before leaving home I had only confused views of the power and majesty of God—now I have seen His works and I recognize Him as He is, the one All-

wise, Almighty and Supreme Ruler of the universe."

"Rest firmly in that faith," said Mr. Templeton with sincere and unaffected. piety, "upon that rock you may withstand all the assaults of Satan and his ministers."

Antillo entered upon her studies at the Seminary with a zeal and earnestness which promised the most satisfactory results, and endeared her in the highest degree to principal and teachers. And at the same time her kind and unaffected deportment, and considerate treatment of all her school-mates made her a universal favorite, and did much to increase the happiness of her stay there. Her foster parents had earnestly labored to root every selfish principle out of her nature and had taught her always to prefer the happiness of others to her own, and the fidelity with which she adhered to and practiced the lessons they had taught won her hosts of friends among those with whom her lot was now cast.

But among them all there was none who so thoroughly appreciated her innate goodness and native purity, as young Willard Austin, the son of a country clergyman whose limited means, by the most prudent economy in the support of his family, could be eked out barely sufficient to give Willard the education he had determined his son should have. And right nobly did the young man repay the self-denial which his father and

family sternly imposed upon themselves in order to give him that education. Utterly ignoring the mad pranks and sometimes almost disgraceful revels in which too many of his class-mates occasionally indulged, he had steadily devoted to his books the time which they wasted in riotous merriment, and had consequently progressed in his studies with a rapidity which was astounding to them, as it was gratifying to his teachers as well as his parents.

Entering the male department of the Seminary at about the same time that Antillo was installed in the female branch, over a year had passed before he had formed anything like an intimate acquaintance with her. They had met occasionally at the customary Saturday evening re-unions in the parlors of the institution, and, like others, young Austin had been impressed by her almost wondrous beauty, but it so happened that they had never been thrown particularly into each other's society. In the parlor she had always been surrounded by a crowd of friends and admirers whose superior brilliancy had effectually eclipsed his modest merit, while the diffidence which is the inseparable companion of substantial worth, had kept him comparatively aloof from her. He had, however, been sufficiently attracted to make him wish to know more of her, and patiently he waited his opportunity to improve and cultivate her acquaintance.

And at last it came. Walking in the garden one pleasant summer eve, and soothing his senses with the fragrance of the flowers which bloomed on every hand, he had come upon Antillo alone in a rustic bower with a book in her hand. She was so much absorbed that she did not notice his approach until he had addressed her.

"Good evening, Miss Dick, I did not intend to intrude upon you, and in fact did not know you were here until I came to the door of the house."

Antillo started in surprise at the sound of his voice, but recovering herself in a moment, replied,

"Good evening, Mr. Austin. So far from your presence being an intrusion, I am very glad you have come. I find myself sorely puzzled with a difficult Latin translation, and will be very much obliged for your kindness if you will only assist me to find the key to it."

"I will do so with pleasure, if I can," replied he, taking a seat beside her, "but do you not find it more pleasant to rest and enjoy the beauties of this hour than to rack your brain with difficult problems after the usual close of a hard day's labor, as I doubt not this has been to you?"

"I do not know," she replied mischieviously, "by what authority you charge me with having labored hard this, or any other day, but I am very anxious to master this translation, after which I hall doubtless find rest as pleasant as any one."

"I only know," he replied gravely, "that with-

out hard labor no one can make the progress you have since you came here."

"And how happens it that you know anything of my progress?" she asked.

"My aunt, Mrs. Clarkson, has spoken to me of you as one of her most studious pupils. But come," he added, as he saw her countenance flush at the thought of having been made the subject of conversation, "let us look at your lesson and see what can be done for it."

With his help the lesson was soon mastered, and then Antillo rose to go into the house.

"Stay, Miss Dick," said he respectfully, "do not run off at once, but please favor me with your company for a walk in the garden till tea-time."

She yielded to his request, and for half an hour they promenaded about the grounds, during which they learned more of each other's tastes and dispositions than they had ever known before. In that brief interview each became aware of the existence of that harmony of sentiment and feeling which was destined to make them ardent friends, and, indeed, to finally lead them into still closer relations to each other, and when the tea-bell rang and they parted, each had a higher appreciation of the other than they had ever before experienced, and from this time until the close of their stay at the Seminary, their friendship continued without abatement or interruption,

and many a task for Antillo was lightened by the assistance and instruction of her friend.

But the time at last came when they must leave the school in which they had passed so many happy days. Both had graduated with high honors, and Antillo was to return to her home in the far distant west, while Austin was to go abroad into the world and seek his fortune. He had no definite plans for the future. His father had exhausted his means in giving him an education, and henceforth he must rely upon his own exertions. His predilection was for one of the learned professions, but from this his poverty seemed to debar him.

"But I will not be discouraged," he said to Antillo, as they stood together in the porch on the evening before her departure for New York, where her passage to San Francisco was already engaged, "I am young, strong, and vigorous, and have a good education. In a country like ours no man need fail of success, and I will yet win a name in the world."

"I have no fears of your future, my dear friend," said the fair girl, "with your principles, your energy and ability, failure is impossible. But why do you not go west? You wish to study a profession, and I am sure my father will give you an opportunity to do so. He is wealthy and will aid you by any means in his power."

"I do not doubt what you say," he replied,

" but I cannot consent to be dependent upon anyone. I must 'paddle my own canoe,' and success will sooner or later crown my efforts. But I have a favor to ask of you. Will you come into the garden?"

He led her to the bower where their intimate acquaintance had begun, but we need not follow to listen to their conversation. It is sufficient for our purpose to say that there upon the selfsame seat where he had helped her with her Latin lesson, each confessed their love for the other and exchanged vows of unalterable fidelity—vows which angels might joy to record. The hours flew by on silvery wings, and it was not until the bell from a neighboring spire chimed the hour of twelve that they parted, with hopeful trust that at some time in the distant future those recorded vows would be faithfully redeemed.

Six weeks had passed since the parting of the lovers in the garden at Holyoke, and on a beautiful morning in autumn the steamer Golden Gate was steering into the Bay of San Francisco. Among the crowd of passengers who thronged her decks as she neared her wharf, none gazed more eagerly upon the groups assembled there to welcome her than did our heroine. Although not yet able to distinguish his form, she felt assured that the father from whose heart and home she had been for so many years an exile was there to wel-

come her return, and she strained her eyes to their utmost capacity to catch a glimpse of the loved face.

Soon her heart gave a great upward leap of intensest joy, and tears of gladness gushed from her eyes, for standing near the end of the wharf she spied, not only her father, but that other face, to her more radiantly lovely than aught else of earthly mold—the features of her mother, and in a few moments she lay sobbing, crying and laughing with hysterical joy in her arms. Her banishment had been so long and painful (though it is true not devoid of its joys) that now, realizing that it was ended, she scarcely knew how to contain herself for very delight. Again and again she alternately kissed and embraced her parents, while language was all inadequate to express her pleasure at once more being restored to their arms.

"Why, Tilly," said the Doctor, holding her off at arm's length to get a better view of her lovely features, when the first transport of delight at meeting had somewhat subsided, "how beautiful you have grown. Our little girl will make a sensation among the belles and beaux of San Francisco—don't you think so, mamma?"

"She has certainly grown very lovely," said Mrs. Dick, with grave maternal affection, "but I trust that in mere personal appearance is the least of the improvement she has made during her long absence."

"I should be the most ungrateful child in the world," returned the daughter, while her beautiful eyes filled with tears, "if I had not labored to improve the opportunities you have given me. For mere improvement in personal appearance, if there has been any, I am entitled to no credit; but I trust when you come to examine me you will find I have not been idle nor altogether without success in the improvement of my mind."

"No fear of that, no fear of that," said the Doctor gaily. "But, come; the carriage waits; let us go home."

"Oh! there is dear old Henry," cried Antillo, as she caught sight of the well-known features of the old coachman. "Why, Henry, how do you do? Come, I must kiss you. And dear old Romeo, too," as the great, black Newfoundland came forward to greet her, his stately dignity somewhat increased by the weight of years. "Oh! how delightful!"

"Papa," said Antillo when they were seated in the carriage, "what did you mean by speaking of the belles and beaux of San Francisco? Have you left our dear old home for the city?"

"Yes, daughter, we have lived in this city for a year or more."

"Why have you never mentioned it in your letters to me?"

"I did inform you that I was one of the professors of the medical college here."

"Yes, but I supposed that was only a temporary arrangement, and would not necessitate giving up our dear old residence in the valley," said the girl in something like a regretful tone. "No doubt, however," she hastened to add, "we shall be just as happy here."

"We have found it very pleasant here," said Mrs. Dick, "and it requires so much less labor on the part of your father to attend to his duties than it did there."

"Of course," said the girl quickly, "I would not ask you to make any change on my account, but I cannot help a little longing feeling to see the dear old place again."

"Oh! we often drive out there," said her mother, "and as soon as you are sufficiently rested from the fatigue of your journey we will pay it a visit."

By this time they had reached their home, and if Antillo had experienced something very much akin to sadness at the thought of abandoning the home of her childhood, she soon forgot it in contemplating the beauties of her new abode. Situated in one of the most delightful localities to be found in the suburbs of the Golden City, the wealth and taste of the Doctor had surrounded it with everything which could charm the eye or please the senses. Beautiful walks and drives, shaded by magnificent trees and perfumed with the fragrance of the autumnal flowers of the Pacific coast, ex-

tended in every direction about the grounds; a closely shaven lawn, bordered with evergreens, stretched away in front of the mansion, while in the center a delicate fountain threw up its column of sparkling water in a dozen different jets, each one of which found its way, by its own peculiar curve, back into the basin.

In this lovely retreat time flew by on golden wings. Rich in the love of her father and mother; surrounded by all that could minister to her comfort; the center of an admiring and loving circle of friends and suitors, Antillo felt that there was but one element necessary to complete the picture of her happiness. He whom she loved with all the fervor of her young soul, to whom she had plighted her troth, was far away, and his absence left a void which none other could fill. At the earliest opportunity after her arrival at home she had communicated the fact of her engagement to her father and mother; had learned that her betrothed was the son of an old and highly valued friend of the Doctor's, and had received their warmest blessing, but their approval could not remove, or even scarcely soften, the feeling of loneliness with which she sighed for his coming. A change, however, was at hand.

One evening the Doctor returned from his office at about the usual hour, but not alone. With him came a young man whom he showed into the library, and then sought the room where he was

certain of finding his wife and Antillo. Removing, as was his wont, his coat and boots, he put on the gown and slippers which his daughter brought, and then, as he threw himself into an easy chair, he said:

"Tilly, I wish you would go into the library and bring my portfolio."

As she started to execute his commission the Doctor smiled good naturedly at his wife and said:

"I fear she will be a long time doing this errand."

"Why so?"

Before he could answer a cry of glad surprise was heard from the direction of the library, and when the Doctor went, half an hour later, to administer a pretended rebuke for having neglected his orders, he found her seated upon her lover's knee, her head resting upon his shoulder, while his arms clasped her in a close and strong embrace to his bosom.

Yes, it was indeed he. After taking a course of instruction as book-keeper of a large mercantile house in New York, and acquiring a very good knowledge of business in general, young Austin, like thousands of others, had turned his face towards the metropolis of the Pacific coast in search of that fortune which he had resolved to acquire before claiming of Antillo the fulfillment of her promise. Whether her presence there had anything to do with his choice of a location is a question we will leave each reader to decide for himself. Certain it is that here he was, and that

he was greeted by Antillo in a manner which, if he had before entertained any doubts of her love for him, must speedily and effectually have dispelled those doubts.

And equally certain it is that fortune seemed disposed to lavish her smiles upon him almost from the day of his arrival. In a very short time he had, through the instrumentality of Dr. Dick, formed the acquaintance of a gentleman by the name of Gross; a man of great wealth, but with very little knowledge of business, who had formed the design of establishing a large wholesale and commission house, and was in search of a partner whose knowledge of business should be an offset to the capital he (Gross) would put into the concern. A few interviews with Austin, and an examination of the recommendations he had brought from his late employers, convinced Gross that he was the man for whom he had been seeking, and no time was lost in perfecting the arrangements necessary to entering into business.

Articles of copartnership were drawn, suitable buildings and docks were leased, and in six weeks from the time of his arrival in San Francisco Willard Austin found himself the managing head of the house of Gross & Austin, and to all appearance on the high road to prosperity and wealth. The future certainly appeared to him in roseate and glowing colors, but he could not see the pall,

dark and gloomy, which was about settling around him and enveloping him in its rayless folds.

CHAPTER III.

CLOUDS.

Six months had passed since the house of Gross & Austin had commenced business. Prosperity had attended their footsteps and waited upon their every movement, and Austin was beginning to urge his betrothed to name a day for their union. But suddenly there came a reverse so terrible, so crushing, so unexpected, that for a time all held their breath in silent awe and wonder.

A foul, dark deed had been perpetrated—one which thrilled the whole community with horror, and made men think seriously of recalling into life that famous Vigilance Committee which in earlier days had accomplished so much for the safety of life and property in California. The senior partner of the house of Gross & Austin, a man who by his urbanity and honorable dealing had won hosts of friends, and who was not supposed to have an enemy in the world, had been most foully murdered. No clew was left to the perpetration of the damnable deed, and evidently avarice had not prompted it, for a considerable

sum or money had been left untouched in his pockets. Who then could have done it?

For some time men sought in vain for an answer to this question, and then arose a whisper—no one knew how, or whence it came—that Willard Austin was the guilty party. The motive assigned for the deed—that he might get the entire control of the business—was no less absurd than the rumor itself, but the entire community were just in that wild state of excitement which fitted them to believe any story, however improbable, and as the rumor spread it gained force, volume and credence, until at last it came to be generally received with faith strong as proof of Holy Writ. Lynch law was freely talked of, and would no doubt have been put in practice but for the prompt arrest and incarceration of the suspected criminal.

But immovable amid the wild torrent of condemnation which swept around the head of poor Austin, stood at least three persons who steadfastly refused to believe his guilt, and stoutly maintained their conviction of his entire innocence. These were Dr. Dick, his wife, and Antillo. Shortly after his arrest they had visited him in his cell, and after listening to his solemn asseveration that he was innocent of the hideous crime, they had come away with a degree of faith in him which nothing could shake. But they stood alone. The community around them were clamor-

ing and howling like hungry wolves for his blood, in expiation of the crime they believed he had committed, and to any thing that reason could urge in his behalf they turned a deaf ear.

In the midst of this fearful tempest of excitement Willard Austin was put on trial for his life. Although Dr. Dick had freely lavished his means to secure for him the most eminent counsel—although he sat beside him and sustained him with his presence during the whole of the fearful ordeal, his trial under such circumstances was little less than a farce. Despite the entire absence of evidence connecting him in any manner with the heinous crime; despite the most strenuous efforts of his able and eloquent counsel; despite the clear and intelligent charge of the able judge who presided at the trial, the jury, in obedience to the demands of an excited and angry popular opinion, returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree!

Of course an application for a new trial was immediately made by his counsel, and equally of course it was granted, the Judge in delivering his opinion taking occasion to make some remarks in relation to the madness and tyranny of public opinion which, coming from the able and impartial source they did, seemed to throw a new light upon the matter. Men who had been the most zealous in urging on the prosecution began to think they might have been led by prejudice

instead of reason, and to admit that there still might be a possibility of Austin's innocence. Altogether it seemed tolerably evident that a reaction was setting in.

Six months rolled away, and again Austin was arraigned at the bar of his country. But by this time reason had resumed her sway, and he was no longer surrounded by a pack of ravenous human wolves, clamoring for their prey. Other events had driven the murder of Gross from the public mind, and now all seemed willing that the law should take its due and unrestrained course.

As might have been expected, the result of this trial was far different from the former one. It was watched from first to last with the most profound interest, but when at the close of a calm and dispassionate, though very thorough, investigation of all the circumstances attending the murder, the jury without leaving their box returned a verdict of "not guilty," there was scarcely a person present but who felt that strict and impartial justice had been done.

To Dr. Dick and his lovely daughter, both of whom had watched this trial, as well as the former one, with the most intense eagerness from first to last, this verdict was the removal of a great and crushing weight. Though they had never for a moment indulged even the faintest suspicion of his guilt; though they had sternly and indignantly repelled even the most distant insinuation that he

might after all be the murderer, still the suspicion under which he labored amid the community had weighed them down with fearful force, and now that the tongue of imputation had been silenced by the solemn decision of twelve honest men, they, and especially Antillo, felt that a dark cloud was lifted from their horizon as well as his. Loving Willard Austin with all the fervor of her pure and trustful nature, Antillo had felt that his fate was, as it were, linked with her own, and that every assault upon his character was a blow aimed at her own.

As soon as he was released from custody and had received the congratulations of the few, very few, friends who had stood by him throughout his great sorrow, he sought a private interview with Dr. Dick. Poor fellow! The fearful ordeal through which he had passed had broken his once proud spirit, and had well-nigh disheartened him. The Doctor received him in the library.

"Well, my boy," said he rising, as the young man entered the room, and grasping him warmly by the hand, "the cloud is at last removed, and you must allow me to congratulate you upon the manliness with which you met the terrible trial."

"Your sympathy," replied the young man mournfully, "is and has been invaluable to me. I feel that it would have been impossible for me to have endured the ordeal without it. And, as you say, the cloud is to some extent removed, but still

I feel that my day of usefulness here is gone forever. I must go away."

"Must go away!" echoed the Doctor in astonishment, "why must you go away? Has not the verdict cleared away every shadow of suspicion from your name?"

"I think not. Whatever may be the legal effect of the decision just rendered, it still leaves me a disgraced and degraded man."

"Say not so," returned the Doctor quickly. "It is the actual commission of crime, and not the unjust suspicion, which debases and degrades a man. From this you are free."

"What you say is in part true," replied Austin, "but, despite the verdict, there is still a very large proportion of the community who believe that it was I who committed the deed, at the mere thought of which I still shudder."

"What reason have you for thinking thus?"

"I see it in the coldness with which I am passed by those who before the murder were my warm friends, and who now pass me by with merely a formal nod, or at most a mere passing word of greeting, if indeed they do not fail to see me at all; in a variety of ways the feeling is manifested, and I cannot endure it."

"But may you not be mistaken? You are, as a natural consequence, feeling rather gloomy, and is it not possible that that fact may have caused you

to look upon these things through a distorted medium?"

"I am not mistaken in this particular," replied the young man. "I am very sure I can never accomplish anything of good here, and I must try elsewhere. So urge me no more, my more than friend—my resolution is taken and immovable."

"But what of Antillo?" asked the Doctor in a low tone.

"The thought of leaving her is the most painful one connected with the resolution I have formed," replied the young man in a tremulous tone. "But it is unavoidable. I will go far away, and when I have succeeded in establishing a home for her, and in some measure repaying you the money you have advanced to secure my liberation—your kindness I can never repay—I will return and claim her if she chooses to wait for me. But till then I must bid her and you farewell."

"Speak not of repayment for the little I have done for you," cried the Doctor. "I have already been more than repaid by the thought of having done something, however small, to sustain a dear and worthy friend under a most fearful trial, and by the gratitude of my daughter."

"Well, let us say no more about it at the present," said the young man, while his eyes filled with tears; "the future, if I live, shall prove my gratitude both to you and her for your kind sympathy and support in my hour of fiery trial."

"But where are you going?" asked the Doctor, who, seeing that the young man's resolution was unalterably fixed, deemed it useless to argue further. "Have you selected a location?"

"Yes, I am going to Oregon. In that new country I shall find an easy opening, and when I have made a home for my bride, I will return and bear her to it."

The Doctor was silent. Though he had combated the young man's resolution, he could not but secretly commend it, and his heart swelled with pardonable pride as he reflected upon the manliness and high principle of him who would one day, he felt assured, be the husband of his loved foster-daughter.

"Would you like to see Antillo?" he asked after a pause.

"Yes," he replied, "I would like to bid her good-bye. It may be a long time before we will meet again."

"When will you go?"

"The rising of to-morrow's sun will not find me in San Francisco," replied the young man.

"You may wait here and I will send her to you," said the Doctor as he left the room.

Over the meeting and parting of the lovers let us kindly draw the vail of secrecy. Like her foster-father, Antillo strove by all the arts at her command, by argument, entreaty and even tears to induce him to change his resolve and remain in

California, but it was all in vain. And yet, though almost imploring him to remain with her, Antillo could not but approve his course, and from that hour her faith in and love for him were, if possible, more firmly fixed than ever before. And in the innermost chambers of her heart she recorded a sacred and solemn vow that come what might she would be true to him so long as they both should live.

For hours they remained in that sweet inter-spirit communion which only love can produce, and many were the vows and protestations of undying faith which they made to each other. But the hour of separation at last arrived, and with many a loving kiss they parted, she to her room, and he to a packet-ship lying in the harbor, upon which he had already engaged passage for Astoria.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DENOUEMENT.

The leading counsel in the prosecution of Austin for the murder of Gross was a man by the name of Roberts, who had resided in San Francisco for several years. Whence he came or what his antecedents none seemed to know or care. Rumors of a character not very creditable to him had been rife for some time after his arrival—it was said that he

was a gambler, a drunkard, and a debauchee, and for some time his conduct was not such as to give the lie to any of these charges.

At the time of a great revival of religion, however, he had seemed to become interested in that all-important subject; had abandoned all his evil ways and connected himself with one of the leading churches in the place, of which he soon became a bright and shining light. His repentance appeared to be sincere, and from this time his conduct was as exemplary as it had before been vicious and disgraceful. His undoubted talents and exceedingly gentlemanly deportment gained him admission to the best society, and in comparatively a short time he came to be regarded as one of the leading citizens of San Francisco.

He had become acquainted with Antillo shortly after his reformation, and, though much older than she, he had been smitten with her rare beauty, and had formed the resolution to win her for his wife. But his first advance in that direction, though not absolutely repelled, had been met by her in a manner which convinced him that he had more than ordinary difficulties to overcome before he could hope to effect a conquest. He was not long in discovering that she loved another, and by cautious investigation he learned that young Austin was his favored rival, and he had engaged in the prosecution against him with a zeal and earnestness which were stimulated to the highest

degree by his anxiety to get rid of him. But though conducting the prosecution with all the ardor of which he was capable, he had, for fear of embittering her against himself, so skillfully concealed his feelings as to make it appear that he was only actuated by a desire to discharge his duty in the position he was compelled to fill, rightly judging that, notwithstanding her interest in the accused, her good sense would lead her to approve, or at least not to condemn, his course.

And now that, through the agency of his prosecution, young Austin had been driven in exile from his home, and had been to a certain extent degraded, he entertained great hopes of his success. To his credit be it said, that no thought of dishonor to her had ever entered his bosom ; he loved her as earnestly and ardently as a man so thoroughly selfish as he is capable of loving any one, and to make her his bride, the mistress of his household, was the object he sought to accomplish.

In apparent sympathy with the feelings of the family whom he knew had stood up for Austin from first to last, he refrained from calling upon upon them for some time after his departure, but when he supposed a sufficient length of time had elapsed for the wound to become partially healed, he made his way one pleasant afternoon to the house and inquired for Antillo.

She received him politely, but in a manner

which indicated very plainly that his presence awakened none but unpleasant recollections of a scene the most painful she had ever witnessed. Comprehending aright the feelings which his presence excited in her bosom he set himself with consummate tact to remove them. Referring in a sympathizing tone and manner to the painful subject, he deplored its existence, deprecated his own connection with it, and hypocritically expressed the hope that circumstances might at some future time more clearly establish Austin's innocence.

Antillo was just in that state of mind in which, notwithstanding the part Mr. Roberts had borne in inducing her misery, his manly sympathy powerfully appealed to her tenderer feelings in his favor, but his last remark grated harshly upon her ears, and she replied quickly,

"Pardon me, Mr. Roberts, but that is a matter about which I require no further proof."

"And yet, my dear Miss Dick," he replied with oily smoothness, "you must not blame me if I venture to differ with you. While I am inclined to think he may be innocent, still, connected with the case as I was, I could not help seeing many things which tended to awaken suspicion in my mind."

"Then why were they not produced upon the trial?"

"For the reason that they were not in such

tangible shape as to be susceptible of legal proof."

"What were those matters, may I ask?"

"That, lady, I cannot tell," he replied, "for the same reason that we could not prove them at the trial. But I have an agent engaged in the endeavor to ferret them out. Not that it could now affect the case," he hastened to add, as he saw her start and turn a shade paler, "but merely for my own satisfaction."

"How do you say?" she asked with some eagerness. "Could not this investigation have any effect hereafter? Suppose, for instance, what I do not for a moment believe possible, that this investigation should develop beyond question the fact that he was guilty of that terrible charge—could he not be again arrested and tried?"

"Not at all. If he could I should be far from prosecuting the inquiry, for I have simply done my duty in the matter and have no desire to do more. But a verdict of acquittal having been rendered, that is the end of the matter forever."

"Then for my sake," she said earnestly, "if not for your own satisfaction, go on with the investigation. I am so anxious to know the whole truth."

"Your request, my dear lady, would be a sufficient motive for me to probe the matter to the very bottom, even if my own inclination did not point in the same direction."

"Thank you," she replied simply and was silent.

Roberts soon after took his leave, and as he left

the house he muttered to himself with fiendish glee, "I have succeeded in instilling into her mind some lingering doubts of the purity of her angel, and henceforth my task is an easy one. She will yet be mine."

From this time his visits were frequent, and by his blandishments, his pretended sympathy and his uniform urbanity he was actually beginning to awaken a feeling of interest in the heart of Antillo. Not that she for a moment faltered in her love and devotion to Willard Austin, but she was lonely, and the apparent harmony of their feeling upon the one subject which was paramount in all her thoughts; his ready condolence with her, and the investigations he pretended to be pursuing for the purpose of removing all doubts, were giving him a hold upon her esteem which she had once deemed impossible.

For some time he forebore to press his suit, but with cool deliberation and skill went on, daily strengthening his position, not doubting that when the proper moment arrived his efforts would be crowned with complete success. And the result justified his sagacity, for after many months of patient watching and scheming and plotting he was able to obtain the promise for which he had so long labored.

His first step to that end was to interrupt the correspondence between Antillo and her lover. By means of a heavy bribe he induced a post-office

clerk to detain and deliver to him all letters passing between them, and when Antillo (as he knew she would) spoke to him of the non-arrival of letters from her lover, he made so many plausible excuses that no one could by any possibility have suspected him of any connection with Austin's silence. And meanwhile the doubts with which he had succeeded in arousing in her mind were daily and hourly gaining strength and he was in the same proportion becoming more and more necessary to her. At the same time he was upon all convenient and proper occasions imploring her favorable consideration of his suit for her hand.

One day he came to her with considerable apparent excitement in his voice and manner.

"The investigation is at last ended," he said abruptly when he was admitted to her presence.

"How so?" she eagerly inquired, "what is the result?"

"Read that, and it will tell you all," and he handed her a newspaper published in Astoria and containing a marked paragraph.

It was as follows:

"MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.

"At the Washington House, in this place, a young man by the name of Willard Austin, formerly of San Francisco, Cal., was found dead in his bed this morning. An empty phial labeled 'Laudanum' told the painful story of his death.

He left a written confession of having been guilty of the murder of a former partner of his by the name of Gross, as well as of other crimes. Remorse for his past misdeeds was, doubtless, the moving cause. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of 'Suicide by Poison.' We will give fuller details to-morrow."

She read every word of this cruel paragraph, which contained within itself the death-blow to all her hopes, and then the paper dropped from her nerveless grasp as she sank in a swoon upon the floor.

Roberts was terrified at the effect produced, but it was no part of his programme to have any one else present at the grand finale of the drama he had been for so many months enacting. Looking hastily around he discovered a pitcher of water with which he drenched her face for some time before she showed any signs of returning consciousness. At length, however, she opened her eyes, and a sigh which seemed drawn from the very bottom of her heart told how fearful was the blow which had been inflicted upon her.

"It is over now," she said, "let me rest. After all," she continued, as a sudden hope entered her mind, "is it not possible that it may be false?"

"I had hoped that such might be the case," he returned with apparent sympathy, "but a letter from my agent there—a man of undoubted veracity—confirms the account and leaves no room for

doubt. We cannot but give credence to the dreadful story."

"Then let us forever banish the subject."

And as she spoke such a look of bitter, wan despair settled down over her features that he felt it would be useless to urge his suit any farther at this time. He therefore took his leave for the present and left the house with a feeling of ill-concealed exultation at the evident success of his nefarious scheme.

A few days later he called again, and when he begged permission to take her to his home and shield her from the consequences of the dreadful fate which her love for Austin had entailed upon her, she laid her icy cold hand in his and said:

"You, who know the whole of my past life, know that my heart is buried forever in the grave where Willard Austin lies. My heart is dead and cold, and can never beat responsive to the music of love again. But I can be true and faithful to you, and if you are willing to accept my aimless life, I will be your wife."

This was all he had expected, and his joy and exultation knew no bounds. He pressed her to his bosom, covered her cold face with ardent kisses, vowed he would teach her to love him, and finally took his leave in search of Dr. Dick to procure his consent to their early union.

The good Doctor was not a little surprised at the turn affairs had taken, but he had been quite un-

easy at the state of settled melancholy in which Antillo had been since the news of the death of Austin, and hoping that some change would rouse her into a state of activity and life more like herself, he finally yielded a reluctant consent. And yet as he did so his heart was not entirely at ease, for often during his acquaintance with Roberts, he had experienced a feeling of repulsion for which he could not account but which annoyed him like the indistinct recollection of some hateful dream, and at the moment of his consent this feeling was stronger than ever. But he believed that he was acting for the best interest of his loved foster child, and so stifled what he considered a mere personal prejudice.

We pass rapidly over the time intervening before the wedding day. The preparations upon Antillo's part were few and simple, for her heart had no part in the ceremony which was about ot be performed. She married Roberts, not because she had the least feeling of love for him, but she felt grateful to him for what she considered his unselfish efforts to ferret out the mystery which surrounded the murder of Gross, and this was the only return she could make him.

The day at last arrived and a goodly audience had assembled in the church in which the ceremony was to be performed. All were waiting in eager anticipation, for Antillo's beauty and sweetness of disposition had made her a universal

favorite, while the sorrows which had overloaded her life for the past two or three years had thrown a melancholy interest around this heart-sacrifice, for so it seemed to all.

The bridal party entered the church and passed down the aisle toward the altar. The minister arose and had just commenced the beautiful nuptial service of the Episcopal Church when the attention of all was attracted by the hasty entrance of a man who, without removing his hat or paying any heed to the solemnities of the place, rushed forward toward the altar, crying out as he did so,

"Stop this mockery. This man's name is not Roberts but Joseph Davis, and I arrest him for the murder of his wife. And this woman he would marry is his own daughter," and as he spoke he grasped the bridegroom by the collar.

In an instant all was a scene of the wildest confusion, as might well have been expected.

"How know you this?" demanded the minister.

"I am a detective officer from New York," replied the man, "and for years I have been in search of this villain. Twenty years ago he murdered his wife, the mother of the girl who stands at his side; was tried and sentenced to death. He effected his escape by murdering his jailer, and from that time to this the officers of the law have been on his track. We have followed him through England, France, Spain and Aus-

tralia, and have at last unkennelled him in San Francisco, in time, I hope, to save a worthy young lady from a life of shame and misery."

Those who looked upon the countenance of Davis as this horrid revelation was rapidly unfolded, in accents which rung with the unmistakable sound of truth, will never forget its varied expressions. Terror, remorse, despair, chased each other in rapid succession across his features, and at the close of the fearful tale he drew a pistol from his pocket, pointed the muzzle at his own forehead, and, before any one could interfere, pressed the trigger. There was a blinding flash, a terrible roar, and the wretched man fell ghastly and bleeding into the arms of the detective!

If the church had been a scene of confusion before, it was now increased tenfold. The poor girl who had been saved in such an almost miraculous manner fainted, and was received in the arms of the groomsman; the terrified and excited audience rushed into the streets, and for a time scarcely any one seemed capable of coherent thought or action.

An examination demonstrated the fact that the wound which Davis had given himself would soon prove mortal. He still retained his senses, but it was evident to all that he was rapidly sinking. He inquired anxiously for Antillo, and she, having been restored to consciousness, came to him, and there in the presence of her father, (for so we must

still call the good old Doctor,) the minister and the officer whose fidelity to duty had unmasked a hardened villain, he confessed the crimes with which he had been charged, but solemnly averred that he had no knowledge or suspicion of the relationship existing between himself and his would-be bride. He further confessed that he had himself murdered Gross and had taken steps to fasten the guilt upon Austin in order to win Antillo for himself; that Austin was still alive, and that the evidences of his death which he had exhibited to her were neither more nor less than forgeries perpetrated in furtherance of the scheme he had projected. And as he finished the sickening recital he gasped once or twice, shuddered, and his polluted soul winged its way to the presence of Him who judgeth in righteousness tempered with mercy.

What need to add any thing farther? Why relate how Willard Austin, heart-sick at not receiving tidings of his loved Antillo, was gladdened by the information of the establishment of his entire innocence in the minds of the whole community; how he returned by the first vessel to San Francisco; how in the presence of a select few in the parlor of Dr. Dick's, the loving pair, so long separated by fraud and treachery, were united in the holy bonds of wedlock, never to be separated until the sounding of that summons which all men are powerless to resist; how Mrs.

Dick laughed and cried by turns, and embraced the bride, the groom, and everybody else, or how fervent the blessing which the good Doctor invoked upon the heads of his children?

Let us humbly trust that He who ruleth all things shall so order their paths that their future lives may be as bright and pleasant as the past few years have been gloomy and miserable. We will bid them farewell.

CALIFORNIA WINE AS A TEMPERANCE DRINK, AND ITS RESULTS.

CHAPTER I.

MORE TRUTH THAN FICTION.—THE FIRST TIME.

In the City of Sacramento, California, my husband and I were walking down Ninth street, returning from prayer-meeting. It was about ten o'clock, and very dark. We noticed a man stretched across the sidewalk. My husband spoke to him but he did not answer. I was afraid he was dead, for we could not wake him up for some time. I recognized him as a son of my friend, Mrs. Fence. I grabbed him by the arm and said,

"Charlie, what are you doing here? I believe you are drunk. Charlie Fence, wake up."

He then started to get up but fell down again, saying, "Annie, is that you? Oh don't tell mother I am drunk. Please don't. Will you? It would kill her, I know it would; and this is the first time."

"Charlie, I am so sorry to see you in this terrible condition." I said, "Husband, call a hack

and we will get Charlie into it and take him home with us."

The next morning we asked him to explain how he got drunk, and where he had been. He said,

"I was at a friend's to supper, and there were about a dozen young people there. It was a birthday party. They all drank wine, and as I had never drank any I refused at first, but they all drank and insisted so, I drank also. It was California wine, and every one of them said it could not hurt me. After I had drank two glasses of wine I began to feel bad in my head. I was getting drunk, but they all laughed at me and teased me to drink more, until every one in the room was drunk. I started home, for I knew I could not keep from drinking and stay in that crowd, so I slipped out the back way and I thought I could reach my room and go to bed without mother hearing me. I got where you found me, and you know the rest. Please do not tell any one I was drunk, and I will go home to mother. I will tell her I met you on the street and went home with you, and she will think it is all right. I will promise you to never drink wine or beer, or any liquor again if you will not tell on me this time."

We promised not to tell, and he left. But, reader, in five years he filled a drunkard's grave. It was his first glass that killed him. If he had never taken the first drink he would never have

filled a drunkard's grave. This was the result of California wine. We will now go and see Charlie Fence's young friends, three of whom have filled drunkard's graves; all had taken their first drink at that birth-day party.

Here is young Hun——, a bright young man of one of the best families in the city, a clerk in a bank in Sacramento City, and he drank his first glass of wine at the same birthday party with Charles Fence. We will watch this bright young man and see if he with his good company and kind friends will be safe. One year has passed, and young Hun——is still in his place in the bank, but his friends are uneasy. They often see him under the influence of liquor.

Four years have passed. We will see what the *Sacramento Record Union* has to say. It reads thus:

William F. Hun—— sends a bullet through his heart. He committed suicide shortly before five o'clock last evening. He had been drinking for the last three or four days. He reported at the bank each morning until yesterday; he was seen by many of his friends in an intoxicated condition. Mr. Hun—— began to weep like a child and chided himself for drinking. He then went to the president of the bank and told him of his condition, and he told him to go home and keep quiet that day and come back the next morning. The young man left the bank, but did not go home.

He went to a saloon on K. street. One of the proprietors induced him to lie down for awhile in a back room. An hour later he went out in a carriage and took a drive about the city, then drove up to the corner of Eighth and M. streets, which is within a few rods of his home, and alighted. Instead of going home, he went into a grocery store where they kept liquor, on the corner of Eighth and M. streets. He remained here some time. The proprietor noticed he had been drinking to excess, and he instructed his clerk not to give him any more liquor. It was not long after this that Mr. Hun—— asked the clerk for a drink of wine, and the clerk of course declined to supply him. The young man seemed to take this considably to heart and wept bitterly for some time.

Then he walked out into the front part of the store, where several gentlemen acquaintances were sitting. His hand sought his pocket, and just as he reached the door he turned his tear-stained face to the party and said, "Good-bye, boys." The next instant he whipped out a large 38-caliber revolver, and before anyone could reach him placed the muzzle over his heart and pulled the trigger. Death was instantaneous. The bullet pierced the unfortunate young man's heart and he fell to the floor a corpse.

There was great excitement at the store and in the neighborhood of the sad occurrence. The clerk immediately went to inform the bereaved parents

The scene which followed the bringing of the news to the parents was sad indeed. The father, almost bereft of his senses by the shock, rushed up to the grocery store and prostrated himself beside the remains. Immediately afterwards the body was removed to the deceased's home.

William F. Hun— was thirty-three years of age, and a native of Sacramento. He was unmarried. Reader, this is no fiction. It is a true story with only the names changed. It occurred in the city of Sacramento, California, while the author was a resident of that city.

CHAPTER II.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

It has seemed to me for a long time that our jails and prisons are useful mainly as storehouses for the products of the saloon. At least that is the way it looks to me; for the government is a partner with the saloon-keepers, or they could not get a license to sell. The preliminary report of the Internal Revenue Commissioner contains some interesting facts and figures bearing upon the financial aspect of the liquor problem. From the report it appears that there was consumed in the United States, during the year ending June 30, 1889, of fermented liquors 25,119,853 barrels, or 778,715,-

443 gallons; and of distilled spirits 77,164,640 gallons, representing 92,597,568 gallons sold at retail. This aggregates 871,313,011 gallons, or a per capita consumption of over fourteen and a half gallons, counting the population at sixty millions. The increase in consumption over the preceding year is 18,347,635 gallons, or over one-third of a gallon per capita. The direct cost of all this to the consumer presents an interesting problem. Taking the estimates of Dr. Hargreave, which we have never seen disputed, we find the total cost to be $1,057,982,468, and the increase in cost over the preceding year $49,106,590.

During the same period the entire value of the imports into the United States amounted to $723,-879,813, and customs duties collected amounted to $219,091,173. In view of these facts, it is clearly evident that the liquor question to-day is a serious one.

The Christian people must not neglect their duty any longer. How a man can pray, God deliver us from this terrible curse, and then vote for it, and license it, is more than I can understand. They know they vote for liquor and pray against it. God will not hear such prayers, they go no higher than the man's head that utters them.

Christianity and Temperance go hand in hand, you cannot separate them, and when Christians vote as they pray they will close every saloon in the United States. I cannot see how a man or

woman can be a Christian and not take a stand for temperance. I pray that this article may lead some of my readers to more serious reflection upon this subject.

The California legislature, two years ago, made an appropriation of $15,000 for the benefit of viticulture of California, for expenses of carrying on and fostering the wine business. In Platt's Hall, San Francisco, the Commission are running a wine "cafe," or, in plain words, a wine saloon, at an expense of several hundred dollars per month. Miss Kate Field, a talented lecturess, is in the employ of the Commission at a salary of $250 per month and expenses, and her work consists in introducing California wines to Eastern homes, or, to tell the truth, Kate Field is employed to make drunkards. For nine out of every ten who will drink wine for three months will then drink any kind of liquor they can get. Wine or beer will create a craving appetite for strong drink. There never was a drunkard who intended to become one when he took his first drink, and had he never taken the first he never would have been a drunkard. We will say there are three bridges across the Sacramento River and there is only twenty feet between each; now the first is all on fire at each end, we know it is not safe; the second is old and broken, the piers are gone, and it has no support, so we know it is not safe; the third is a fine, new bridge. We know that every sensible person will

take the safe bridge across, for they know there is no risk; then why do they not take the safe side on the liquor question and avoid the fire of all liquors? The safe bridge is to let wine, beer, in fact all kinds of intoxicating beverages alone, then you know they cannot harm you. "Come out and be separate," saith the Lord. "Touch not the unclean thing. What fellowship has light with darkness? Let us walk in the light." The scales of party love having fallen from our eyes, we now see how to vote as we pray—for prohibition. Reader, if this is your case, if you have got your eyes opened and free from old party love, and will vote and pray for prohibition—Praise the Lord!

Miss Kate Field, in a tirade against the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, declares that women do not govern themselves, and are incapable of governing others. Of course Miss Kate Field judges others by herself. She said that mothers had no influence over their children. It is evident she forgot that her mother was a woman, and also that she herself is a woman, though I must say, Kate has lost every spark of true womanhood or she would not take a stand against her own sex and everything that is good and pure for the sake of money, for we all know that she is only talking for money, and I say any woman that so far forgets herself as Kate Field has, does not deserve the name of woman.

It is no doubt fortunate for womankind that the

sex cannot be judged by the acts or words of a single individual; otherwise, those seeing the example of Miss Kate Field, would form as poor an opinion of woman's wisdom and prudence as she herself possesses. Of this we will leave the reader to be the judge.

THE AUTHOR'S APPEAL AS A W. C. T. U. TO THE VOTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"MORAL SUASION."

You have been using the ballot and making the laws to punish the drunkard; now we need to use the ballot for a while upon the drunkard-maker. The saloon-keeper not only makes drunkards, but makes criminals for our prisons and our jails, paupers for our poor-houses, invalids for our hospitals, idiots for our insane asylums, and murderers for the gallows, and Christian men and moral men put their hands in their pockets and help to pay all these expenses and then vote to keep the drunkard-maker's hell holes open.

Moral suasion might possibly do for the drunkard, but we must have legal suasion for the drunkard-maker. The fact of the case is just this —saloon-keepers will not come where we can persuade them. They will not listen to sermons on "The sin of putting the bottle to thy neighbor's lips." He will not read the Bible on "The duties he owes to God and his fellow-man." He has no

time to go to church; his saloon runs seven days in a week. What we want is to legal-suade him to close his saloon, and then not give him a chance to open it again.

There are very few Southern people of the present day that think slavery is right, but many did think so at the time it was abolished. They have become convinced that slavery was wrong. Now we are convinced that saloons are wrong; that this government is doing wrong to permit a saloon to exist. This government owns the saloons, and, reader, you cannot deny it, for you know it grants licenses to sell liquor and takes the money. Yet you are not willing to say that the government is running saloons! Some say we can never obtain prohibition. Anyone that will say that is not posted; they only see the whisky side of the question, and do not see the other side. We would advise all such to read the *New York Voice*, the *Chicago Lever*, and in fact all the Prohibition papers, and they would learn that we are gaining prohibition, and the time is not far distant when their blind eyes will be opened, for we can and will obtain prohibition. The saloons must go.

We must pass laws to prohibit this heart-breaking, crime-fostering, soul-destroying, hell-peopling business. And if every Christian and every temperance man would vote against liquor, this source of crime and poverty and curse to our fair land would soon be wiped out. It is legalized by the

government; it must be killed by the ballot. Moral suasion for the drunkard; legal suasion for the drunkard-maker.

Voters, may God open your blind eyes, and make you see your duty in this matter; and, Christians, vote as you pray; then the saloons would be closed all over this nation.

Voter, have you ever thought that God will hold you responsible for your vote, if you do not vote against this terrible sin? If you have never thought of this, may you never sleep until you ask God to pardon you for your neglect of duty in this matter. And you must perform that duty in the future, or God will hold you responsible still.

CHAPTER II.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of this nation, impelled by its duty toward "God and home and country," can no longer keep silent. We must voice our convictions—that the needs for temperance agitation and reform are simply astonishing. The saloon power, with all other monopolies, holds its grip upon this nation. Can she free herself? Not without a mighty effort is made by her people.

We here summon the patriotism and principle now slumbering in the reform factions to awake

and arouse themselves to the performance of their duty towards the homes of this nation, which is to gather all the forces of these reform factions into line, and join hands and battle mightily against these destroyers of our youth and of our homes. Organize, then, and unite in one great army for aggressive work. Let all men and women of all creeds, and no creeds, join in this great conflict for right, for God and home and native land. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of this nation will give you their aid, and will give you their sympathies and their prayers. And if you are brave, valiant and united, the Lord will give you the victory.

Do no longer shield the foe,
To manhood do your whole duty;
We've had enough of shame and woe;
The burden grows; voters, do your duty.
Will you not haunt him to the death?
Speak out! speak out! voters, brothers,
Will you not join in this reform call,
Protect sisters, wives and mothers?

We've had enough of whisky chain;
This demon drink to fetter,
Good bullets from the ballot-box
Is what we need; yes, they are better.
God help all to work like Christians,
By vote and earnest agitation,
Till we have killed the power of rum
By just and righteous legislation.

To stand united is what is needed;
Charge on, boldly, then, ye voters,

Come united, then move in line;
 There are deadly foes to vanquish,
Found in beer, alcohol and wine.
 Who will raise the signal cry?
There is great danger in this waiting
 When deadly foes are lurking nigh.

Let there be no broken column,
 If you think to win the battle.
You must do it in God's name;
 Let your strength on Him be stayed.
There must be no falling backward,
 Straight the road that leads to fame.
Let your aim be sure and steady,
 For each attack brings victory nigher.

Voter, we pray God to open your blind eyes, and that every reform faction will come together in one great battle against liquor and monopoly.

FARM MONOPOLY IN CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER I.

FACTS.—A VISIT TO THE MILLIONAIRES.

We will first visit Hon. Albert Gall. He owns one hundred thousand acres of land in one body, about twenty miles from Red Bluff, California. Here we find twenty-five tenants located in small, comfortable houses, a good large barn to each tenant. Each has his proportion of ground to cultivate. The owner gets half of what is raised. Each tenant is allowed to keep only one cow and one dozen chickens, and only what horses are needed to cultivate the ground he has charge of. There is a foreman placed over the twenty-five tenants to see after the interests of the millionaire, who has five hundred head of blooded horses and other fine stock on the farm. All the tenants and help are subject to the orders of the foreman, who has his orders from his employer, and is required to hand in an account of everything pertaining to the farm once each month. This is only one place of this millionaire. He has a farm in southern California worth as much as this one.

We will now go and visit a wealthy friend in Red Bluff. We have been out to see three of his large farms. We will call him Harry Will. He has two large farms on Pain's Creek, one on Sandy Creek and one on the Oregon line, and a large stock farm in Oregon. He told the author that he started on Stony Creek, near Sacramento City, in his buggy and went to Oregon, and stopped every night on his own land. He, like Albert Gall, has a foreman on each farm to look after his interests, but he is a man of more principle. He lets his tenants have more privileges. They can raise all the chickens they want, and make all the butter they want. They are not restricted to any number of horses. We spent a week visiting a tenant on Pain's Creek.

We are not in favor of monopoly, yet if the millionaires were all as kind and liberal as this one we would not find so many poor people in our travels.

We will now visit a millionaire senator. He has thousands of acres of land, and has fine, large mansions all over the United States. He owns railroads and yet he represents the people in Congress.

How did he get there? By your vote, farmer. Yes, by your vote, laborer. As long as men vote for the monopolist they must endure monopoly. All the mining monopolies are united against the poor miners. In every large city in the United

States, there are monopolies to control all the manufacturers. Many large cities have European monopolists in them that control every trade there is. When we were in Denver we heard of nothing but monopoly. In fact, we have more monopoly in this nation than anything else. This Government should control all the railroads and make every foot of land owned by the railroad companies open for settlers. No man or woman should be allowed to own more than one thousand acres of land. The Government should own all the rest, and throw it open to settlers.

A STORY OF CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

CHAPTER I.

TEMPTED AND TRIED—THE SUICIDE.

We read in this morning's paper of the sad suicide of John Wills. He was aged thirty-three years, seven months and ten days. He was a prominent lawyer in the city of Denver, Colorado.

We will go back to his early childhood and give a history of his life. He was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. His mother was a true Christian woman, a member of the church. His father was a member of the church and a prominent merchant. He had three sisters, but no brother. His parents were both taken ill with typhoid fever. His father recovered. At this time John Wills was twenty-three years old, and was studying law. But he was drinking and would come home at times intoxicated. His mother called him to her bedside and said,

"My son, your mother is dying. Will you promise her to quit drinking and prepare to meet her in heaven?"

Tears came into John's eyes. He clasped his mother's hand and promised her never to drink any intoxicating drink again, and to join the church and meet her in heaven. He kissed his mother good-bye. She then bade all the family farewell, closed her eyes, and in ten minutes fell asleep in Jesus. The next day she was buried. A husband and four children were left to mourn for her.

Thou art gone to the grave,
Lonely hearts are left to grieve;
Thy husband and children dear—
Oh, how they will miss thee here!
They would forget, were they able,
When they gather 'round the table,
That there is a vacant chair;
Yes, they will miss thee everywhere.

To be prepared our Lord to meet,
In heaven all our friends to greet;
A happy meeting in the skies,
For those the Lord shall bid arise;
Asleep in Jesus, oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Lord, teach our feet the narrow way,
And may we never from it stray.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHRISTIAN COLLEGE—THE KINDNESS OF A WIFE TO A DRUNKARD.

Ten years have passed since the close of our last chapter. John Wills has married a beautiful

young lady, a music teacher, Miss Hattie Corley. They have three children—a son Charlie, aged eight years, and two little girls aged four and six years. John Wills loves his wife and children, but the appetite for liquor was so great that he would drink and be taken home drunk. His wife was so kind to him that she would never say a word to him while he was drunk, but would kindly care for him and put him to bed. After he got over his drunken spree, his wife would go to him and say, "Dear husband, will you promise not to drink any more?" and she would kneel down by him and pray for him. This would touch his heart and he would promise not to drink any more. He was not a Christian, but his wife was a true Christian woman, and a W. C. T. U. Had she abused him, as many wives do their husbands, he would have been a hard-drinking man. As it was, he would keep his promise sometimes two and three months. Then some temptation would overcome him and he would drink again. He knew it grieved his wife.

On one occasion he had been drinking all day. It was election day, and so many had treated him to liquor that he was picked up and taken into a saloon to keep him from going home, for they wanted his vote. He begged them to take him home to his wife, but they refused, saying, "You must stay here until you cast your vote. You know you are right here at the ballot-box. So

just keep quiet." Hardly had the saloon-keeper the words out of his mouth, when John drew his revolver and shot himself. The bullet passed near his heart. He died almost instantly.

His wife was overcome with this sorrow, and she was such a good mother that her son, then ten years old, was her comfort. He was a bright boy and promised his mother she should never have a fear for him. He belonged to the Band of Hope and had joined the church where the Band of Hope met; his mother was a member of the same church. They owned their home and had five thousand dollars after the estate was settled. This was put out at interest, and Mrs. Wills taught music to support herself and children. The interest was used to educate the children. Charlie was placed in school to study for the ministry. Mary and Nettie were also in the same college with their brother Charlie.

Mrs. Wills was the music teacher of the college and she was with her children most of the time. Mr. Ketchel, the President of the college, and the professors, all were very kind to Mrs. Wills and her children. They were all the time praising Charlie and his ability to make a good orator. The two girls, Charlie's sisters, were encouraged to become teachers.

Mrs. Wills was very proud of her children and very hopeful for their future. She was very successful as a music teacher, and all her children had

a natural talent for music and good voices for singing. Charlie was a fine base singer, Mary a soprano, and Nettie, alto.

We will now take up the history of Prof. Flagg, of the College. He is a young man about thirty years old. He has been in the Christian College for six years as a teacher, and is not married. He has many lady friends that would like to be the wife of Prof. Flagg, and think it an honor. But he has treated them all as sisters up to this date. But now he shows more attention to Miss Mary Wills than any other lady. He was never known to show so much attention to any other scholar, and the ladies were all jealous of Mary Wills.

Prof. Dodd was paying very much attention to the mother, Mrs. Hattie Wills. This attracted the attention of the older lady teachers, and they were inclined to be jealous also. He was a bachelor of forty-nine; had been in the college for ten years. Many of the ladies had tried to catch him, but all had failed. Now the Professor would take Mrs. Wills out buggy riding. This he never was known to do before. Prof. Dodd go out with a lady! Such a thing never was known. Something was going to happen!

Miss Rosa Bond is a very fine young lady, and a scholar in the college. She has been receiving the attention of Charlie Wills. They are about the same age. Charlie is now twenty-two years of age. Miss Nettie Wills will now soon be eighteen;

she is her mother's pet, being the youngest, and her companion.

We will leave them a short time now to finish their education.

CHAPTER III.

THE DOUBLE WEDDING—THE PREACHER—NETTIE A MUSIC TEACHER.

Three years have passed since we left our young friends at the Christian College. We find Charlie Wills a very able and eloquent preacher. He has charge of a church in Southern Nebraska and has a large congregation and is doing a good work as a Christian minister. Miss Rosa Bond is teaching school in Lincoln, Neb. She has a large school and is well liked, but cards are out for her marriage to Charlie Wills. We will go to the wedding and see our preacher married. Here we find all our college friends; they have all come to see Charlie Wills and Rosa Bond united in the holy bonds of wedlock.

But a surprise awaits us, for when Charlie and Rosa walk up before the man of God, to unite them as man and wife, up walks Prof. Flagg with Miss Mary Wills; they are to be married at the same time.

Mrs. Wills and Nettie are here to witness the

double wedding. They are living in their house in Denver City, Col., where Mrs. Wills was left a widow. Nettie lives with her mother and they both teach music. Nettie can play as well as her mother.

Prof. Dodd is still paying great attention to Mrs. Wills, and it is whispered that wedding cards are being sent out for another wedding.

We will return to Nebraska and visit our minister and his wife; they have been married one year. We find them in a nice parsonage, furnished in style by the church, and we find Rosa, the minister's wife, one of the workers in the church. She is President of the Ladies' Sewing Circle; she is Superintendent of the Band of Hope; she is a W. C. T. U., and one of the Central Committee of the Y. M. C. A. So you see she is doing a noble work. The church is crowded every meeting.

We will now take leave of Mr. and Mrs. Wills, wishing them a long and happy life in their noble work, and we will go and visit Mrs. Hattie Wills and Nettie. They are expecting us to be there tomorrow, for we have received an invitation to the wedding and must not fail to be there.

We arrive and find the church crowded. Prof. Flagg and wife are here and Bro. Charlie Wills and wife, and the strangest part of all is that the pastor in charge of the church is our old friend, the president of the college, Bro. Ketchel. He performs the ceremony that makes Mrs. Hattie

Wills the wife of Bro. J. W. Dodd. We will now leave them and wish them a long and happy life. Nettie will now go home with her brother Charlie and wife and make a visit. She has had no vacation for years and it will do her good to be at liberty for some time.

Just as Nettie was about to get into the hack to go with her brother and his wife the mail carrier brought her a letter.

Nettie took the letter and glanced at the address. It was in a well-known handwriting. She withdrew to her room to read it alone. Upon breaking the seal she saw it was indeed from Jim Noble, one of her Y. M. C. A. friends.

Nettie had no time to spare, for it was near train time. Oh, how she did want to answer that letter; but she must wait until she arrived at her sister's home before an opportunity would be given her to write.

No incidents worthy of note transpired on their homeward journey, and in due time they reached their home. Professor Flagg assisted the ladies out of the bus, and we now see them in their own home. Mary is very happy. Nettie went to the room she was to occupy while there. She called for paper and ink, so she could write to her lover, Jim Noble. He had proposed to her in his letter, and had asked her to answer before she left her mother's house. This she could not do, as she had no time to spare before going to the

train. She had made up her mind to accept his proposal. She wrote her letter and mailed it, but she kept her secret to herself. No one should know she had a lover.

Nettie was very happy with her friends, and had a very pleasant visit. They all insisted that she stay and make her home there. But, no, she said she had a father now, and she would go home and live with father and mother.

True, she did wish to be with her mother, but she longed to see Jim Noble. So she wrote him what train she would arrive on, and asked him to be at the train to meet her. As the train came into the depot Jim was there. The lovers met and arranged for a meeting the next evening at seven o'clock. They then separated, for they wished to keep their meeting a secret. The next evening Jim Noble called to see Miss Nettie, and her mother was consulted and she gave her consent to their marriage.

It was now but three weeks till the day set for the wedding, and preparations for the great event were going on with a rapidity which excluded everything else. The invitation cards were sent out, and the minister engaged.

At the proper time the guests began to assemble in the parlors of the Dodd mansion—a gay party of the *elite* of the city—all clad in their gayest apparel, to do honor to the occasion; for Nettie Wills was a universal favorite in the circle

in which she moved, and Mr. Noble was esteemed and respected by all who knew him. The guests had all arrived.

As soon as the happy pair were pronounced man and wife, there were many congratulations, and many handsome presents were displayed. We will now see the bride and groom in their own nice, new home that has been prepared by the husband, Jim Noble. And now, dear reader, our story is ended. We have seen all our Christian friends happy in their own homes, and we will bid them farewell, wishing them a long and happy life.

THE W. C. T. U. APPEALS TO VOTERS.

CHAPTER I.

A SHORT HISTORY—WHAT PROHIBITION IN POLITICS HAS ACCOMPLISHED.

Miss Frances Willard, President of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, wrote an excellent article on the "Progress of the Prohibition Party," some time ago, which we quote from the Chicago *Lever*, of January 22, 1891, that every reader of this book may have an opportunity to read it, and that the W. C. T. U. will be better understood in view of the methods of non-partisans. It is herewith given to the reader:

"A party means a part of the voting population that think one way. It implies another part who unite because they think a different way. The reason for different ways of thinking is that people have inherited unlike qualities of mind, and have been moulded by unlike surroundings and education. In early times parties were pairs of individuals, and pounded with fists; then they were tribes, and struck with spears, or shot with arrows; still later they were armies, and hurled missiles

by means of gunpowder, but in the latest encounters they print opinions on paper, called ballots, which are counted and majority makes victory.

"There are two classes of mind; one looks forward, the other back. One says: 'The thing that has been shall be.' The other declares that in so wide a universe 'the next thing' is likely to be the best; yesterday was well enough in its way; to-day is better, but to-morrow the red-letter day of all the calendar. So there has always been a party of conservatism and a party of progress. These perpetually change characters, for like a man, a party has an individual life; its weak childhood, its generous youth, its prime, and its decrepit age given up to memories of past glory. Unlike men, parties are not always buried when they die, but remain above ground 'to interfere with and vex the citizen.' Old association and the habit of obedience to leadership exercise a force that is practically binding upon men of average mind. But always there are other minds of better fibre and stronger equipoise to pioneer the way for humanity along the endless path of progress. Where the vanguard walks to-day, the guard will walk to-morrow.

"ONLY TWO PARTIES.

"The national Prohibition party is the outcome of the ceaseless warfare between old and new,

false and true. It came as the sequel of educated convictions, resulting from the work of modern science, of pulpit, press, and temperance society. But it came also as an offset to the alcohol party, which, under various disguises, has forced its way into politics and into power. Dr. Jutkins, in his invaluable 'hand book,' says the Brewers' Congress, held in Chicago in 1867, before any temperance party was organized, had

"*Resolved*, That we will sustain no candidate of whatever party, in any election, who is in anyway disposed toward the total abstinence cause.

"Every brewers' congress has re-affirmed this as its standing creed and unchangeable purpose up to this day, their motto being, in the words of Louis Schade, their salaried attorney and lobbyist at Washington, 'first beer and then politics.'

"In 1869, two years after the brewers had flung down their gauntlet to the temperance people in the resolution quoted, the Good Templars, at their national meeting in Oswego, N. Y., appointed a committee of five to prepare and issue a call for a convention to organize a national prohibitory party. The chairman of that committee was Rev. John Russell, a Methodist minister of Detroit, Michigan, whose name will pass into history as the father of the party, in equal honor with the name of Judge James Black, of Lancaster, Pa., and Hon. Gideon T. Stewart, of Norwalk, Ohio.

"These three men are by common consent the

chieftains of the clan that dares to stand alone. Its first presidential convention was held in Columbus, Ohio, on Washington's birthday, 1872. Its platform declared that: 'There can be no greater peril to the nation than the existing party competition for the liquor vote; and that any party not openly opposed to the traffic will, as experience shows, engage in this competition, court the favor of the criminal classes, and barter away the public morals, and the purity of the ballot for party success.'

"THE RASTER RESOLUTION.

"Hence the necessity for a party committed by its organic law to prohibition. The convention was not based on one idea, but took high ground on all leading public issues. Its nominees were, for president, James Black, of Pennsylvania; vice-president, John Russell, of Michigan. These candidates received 5,508 votes. It will be remembered that in this first year of a National Prohibition Party, Horace Greeley, an undoubted temperance man, was practically a Democratic candidate; and the Republicans, to emphasize their position as nationally the brewers' party, which they have been unswervingly for over fifteen years, adopted the famous Raster resolution, prepared for them by Herman Raster, a leading German of Chicago, editor of the *Staats Zeitung*, a

German Republican paper. This resolution was so carefully worded that casual readers might miss its meaning, but Herman Raster declares that it was against temperance and Sunday laws, and that this whole platform committee of the Republican Convention in 1872 so understood it. Let it be remembered that the Republican party at its Chicago Convention, while careful to make no allusion to the request of the W. C. T. U. for a declaration in favor of submission of a national constitutional amendment, did distinctly renew its allegiance to all previous platforms. So its candidates to-day stand upon the Raster plank as adopted in Philadelphia in 1872.

"In 1876, the second National Convention of the Prohibition Party was held in Cleveland, Ohio. The platform adopted four years before was reaffirmed, and the following nominees were made: President, Hon. Green Clay Smith, of Kentucky; vice-president, Hon. G. T. Stewart, of Ohio. They received 9,522 votes. The third National Convention was held in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1880, and nominated for president Gen. Neal Dow, of Maine; vice-president, Rev. Dr. H. A. Thompson, of Ohio. They received 10,305 votes.

"FAMOUS CAMPAIGN OF 1884.

"The fourth nominating Convention was held in Pittsburg, Pa., July 23, 1884. Its platform was practically the same as had obtained from the

beginning. Its candidates were Ex-Gov. St. John, of Kansas, and Hon. William Daniel, of Maryland. Four years earlier eleven States were represented in the convention; this year thirty-one States. Then Minnesota had one delegate, but at the Pittsburg Convention, twenty; then New York had nine, but now seventy-five; then Michigan had nine, but now her full quota, fifty-six; then Wisconsin had four, but now her full quota, fifty-five; then Illinois was not represented at all, now she had forty-five; then California had none, now she had seven, besides Dr. R. H. McDonald, a noble man and worthy of the honor; then Kansas had no delegates, now she has eighteen; then not a Southern State was represented, now all but five. Maryland was out in force with sixteen delegates, and its chief is second on the ticket, while Missouri came with a full delegation. These facts prophesied a greatly-increased vote in the fall of 1884, which was realized by 150,000 against something over 10,000 four years earlier.

"In 1888, Gen. Clinton B. Fisk and Dr. John A. Brooks became our standard-bearers, and even their enemies could bring no accusation against them that was not at once proven to be 'for revenue only.'

"The great Convention at Indianapolis numbered 1,020 delegates. A gallant campaign was made, and though the tariff was again used as the 'buffer' against prohibition, over a hundred thou-

sand more voters rallied to our standard in face of the opposition—without a parallel in American politics — notwithstanding half the prohibition votes cast were never counted, through the fraud of the liquor parties. The press, in the interest of the old parties in North and South alike, ruled out reports of our returns, so this figure is but approximate. In the fall of 1889, there was even more effort, if possible, to throttle any correct statement of the prohibition vote. But with all this power of the liquor traffic, the office-holders and the office-seekers, against this movement for home-protection, the admitted vote was increased to the highly-encouraging aggregate of 250,000.

"EVERY GROWTH HAS A BEGINNING.

"Take the Liberty party, from whence the Republican party had its origin. In 1840, it polled for Birney 7,000 votes; in 1844, for Birney again, 62,000; in 1848, for Van Buren, 291,000; in 1852, for John P. Hale, it fell back to 156,000; in 1856, for Fremont, 1,343,000, and in 1860, for Lincoln, it counted 1,866,000. But it had to begin, because, as Mr. Blaine said in a campaign speech, 'a party is a growth,' and every growth has a beginning. Doubtless the old line conservatives, who had just then organized the 'know-nothing' diversion, with Millard Fillmore at its head, scolded the free-soilers roundly, saying, 'You profess to oppose slavery, and yet your action resulted in putting

"dough-faced" Buchanan in the presidential chair.' But the new party replied, as the Prohibition party does to-day (only, thank Heaven, the best people of the South are with us now), 'Duties are ours; events are God's.' It must be right to do right. Four years count for but little in the long life of a great movement for humanity. It is darkest just before day. Evil, by its excess, tends to its own cure. No man has this world to manage; that is God's part; but each man is solemnly bound to condense his convictions into his ballot. This we have done and bide our time.

"HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

"History repeats itself, and to-day we stand at the crossing of the roads. Four sign-boards point the way:

"Democratic party: In 1884 it explicitly declares against 'all sumptuary laws that vex the citizen,' and puts up a candidate who is at least a moderate drinker, and who devotes a paragraph of his brief letter of acceptance to reaffirming the 'saloon plank' of its platform. In 1888 it renominated the same man and reaffirmed its old platform.

"Republican party: Its platform denies the prayer of the W. C. T. U.; reaffirms the Raster resolution; nominates in 1884 a candidate whose Washington dinner-table has not been wineless.

"In 1888 this party gives a weaker utterance on

temperance than the brewers' congress itself, and nominates a man who is opposed to prohibition, and has publicly said so, and who offers wine to guests.

"The Union Labor Party is made up of well-disposed men as to its rank and file, but made no declaration favorable to prohibition in 1884, and had a political mountebank as its head, while in 1888 it was practically nil.

"The Prohibition Party has as its battle-cry, 'protection of the home from the saloon;' frankly recognizes the claims of women to the ballot; invites them to its platform and its counsels, and put forward as its candidates in 1884 and 1888 men of pure purpose and heroic championship.

"THE HOME CONSTITUENCY.

"To-day the voters of our nation stand at the crossing of these roads, reading these sign-boards. There is no question in any mind as to how the liquor men will cast their ballots. Indeed, of them it might be said, 'the world is all before them where to choose.' Nationally the two great parties both bid for their ballots. They will vote as they prey.

"Would that the Christian manhood of the Republic might, with clarified perception and quickened conscience, march forward to represent not themselves only, but their home constituency and vote as they pray!

"NO HOPE IN THE OLD PARTIES.

"To this showing many good men will make objection, and insist that 'our hope is in the Republican party.'

"It is true that in a few exceptional States the Republican party has been friendly to prohibition, and in Iowa, Kansas, and South Dakota, has frankly accepted that issue. But it is also true that that was not done until a prohibition party had 'stood up and had been counted.' In Kansas the anti-Prohibition Republicans are on the war-path for re-submission; in Ohio the Republican party is the avowed enemy of prohibition, and killed the constitutional amendment of 1883, Joseph B. Foraker, its candidate for governor, declaring during his canvass that 'the principle of license is an eternal principle,' and the leaders of the campaign taking the Scott tax law as their platform; while in Illinois, Wisconsin, and other Western States, the Republican party is the bond-slave of the beer interest.

"On the other hand, the Democratic party gave the Maine law to the nation, and neither party in the Pine-tree State dare place an anti-prohibition plank in its platform; while in Maryland, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Florida, and other Southern States, the Democratic party has granted prohibition by local option, and there is as great activity in the South as in the North along the line of law. North Carolina Democrats

adopted a prohibitory law in 1881, which, when submitted to the people, was snowed under by Republicans, who rallied the solid colored vote to the war-cry, 'Your old masters mean to take away your liberties!' The Republican party long ago repealed prohibitory laws in Michigan, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and came within one vote of doing this in New Hampshire. It also repealed the local option law of Pennsylvania, and in all cases without submitting the question to the people. Its leading men and party organs fought the amendments of 1889, and did their utmost to bring about the defeats of that fatal year for prohibition.

"STUDY OUR ENEMY'S METHODS.

"As temperance people, we can with profit study the methods of our enemies, intrenched as they are in the great national parties. In 1882, a national liquor conference was held in Chicago, which flung its banner to the breeze inscribed, 'Personal Liberty League of America.' It passed the following resolution: Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to work harmoniously and assiduously at the ballot-box against the election of any and all candidates, or the success of any party who favor the prohibition movement; and in favor of only those men or that party who are known to represent and advocate the principles embodied in these resolutions.

"What do politicians say in secret counsel over such declarations as the foregoing? Some of us have learned to our sorrow that this is the tenor of their discourse:

"We must bait the party hook with a heathen Chinee for the Pacific Coast, a fleece of wool for Ohio, a shotgun for the South, a tariff list for the manufacturing districts, and a beer-keg for the foreign vote; but the temperance men, Heaven bless them, will bite a bare hook every time. Their favorite song has been—

"'Old dog Tray is ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away.'

"TEMPERANCE VOTERS THEIR FOOTBALL.

"So our confiding voters have been the football of their respective political parties. But to-day these men are becoming aroused, and the writing on the wall can be read as the doom of those parties which have played the role of the Laodicean in politics: 'Because thou art neither cold nor hot I will spur thee out of my mouth.'

"'Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting.' The curse of Meroz is upon them, 'because they come not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.' Their name is Ichabod, 'because the glory is departed.'

"These words are written in no censorious spirit. A house divided against itself cannot stand. To say this is not to speak against the house, but

simply to declare the law of gravitation. The Republican party cannot live without the vote of the beer interest. Self-preservation is the first law of nature and the second nature of a party. So long as it could face toward King Gambrinus and the home with equal smile, so long it could succeed; but that day is past. High License is the last milestone on the route to the grave. The Christian people of this country, kept apart by political organizations which represent the two sides of a question settled twenty years ago, are anxious to coalesce in a new party of righteousness which shall attack the nation's most redoubtable enemy. They want a party no more along the lines of latitude, but on those of longitude.

"A RE-UNITED STATES.

"Neal Dow, of Maine, marched in the old war, side by side with the men who were 'proud to fight mit Sigel.' To-day he can do this no more. Governor St. John and Governor Colquitt have stood side by side for years in their soldiership against King Alcohol, but party inclosures have separated them at the ballot-box. The time has come when for the best and truest patriots, North and South, a party lives which will blot Mason and Dixon's line out of the heart as another did off the map, and give to us really Re-United States.

"To-day the old party camps are uniformed so much alike that one hesitates to fire a gun lest he should hit a comrade; but party leaders, plumed knights upon the caparisoned steed of a personal ambition, charge up and down the line, beating the drum of hard money, waving aloft the tariff fetich and shouting war-cries, long out-worn. Meanwhile the temperance reform stands like Banquo's ghost between the battle lines—a presence solemn and portentous, that will not down for all the noisy incantations of its foes. Beyond any other time in our generation, this is the office-holders' period of the party in power, and the office-seekers' of the party out of power. But the 'northern heart' and the 'southern chivalry' are 'fired' no longer by these automatic motions.

"OVERTHROW MEANS INDEPENDENCE.

"It takes a great cause to stir a great people. The overthrow of the liquor oligarchy means independence to the working man; means taking off the galling tax from our industrious class, and protection to the American home, be its inmates Catholic or Protestant, white or black, native or foreign-born.

"A great party of the people founded thus and dedicated to those glorious principles, when it comes into power, will be like the Sun in the solar system; its position in the nation will determine

the dominant party in the States. We can then amend the national constitution, and by its ratification in two-thirds of the States outlaw the liquor traffic forever in the republic. We are even now on the borders of that promised land. We are able to go up and possess it. God grant we be not turned again into the wilderness through unbelief, as were the Israelites who feared the sons of Anak, though they knew that the Great Jehovah was in their camp and had promised them victory.

"As women we pray, plead and work, for that party that pledges itself to the protection of our homes. Let us renew the methods of the Crusade, no longer making the saloon but the individual voter our objective point. Parties have neither brain nor heart, voters have both. We must appeal to them. Partisan we are in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union as individuals; sympathetic with the party that declares itself for Prohibition, we must be in the nature of the case. Nationally, but one party has so declared. Nonpartisan in the form and organic law of our society, we most assuredly have been and are, leaving every Union, State, District, County and local to act according to its own convictions."

We have given Miss Willard's able article to our readers hoping that it will be carefully read, and in the hope that every voter that reads it will vote against the liquor traffic. We ask you to

read it over again and again, and we pray God to open the eyes of every reader so that he may vote as he prays.

A W. C. T. U. REPORTER PAINTS A BAR-ROOM.

HOW I WOULD PAINT A BAR-ROOM.

If I had the adorning of a bar-room, it should be done somewhat in this wise: On one side I would paint Death on the Pale Horse, his arm wielding the thunderbolt, the fiery hoofs of his flying steed treading down everything fair and lovely; the Garden of Eden before him—a blackened waste behind him.

On the other side I would draw the picture of a wretched hovel, once a happy home; the roof broken in, the windows stuffed with rags, and in the doorway a weeping wife with ragged children clinging to her skirts, piteously beseeching her for bread. In the distance should be seen the once happy husband and father, now a reeling drunkard, on his way from the saloon to the hut he now calls his home.

Back of the bar, in full view of the bloated creatures that stand with the glass to their lips, I would paint a company of demons, in the death-dance of fiendish hilarity around a fire kindled

with the flames of alcohol, and over it I would write in lurid letters:

"*Moderate Drinking Lights the Flames*
That Burn to the Lowest Hell."

Opposite the bar should be a lonely and dishonored grave; a lightning-blasted tree should stretch its leafless branches over it; and on the same withered bough should perch the melancholy owl hooting to the wintry moon. At the foot of the grave should kneel the Angel of Mercy, with hands and eyes upraised to the pitying heavens; and at the head of the grave should be the Angel of Justice, carving with stern, relentless hand upon the tombstone, these fearful words of doom:

"*No Drunkard shall Inherit the Kingdom*
of God."

In the intervening space I would paint a grinning skeleton, and then a broken heart, a shattered hour-glass, a stranded boat, a torch extinguished in blackest of darkness; while from over the doorway and the ceiling should look down all kinds of woful human faces—pale, imploring, wrathful, deadly, despairing.

The walls of the room should be shrouded in sackcloth, and the floor covered with ashes and the bar wreathed in weeping willow and gloomy cypress; while all the vessels that held the damna-

ble fluid should be black—black as the gates of doom. Then I would call the rumseller, if he would, to take his place behind the bar; and though a few besotted wretches, hardened in cirme, might stagger up to the bar and drink defiance to their fate, yet I should hope that the young—the pride of mothers and the light of homes—might turn away as though they had caught a glimpse of the infernal world.

HONEST REFORMERS.

The following appeal to the independent citizens in all parties, by Chairman Dickie, we give as published in the *Lever*. We wish it could be read by every voter in the land:

"*To the Reformers of America:*

"It is apparent that there exists an unusually deep thoughtfulness among the American people in regard to political conditions, or they would not ignore the temperance question at the Reform Conventions as they do. Few will deny that through misgovernment, by political parties, which, while largely composed of honest men, have been controlled by corrupt and selfish politicians, the masses are oppressed with grievous and unnecessary burdens, under which it is next to impossible to secure for labor the just reward which should follow it.

"THE PEOPLE ARE THINKING.

"Voters are no longer content to be led to the polls in blind allegiance to parties or candidates from which they have in the past derived no benefit. The women of America, who by their

toil and thrift have helped to make its homes and its wealth, and have shared in full measure the undeserved distress, are also studying political problems as never before. Young men starting in citizenship and abhoring the chicanery and duplicity of old party leaders are seeking for political associations in which they may patriotically work for the people.

"To the thoughtful and honest citizens of America, we appeal for a hearing. Do not cast this by unread. Those whom we represent desire absolutely nothing but to share in the general good which will follow true reform in the administration of public affairs. We claim the right to a hearing from all those who sincerely desire to bring about political reform.

"We represent the National Prohibition party. For twenty years a hostile press has represented it. Reformers should know where it stands. They should not form their opinions from what its enemies say upon the rostrum and its subsidized papers. Read our papers. Hear our speakers. Listen to both sides, you will be then better able to judge which side is right.

"NOT A PARTY OF ONLY ONE IDEA.

"The platforms of our party since 1872 have rung out clearly and strongly upon the political questions, which from time to time have agitated the public mind.

"The prohibition party has been from the first the educator of reformers on social, financial and political questions. It has been leading the leaders.

"In 1872 this party declared against the liquor traffic, and declared for a civil service reform; substitution of fixed salaries for the extortionate fee and perquisite system in vogue in the public service; the election of president, vice-president, and senators by direct vote of the people; a national currency adequate to the demands of business, convertible into gold and silver at the will of the holder; government control of telegraphic, railroad and water communication in the interest of the people; anti-discrimination in revenue laws; free schools; equal suffrage.

"In 1876 the above principles were re-adopted and in addition thereto planks favoring public land to settlers only; the suppression of stock, produce and gold gambling; the separation of the money of the government from all banking institutions.

"In 1880 these principles were enunciated in concise and strong terms, and in 1884 and 1888 prohibition again placed itself unequivocally in line with the principles that underlie good government administered in the interest of the masses, and in opposition to all those forms of oppressive class legislation which have tended to the prosperity of the few at the expense of

the many. The press and speakers of the prohibition party have repeatedly proven their interest in, and co-operation with, the reform spirit of the times. The prohibition party has quickly and honestly responded to the righteous demands of the people, while consistently avoiding the unwise and dangerous policy of advocating any system of class legislation to remedy the serious evils that have already resulted from such legislation.

"This broad reform spirit is not assumed; is not a pretext; but is the natural result of the fact that the prohibition party is born of the people, is controlled by the people, and as an inevitable consequence stands for the people. We invite fair and impartial examination of the literature and public utterances of our party and its advocates, to prove that in all its history it has stood in the forefront as the consistent and fearless champion of political reform.

"NOT NARROWLY PARTISAN.

"The Prohibition Party has not been narrowly partisan. In all its history this party has been anxious, not merely for party success, but to advance needed reform. Again and again has party work been temporarily abandoned in order to cooperate with others in efforts to promote temporary good. Frequently the party has refrained from making nominations, and has cast its influence

and votes for the nominees of other reform parties, where such action seemed desirable in the interest of reform. Prohibitionists have desired, not so much the election of this party, as for the success of a new party which would stand firm for needed reforms, and against the liquor traffic.

"We want a reform party to exist that will, by rigid principles and incessant efforts, elect to power parties which will enact and enforce laws based on these principles.

"WHY REFORM EFFORTS FAIL.

"We honor the noble men and women who have given their efforts toward the formation of reform parties. We share in their disappointment in that these parties have failed to accomplish their noble purposes. We have watched with interest the present movement in that direction. Many of our best men and women have co-operated therein; but, fellow-reformers, the new party cannot bring about the needed reforms which the people demand, lacking the vital elements (the extermination of the liquor traffic). The new party must make the temperance movement one of the planks in their platform, if they wish to succeed, or it cannot attain to any power by which it can shape legislation, and it would fail. If we did not mention the diverse opinions, the clashing interests, the personal differences, which have already operated to weaken and disintegrate, there is one

element which to our sorrow, and through no fault of honest, true reformers, has secured controlling influence in its counsels, and which deprives it of all claim to the support of reformers.

"No reform movement can hope to succeed by yielding to the dictation or blandishments of the arch-enemy of all reforms—the liquor traffic. Yes, the liquor traffic is the greatest monopoly in the land; it is the corrupt tool of other monopolies. It, as well as all other monopolies, exists only through the suffrage of the two old parties. The liquor power wants no new party to complicate its interests. Therefore, they wish to kill the reform party just as other similar organizations have been killed by the same power when it had no longer use for them.

"HOPE FOR REFORM.

"What, then, is there no hope for reform? Yes. The National Prohibition Party will continue to fight until reform is secured. We believe that the liquor traffic is the greatest enemy of all reform movements. We believe that the friends of reforms should unite against this enemy of all reforms, and that the liquor traffic must go down to its grave in order to make way for the reforms needed.

"The Prohibition Party wants the prohibition of the liquor traffic as a first step towards the prohibition of unjust monopolies and trusts, the prohi-

bition of the control of the means of communication and transportation by private corporations for private advantages, the prohibition of the issue of money except the direct issue by the National Government, the prohibition of all gambling, including stock-gambling; the prohibition of land-grants to speculators and land-owners by aliens, the prohibition of the political degradation of women (in not allowing women a vote. The Prohibition Party is for woman suffrage).

"THE PARTY OF THE PEOPLE.

"Fellow reformers: Why waste time, money and effort in trying to build up a new party, when the reform party of this nation already exists? (Come in with us, we can agree on a name that will not separate us.) Consider its elements of strength. It is born of the reform people. It has a natural and growing constituency in the churches and schools, and the homes of our land. Strong societies are in existence to promulgate its principles. Hundreds of thousands of women are organized to advance its interests, millions more of women are working for its success. It is well organized throughout the Union, has its national, state and county committees of honorable men. It is growing steadily. It has a strong and influential press. It has a generous national fund, and good state funds contributed by people in moderate circumstances, and not

by a few wealthy men, as has been erroneously stated by our enemies.

"Our voters are honest and are as determined as they are honest. They will never recede from the position they have taken. It is a part of their religion.

"Again we ask, why waste time, money and effort in building a new party when your party already exists?

"A party born of the needs of the people and destined in good time to supply those needs. Only you voters can say when that good time shall arrive. Come into our ranks, help us with your wisdom, your zeal, your energy, your votes. We want no self-seeking politician, we want no corrupt office-seeker, but want honest men and honest women.

"WILL YOU COME?

"As for members of the Prohibition party, they are pledged to secure the prohibition of the liquor traffic. We are sure we are right, sure that victory will come and in this belief, 'having done all we can will stand' firm as a party and work and vote until we dethrone corruption and favoritism in politics, and establish a righteous government of and by, and for the whole people.

THE ORIGIN OF ALCOHOL AND ITS PURPOSE.

Once as the devil full of wrath,
Was pacing around his burning path,
He racked his brain with every plan,
To punish poor, weak, silly man.
Of all dire plans which he possessed,
He chose the one he thought the best.

Said he, "I will make alcohol;
With it I can make men fall;
And woman, too, shall not escape;
I'll punish her in every shape.
In politics I'll take my stand,
To sway my scepter o'er the land."

In every town his agents stood,
To snare the evil and the good.
Saloon-traps he made to catch his game,
In town and city just the same.
In the saloon he makes his home,
And politicians to him come.

To vote for him he gives them rum;
He knows just who to him will come.
To beat God's plans is all his aim,
And all elections he tries to gain.
In both now he takes the lead,
And unto him they both give heed.

In Conventions then they make a show,
And good and bad together go.
They get their work in all too soon,
And plan it all for the saloon.
Some men will go to the saloon
If wife and children starve at home.

Then like a silly sheep or goat,
He drives them up and makes them vote.
The true Christian will say, "Nay;
I always vote just as I pray."
Voters, God will hear you on election day,
If you will all vote just as you pray.

NEED OF REFORM.

CHAPTER I.

MIXING THE LOAD.

On the last day of April, 1869, Dan King, with his wife Susan, and four children, reached Coloma, having emigrated from the banks of the Mississippi, stimulated by the hope of bettering his temporal condition. They were Christian people of pure hearts, devoted to God and his service; they had received the advantages of good mental and physical culture and were hopeful of the future.

He had three good teams and a few hundred dollars. He stretched his tent near the old Sutter mill in California, where gold was first discovered.

They found themselves amidst strange surroundings. All races and conditions of mankind were represented, and excitement pervaded all. Fabulous amounts of gold were being washed out every day by successful miners from the river bars—fabulous prices were charged for all articles of use or necessity. Men, released from the restraints of society, drank, gambled and maimed each other. Coloma was the central point for a large territory. A few days after his arrival King started with his team to bring provisions from Sacramento, fifty

miles distant, to procure winter supplies for his family. On the road he overtook a tired, dusty traveler, who asked for a ride.

"Jump in," said King, "Where are you going?"

"Don't know," said the man, "Just arrived, broke. I want a job to earn some money, then I'm going to the mines. Where are you going?"

"Oh, I'm going to Sacramento after provisions and miners' tools, then I shall return to Coloma. I intend to go to mining this winter."

"Well, I wish you would give me something to eat, and I will go back with you and work till I pay you for it at your own price. Hayes is my name, and I am from Indiana."

"All right," said King. When he drew up to his tent on his return, the miners from all over the country left their mines and hurried towards him. He was glad to find his family all well, and surprised to see so many men gathering around his tent.

"Got any whisky, Mr. King?" was the first question from a half-dozen persons at once.

"No, sir; I don't sell whisky," said King firmly.

"You don't? Well, you will before you're here long."

"Well," said another, drawing from his pocket a well-filled purse, "I'm first, and I want some of everything you've got in them wagons, no difference about the price. Here is the gold to pay for it. Put up your scales."

The balances for weighing gold were adjusted on a box, and the miner's purse was found to contain twenty-five ounces, worth $400. He had several men employed at an ounce per day, and they procured their provisions from him. He received from King four hundred pounds of flour, potatoes, onions, coffee, sugar, bacon and beans, in exchange for the contents of his purse. Another came, and another, and before night King had sold out all of his two loads.

Just at sunset a man with two horses drove up near King's tent.

"What you got?" yelled the crowd.

"Whisky! red eye!" shouted the teamster.

"How much?" eagerly questioned the crowd.

"Fifty cents a drink."

"Give me a drink!"

The man had two boys with him, and the three commenced drawing the whisky, and by sunrise he had sold out.

"All gone, and still they come!" he exclaimed, as he sauntered into King's tent. He sat down and poured upon the ground, from a sack, his coin. After counting his coin and weighing his dust, King said to him: "How much did your load amount to?"

"Just six thousand dollars."

"Goodness! That's as much as my two loads came to. I hauled up provisions and tools, miners' tools." Turning to his wife, King said, "You hear

that, Susan, what do you think of that? This man gets as much for a two-horse load of whisky, as I got for my two four-horse loads of provisions and tools."

"Well, Dan, nobody has any regard for religion here; we are entirely out of place here among these people. I think you had better mix your load next time."

The load was mixed, half miners' general supplies, and half miners' special supplies—whisky. He sold one barrel on the road, clearing a dollar a pound for freight. Leaving his load with Mrs. King, he hastily returned and brought up another. This was repeated several times before winter. A large hotel took the place of the tent. Before the rainy season set in, he had a large stock of supplies, particularly whisky and other liquors. When a man came to King and said: "I am broke, have just arrived, would you credit me with a miners' outfit?" King was not the man to say, no. He was a generous, noble-hearted man, thirty-five years old. Mrs. King was a woman of rare mental ability, very sympathetic by nature, kind-hearted and self-sacrificing. She was ever ready to minister to the wants of the needy and afflicted. Deeds of violence were common, and she often witnessed them, and devoted herself to relieve the suffering victim of many a conflict. At the time the hotel took the place of the tent, a large, square room was erected for a dining-room. Dan King

had gone to Sacramento for goods, when, one day, a man drove up in a light wagon. He was well-dressed, polite and affable. He walked into the tent, and calling up all hands that were standing around, invited them to take a drink, and threw down a Mexican coin called an ounce. All drank but one, Iria Long. He refused, saying, "No, I never do drink, and I wish the rest of you did not." Mrs. King was about to make change, when he said to her, "Never mind; you are putting up a hotel, I see." "Yes, sir, that is the dining room just finished," said she, pointing to the large, square room.

"Well, where will you have your bar?" (a bar had not been put up; the customers were served by drawing from the barrel into tin cups).

"Oh, I am not going to have any bar in my dining-room!"

"I will give $10 per day, cash, for a table four feet square, right here in this corner, to deal monte on. I will run night and day and will agree to insure you a sale amounting to $100 per day from my table to your bar. Come, put up your bar; your receipts will be from $300 to $500 per day; I will give you $300 per month and leave you your hotel table over there." Such logic could not be resisted. The devil wins. Mrs. King said, "I will take it."

"Of course you will tend bar for me?"

"No; I never thought of such a thing!"

"Well, that is my understanding. You put up the bar and rent me the table at $10 per day."

A crowd gathered around them. A man in the crowd said, "I want a table here in this corner to deal faro." Another said, "I want a table here for poker, I will pay $10." The result was the men brought in their tables in half an hour from the beginning of the above conversation. In one hour a rough counter was in place, and upon a shelf behind it were five dozen bottles of whisky. The whole room was soon jammed full of rough miners trying to reach the gambling tables. The bar was next day extended the length of the room; before night she had three bar-tenders; she did nothing but weigh out the gold dust. On Mr. King's return he decided to remain at home. He would superintend the whole. They would soon be rich. About five o'clock the next day a dispute occurred and two pistol shots settled the matter, two men lay stretched out on the floor, one was dead, the other wounded, groaning and swearing; there were two physicians in the crowd who cared for the wounded man. The dead man they carried to one side, and carpenters set to work to make a coffin. In one hour he was put in his grave under a pine tree, and all evidence of the terrible work was cleared away and the games were proceeding as though nothing had happened. The attentions to the wounded man that Mrs. King gave in the days and weeks that followed, were so tender and womanly, that

all were praising her; no one sought her sympathy in vain. The man recovered, and left for parts unknown; his name was Iria Long, the temperance man who had refused to drink. We will speak of him in the future.

CHAPTER II.

TEMPTED AND TRIED.

Dan King hired teamsters and kept his teams constantly busy. His daily receipts were nearly one thousand dollars. On Sunday they frequently amounted to $1,500. Some of the men that got broke at the bar and gaming tables, came to King and asked for work. "I have no work," said King. "Mr. King," interrupted a bystander, "I have an ounce a day claim which I will sell for two hundred dollars. I got broke at poker, and I want some money."

"Well," said King, "show it to these men, and tell them how to work."

"Well," said the miner, "anybody can do the work. It's going on all around."

Hayes, the man picked up by King on his first trip to Sacramento, was given charge of the work at five dollars a day and board. Every fifteen feet was a claim, and the ground was all being worked.

They went to work under Hayes, all green hands. The miner, Henry Hixe, took his two hundred dollars, walked deliberately up to one of the gambling tables, which had stacked up on one side ten thousand dollars in gold dust, on the other side was gold coin to the amount of over five thousand dollars. In one hour and a half he had broken the bank, and opened on his own account.

When night came, King's ten men came in with an aggregate of $200. The next day they had five hundred dollars' worth of gold dust, and the next day they brought in eight hundred. They had struck a rich pocket from which they afterwards took $50,000. It all belonged to Dan King except the five dollars a day and board. One man skipped with over ten thousand dollars' worth of gold dust that belonged to King.

"Where is Tom Bean?" said King; "he has not paid his board, and has stolen ten thousand dollars' worth of the gold dust. I think that is mean."

"Oh, Dan, here you are complaining and not thanking God as you ought for our prosperity."

"Mind your own business," said King in reply to his wife; "I need none of your interference in this business."

"I did not think that success in our business would make my husband so selfish."

The winter of '66 set in with heavy rains. King had built good houses and barns, and had a large

supply of provisions and whisky. The bar was open day and night. No one would ever think this was the King family, that were such good Christian people down on the Mississippi, such a change had taken place.

To the reader who is not familiar with the early history of mining in California, the transformation of character herein delineated may appear altogether improbable. But the circumstances were peculiar; men found themselves surrounded by influences new and strange. Kind, thoughtful, considerate and Christian men were radically changed, some into cold, heartless monsters of selfishness and greed, others into dissipated, careless spendthrifts, while still others threw off every restraint, and gave themselves up to gratification of passion and appetite.

In the case of King, the unusual opportunities offered for accumulating wealth rapidly turned all his thoughts in a sordid direction. In addition to this, he had accidentally, as it were, drifted into business pursuits which brought large profits and deadened imperceptibly all the naturally noble traits in his character. If he had stopped to reason with himself, his natural instincts would have caused him to turn with disgust from his present occupation, but, compromising with his conscience under a plea that it was only for a little time, and that others were ready to do what he was doing if he withdrew, he continued month after month to

harden his heart against his fellows, for the sake of gaining gold. He did not realize that moral ruin was sure to result from this prostitution of moral to material interests, and in his blindness he kept on, silencing all his better impulses by taking, day after day, the hard earnings of others, without rendering an equivalent. The result was that in the space of a few months, he had $200,000 in gold, and mammon had become his God. With Mrs. King the case was different. Her besetting sin was in another direction; her sympathies were always with the weak and needy, hence the change in her husband was a distressing revelation to her. Thoughtlessly, and entirely through her desire to add to the enjoyment of others, she had frequently sipped the social glass, without thinking that the exhilaration which she sometimes experienced was closely allied to intoxication. She had observed with much pain and solicitude the increasing greed and selfishness of her husband and no thought of danger to herself had ever crossed her mind until her husband's words implied that her manner was not natural. She then said, "And I am to blame for it all, for I told him to mix his load." She then resolved to guard against further indulgence. A few days afterwards she fell ill, and during a protracted sickness, used wine and liquor in various forms continuously, in obedience to the instruction of the attending physician. After convalescence it was prescribed thrice daily, and when in March

she resumed her household duties, she found it convenient, and, as she believed, necessary to continue the practice.

Hayes, after working out King's claim, had struck a rich deposit of his own from which he had washed out the handsome sum of $60,000 which he intrusted to Mrs. King's care. He was a scholarly, Christian gentleman, and manifested much kindly interest in Mrs. King's family. He had been an inmate of the family since his first acquaintance with them, and had regularly taught their children, and a few others, in a log cabin in the rear of the hotel.

One Sunday Mrs. King, flushed with drink, went out for a walk, and passing, unperceived, the open door of Hayes' cabin, overheard Hayes in prayer. "It is a heavy cross to bear, but help me, O God, to warn that man, who is so cold, so selfish, so given over to hardness of heart, and love of gold to turn to Thee. And, O Lord, save that woman from the appetite that is leading her to ruin. Permit not the evil one to win them away from Thee."

She turned away without having been seen. Every fibre of her being was shaken, shocked by the discovery she had just made. She hastened to her room, saying to herself, "Is this so? O heaven! What is wealth and fortune at such a cost, such a sacrifice!"

She tried to pray, but her lips refused to move, her thoughts could not be concentrated. Again

she sat down and tried to realize her situation. She knew she was to blame, for it was she who had said to her husband, "You had better mix your load." She thought of this and said, "O, go away, devil, do not tempt me any more. God help me to do better. I am drunk now. Oh, what shall I do?" The entrance of her children turned her thoughts towards their teacher. She sent Peter, her eldest son, to tell Mr. Hayes to come to her house, she wished to see him. Hayes soon made his appearance, when she said: "I have sent for you, Mr. Hayes, to seek your advice. A sudden impulse to return to my old home on the Mississippi has seized me. I want you to find out when the steamer sails, and further, I want you to remain here, and fill my place in this house."

"You surprise me, Mrs. King," said Hayes; "this indeed seems a very sudden determination. What do you wish me to do?"

"I want you to take my place here; hire and supervise the help and attend to weighing the gold dust at the bar, as I do."

"Mrs. King," said Hayes solemnly, "I would not for any price sell a man a glass of whisky, or take the money in payment of one. I cannot, I will not do it!"

"Well, King can attend to the business, I suppose. He will stay, of course. He is getting to hate me because I rebuke his selfishness, and I know we are both going to ruin here. I dare not

stay any longer here and risk the consequences of daily contact with this vile business in which we are engaged. Please find out how soon the steamer sails, and I will arrange with Mr. King."

Hayes left the house and she sent one of the children to call their father.

"What do you want?" said King, sullenly, as he entered the room.

"Well," said she tenderly, "I have determined upon a thing suddenly, and ask your kind consent. We must quit this vile business and leave here or hell will be our portion. You wind up the business as soon as you can and we will leave." She continued, "We have made more money than we thought of ever having. We must give up this vile business, forsake our sins, return to our former course of life, and amid old scenes and friends be happy. The seduction of the cup overpowers my mental and moral strength. I will return to that society in which we were so happy. I will never take another drink or sell one." "But, Susan, you know I cannot go with you; if you want to go, why go. I will stay here." "Well," said she, "I am going on the first steamer." King gave his consent, and the details of her journey were all arranged before he left the room. Mrs. King and the children, in three days thereafter, were on the way to their old home on the Mississippi river. There King and his wife had been Christian people; they were members of the Methodist Church,

and were teachers in the Sunday-school, and had never drank any intoxicating liquor.

Mrs. King and children arrived at her father's house in the night, taking them all by surprise. As soon as it became known that Mrs. King had returned from California, the house was crowded by scores of people eager to ask questions about the land of gold, and why she had returned so unexpectedly; all anxious to know all about the mining interest in California. She gave to all such information as she possessed on the various phases of gold digging, and of the social life of the people.

A young preacher asked her if there was any chance for a strong, sober man, to get the gold.

"Yes! Oh, yes," she said.

"Then would you advise me to go?"

"No, never! never!" said she, emphatically.

"Why? Why not?" questioned several at once.

"Because I have learned that some things are more precious than gold. The climate is delightful, the gold is plenty, and the country grand, but it is a terrible place of wickedness and vice. True manhood seems to shrink and shrivel before the temptations there existing. Drunkenness, gambling and debauchery seem to be a natural consequence in the search for gold. All moral considerations disappear. Men forget all their obligations to God and their fellows; throw off all disguise and revel in depravity. Scarcely any are proof against the allurements of vicious pleasure. Men

who are ordained to preach the gospel, forget their vows, and descend to the vilest of beings. God is forgotten and his laws are trampled under foot. I have fled, as it were, to escape the dangers and snares of California life. Do not leave your safe and quiet homes for the dangers and strifes of that land."

She believed that she had overcome, through penitence and prayer, her appetite for strong drink, but to no one save her mother did she reveal the real reason of her sudden return. Of Mr. King, she only said, "He, also, is much changed, but in a different way." To Mr. King's brothers, who declared their purpose to go to California, she said, "Take my advice and do not go. The chances are not worth the risk. Men make wrecks of themselves without realizing it. Grace may keep some safely, but it is a fearful struggle."

"Why does brother Dan never write to us?" said his brother Charlie. "We have not received a letter from him for two years, while yours came regularly."

She answered evasively, "His heart seems set on getting rich. I have brought each of you two thousand dollars; that will pay your debts and give you a home. Stay here and take care of your father and mother, and enjoy your lives in a rational way."

"Brother Dan was a kind brother, he was a

Christian, a fine scholar, the most manly man I ever saw. How has he changed?"

"Please don't ask me, but take my advice and remain here."

After she had visited all her friends, and several weeks had passed away and she had received no news from California, she began to think of returning to her husband. One morning her mother was surprised to find her packing her trunks. "I am going back to California. I have been very happy here since my return, and I have just concluded that Dan will not come as he agreed to, and I must go and try to bring him. I have not told you all our business, and I cannot, it overwhelms me with shame, not that it is unlawful; on the contrary, it is highly respectable out there. It will not do for Mr. King to remain there, and me stay here. He agreed to close up our business and return, but now I fear he aimed to deceive me. I have now renewed my covenant of grace and had a delightful visit, and my place is with my husband. I will try to bring him back here. I shall bid every one of my friends good-bye to-day, and take the ten o'clock train to-night." And true to her word she left on the night train, and in due time she landed in San Francisco with her children. She entered a carriage and was on her way to a hotel, when, looking out of the carriage window at a new, large building, she was surprised to see in large letters over the door, "Dan King, Wholesale Liquor Dealer,"

and standing in the door she saw her husband. She stopped the carriage, her husband came up to the carriage and she and her children alighted.

"What does this mean?" said she. "When will wonders cease!"

"O, Susan! how glad I am to see you and the children again," said King, hurriedly.

Leading them into his store he said: "After you left, a druggist came to our house in Coloma, who knew how to make all kinds of liquors from drugs and essential oils. He worked for me there for several weeks, and finding that he was master of his art, I left the business in charge of a friend and came down here to engage in the wholesale liquor business, and I deal in California wine. Here is some of the richest wine you ever drank," said he, handing her a glass of California wine, "and my sales are over three thousand dollars per day. Here, drink this, why don't you?" "I do not want to drink; do not tempt me! I had a pleasant trip. I made everybody around the old home happy. I intend never to drink wine or beer or any kind of liquor. I told my heavenly Father, when the ship sailed that carried me away from California, that I would never drink a drop of any intoxicating liquor, and I have so far kept my word, and I do not want to see you in this business, Dan."

"But what brought you back, then, Susan? What brought you back? I was not as much sur-

prised when you announced your intention to go back to your father in Mississippi, as I am to see you here again in California."

"I came back, Dan, to try to save you. I want you to quit this infernal liquor business, and go back to Mississippi with me. None of our friends there know that you ever kept or sold liquor; they are all Christians. Dan, I told the first lie I ever told in my life when I told them you were still a Christian. Mother asked me if we had a Methodist Church here. I told her, 'No'. 'But,' said mother, 'you and Dan are still true Christians?' I said, 'Yes.' God forgive me for that lie. Will you go back, Dan?"

"No, I will never go back, Susan," said Dan. "No, I do not want to go back; I am making money."

"I do, Mr. King," said his wife. "I would cheerfully surrender all we have made, if the past three years could be wiped out. We have lost our religion, and that is worth more to us than all the gold in California. We are now estranged from God, like a ship at sea without a rudder, drifting with the tide."

"Did you not suggest that I mix my load the second trip from Sacramento to Coloma?"

"Yes, God forgive me! and you fell so easily. It did not take as many arguments to convince you as it did Adam. We are in the sinful business; God help! How we will get out is the problem.

Three years has bound us to this wicked business with chains hard for us to break."

"I do not want to get out of the business or undo the past," said King.

Calmly, yet glad to survey the lost ground, and determined to do so without a scene, Mrs. King said: "Many a slave loves his chains; we have both lost, Mr. King, what we never can regain in this business. I went to Mississippi fully determined to abandon this liquor business forever, and to get my heavenly Father's forgiveness. I believed I had found grace to stand. Oh, where is Mr. Hayes? It was his prayer for you and me that God would make us see our wrong-doings in this business that made me go back to Mississippi. I want him to come here and pray with us."

"Here I am," said Hayes; "and if I can assist you, may God help me to do so. Mr. King, my advice to you is to close out your business and go back with your wife and children to your old home."

"No, Hayes, I shall not go back. She can go back if she wants to, but I will not. You are a very good preacher, but you can never get me to give up my business. Everybody deals in liquor here. We all came here to make money, and I never drank; I do not fear that I will ever be a drunkard," said King.

"Well, I shall go back," said Mrs. King; "and

I will take my children with me. I will now pray."

Going over to where King was standing, she kneeled down and prayed God to touch her husband's heart and to help her to do her duty. Her prayer brought tears to the eyes of Hayes, who was near by, but her husband turned away and went out of the house.

"Mrs. King," asked Mr. Hayes, "what can I do to assist you? Just name it. I have prayed for you and your husband that God would save you from the appetite of strong drink."

"I know that, Mr. Hayes," replied Mrs. King; "and I wish I had stayed in Mississippi when I went back."

Just then three shots were heard in the bar-room. Hayes opened the door and found King badly wounded, and two men killed. This was the result of California wine and gambling. The next day, King was found dead in his bed by his wife; he had died of the wound received the day before.

After King was buried, Mrs. King took what money was on hand belonging to King ($100,000), saying, "I will not close up the business; I will leave it all, and go back to mother and friends."

She asked Mr. Hayes if he would assist her to get away. He said, "Yes; when will you start?"

"To-night," she said. "And I will set fire to the house and burn up all the wine and whisky in it; no one shall ever drink it, and I will not sell it."

Mr. Hayes ordered a team, and shipped all of Mrs. King's goods that she wished to take with her. Then she poured oil all over the floor up stairs, so it would burn readily. She then went into the cellar, and turned open a barrel of coal oil, and then she left the place. She had been gone only one hour when some one threw a match down on the cellar steps. It reached the oil while burning, and the house was soon in flames.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE OLD HOME.

In due time, Mrs. King arrived at her father's house in Mississippi, where we will leave her happy in the society of her Christian friends. She has joined the W. C. T. U., and is to-day one of its noble workers. She says Kate Field never could have any influence over her, for she knows more about the result of California wines than any one can tell her. We will leave the reader to be the judge.

We will now return to Mr. Hayes. He has been very successful in everything he has ventured into. He has now in his possession $100,000. He bought land and built houses, and put poor men to work on his land. He had friends all over the country who were praising him for his kindness to the

poor. And all the appurtenances of a promising American settlement were now to be found on Hayes' land. They had plowed and sowed half the land to grain, and were planting large crops of potatoes. They also had school-houses and churches. There were 300 settlers within the limits of his grant. These settlers were from the best families in the States from east, north, south and west, and were mostly Christian people, lovers of law and order. Hayes had selected that class for his colony. He was a kind, Christian gentleman.

Harry Miller, a son of one of the men who were killed in King's bar-room, was to work for Mr. Hayes. After the murder, he asked Hayes to take his mother and sister out onto his farm.

"Yes," said Hayes, "and Mrs. Dillon and her children. Take them with you. They have no home now, for when James Dillon was murdered, he had lost ten thousand dollars in King's bar-room at the monte table. He had refused to give it up, and that was what caused his death."

Hayes bought more land, paying $40,000 for one tract ten miles square. This he divided into five acres each.

"This," said Hayes, "is for a school-house," pointing to a new house he had just finished.

"And what is that?" asked a bystander.

"That is a church I have put up in hopes we can have Sunday-school and meetings in it."

Hayes was very popular. He held meetings at all the school-houses, and in every way labored earnestly to warn the people against the dangerous power of the saloons. He endeavored to show them that their homes were the one treasure to be prized and defended against all intrusion or molestation. He said: "Not one of you who has a title for your home but what is a better man for having it. Your wives and children are better for having a home. You now have schools. By industry and economy, and the practice of morality and the observance of religious duty, you will build up a prosperous and happy community. Six hundred homes thus established on the James river in Virginia in 1611 were the foundation of all American civilization. Romulus, by dividing up the land among 700 followers, was the founder of Rome, that vast power that forced a whole world to pay tribute. All the grand civilization and wisdom and learning of the Greeks were based upon the home, the beginning of which was smaller than yours. The home condition is the only one in which men always improve, and I would not be afraid to guarantee an empire to spring from this beginning if it were not for the wine interest and the saloons. They are your worst enemies, and there will be no failures here except those caused by their existence among you. Again I warn you against them. Never touch, taste nor handle wine, nor beer, nor any kind of intoxicating liquors, and

you are safe. It is the first drink that makes the drunkard. If the first drink never was taken, there would never have been any saloons, and there would be happy homes to-day that are now unhappy. Remember the fact—for it is a fact—that the men who are sober, religious and temperate, will own all the land here, all their homes. They will have happy homes if liquor is kept out of their reach."

The saloon interest denounced Hayes on all occasions. He hated the saloons and never entered one; he could not bear to pass one.

Just at this time Hayes received a summons to attend the bedside of his sick mother. Hastily giving directions to his foreman to look after his business, he took his departure on the steamer for San Francisco, where he took the train for Ohio, his old home. Mr. Hayes lost no time in his travels, so anxious was he to reach his mother's side before her death. When he arrived, a death-like stillness pervaded all the surroundings. Making his way at once to his home, he pushed open the door, without waiting to rap, and entered. A glad smile spread over the face of his mother; the nurse turned towards the door, and bounded across the room. Glad tears suffused their faces. Ten years before, a lovers' quarrel had separated them, driving him to California. Now they met under different circumstances. They had grown up together and loved each other. Each was pos-

sessed of a strong will; they had both given their hearts to God and joined the Methodist Church in early youth, and up to this time were true Christians. Hayes' mother had given him a college education. He had been the pride of his mother, and when Ella and he quarreled, and he left for California, his mother had tried every way in her power to bring him back and to have a reconciliation, for she loved Ella Hall as her own daughter. His mother wrote to him that she was on her death-bed, and she wanted to see him married to Ella before she died, and to make haste and come home. Ella had been with her all the time. She taught school and made her home with Hayes' mother.

When Hayes entered the room where his mother lay, she opened her eyes wide and said, "My son, come to your mother's bosom."

He hastened to her side, kissing her again and again.

"Send for the preacher; I want to see you married before I die," she said.

A preacher was sent for, and united them in the holy bonds of matrimony. In a few hours the mother died with her hands clasped in theirs. A few days after the funeral, Hayes, accompanied by his wife, started for California. On the train was a preacher from England. He said:

"We have spent large sums of money, and a great deal of time and talk on the temperance

question, but there is more whisky sold and drank now than ever before. We must close the saloons. But how can it be done?"

"I will tell you how to close up every saloon and stop the manufacture and sale of liquor," said Mrs. Hayes. "I am a W. C. T. U. I can tell you how."

"Do tell us, then; for I do want to see it done," said the preacher.

"Vote as you pray. If every voter would vote as they pray, the saloons would be wiped out," said Mrs. Hayes.

"That is so," said a young lady in the rear end of the car. (She was a W. C. T. U. We could see that by the badge of white ribbon she wore.)

"Yes," said Hayes, "alcohol arouses every vile passion of a man, and destroys every virtue. It dethrones honor, breeds falsehood and dishonesty, and leads to crime of the deepest dye. It paralyzes usefulness, destroys happiness, blasts character and sullies a good name. It closes the gates of heaven, and opens wide the door of hell. Everything that intoxicates is a great home destroyer. It makes the home a place of poverty and wretchedness; it takes the furniture from the house, the carpets from the floor, the clothes from the wardrobe, and the bread from the cupboard; it puts out the fire upon the hearthstone; it separates husband and wife, and throws helpless children upon the world's cold charities. Everything that will intox-

icate is death to true Christianity. It turns man away from the church of Christ, and destroys all hope of heaven."

Dear reader, touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing, and you are safe from its influence.

We will now take leave of our Christian friends, wishing them a happy married life and prosperity.

ALL THE REFORM PARTIES MUST UNITE.

IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH.

There are now many organizations that could come together in one great National Reform Party, and take a national name. We will name some of them that, if united, would be a power, and the saloon would have to go. There is the Farmers' Alliance, the Agricultural Wheel, the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association, the Patrons of Industry, the Farmers' and Laborers' Union, the Prohibition Party, etc., etc. All ought to come together and adopt one name and one platform against the liquor traffic. There is nothing to prevent the Prohibition Party from uniting with such a national party, if that national party will make the prohibition of the liquor traffic for beverage purposes the dominant issue in their platform. As soon as these principles appear in their platform, the Prohibitionists will indorse that party, and the W. C. T. U. will indorse that party also.

We do not care what the name is; it is the principle we want. We were all very indignant over the treatment our appeal received at the Chicago

Convention, when they ignored and cast under their feet and spit upon our petition for a temperance plank in their platform. That a new and powerful reform party is about to be born is certain. Will the farmers create a new national party? We do not care what the name is; it is the principle that we want. Sooner or later the farmers and laborers will construct a national party apart from and opposed to both the old parties, or suffer themselves to be divided and diverted from their purpose, as the old grange movement was. Again I ask: "Will the farmers and laborers create a new national party?" Either they must receive such substantial legislative concessions as will satisfy them, or the centrifugal motion that has this year been so effective will continue and be accelerated.

But we prophesy that the old party machines will not grant them any portion of their demands. As far as possible they will be cheated with promises or diverted with some reciprocity.

But we do not believe that these old shams can be made effective much longer. It is certain that the people will have to construct a new party as an instrument of reform that will cover the whole ground, and probably it will be done in time for the conflict of '92; if not, we know it will be done by '96.

So far as the Prohibitionists are concerned, the principal ideas of the farmers' and laborers' re-

form are entirely acceptable; all they need is the temperance plank in their platform, then nothing will separate them. From the start the Prohibition party has been an industrial reform party, and of late years these features have grown to such an extent that in almost any of their platforms the farmers can find their major tenets strongly and plainly set forth. It only remains for the farmers and laborers to accept prohibition of the liquor traffic in order to make the two elements one in purpose as they are one in the character of their constituency.

The farmers will eventually have to fight the saloon, and fight a duel to the death, too. No scheme of financial reform can bring a wide-spread and enduring prosperity which leaves the wasteful and corrupting liquor traffic to continue its destructive work; and no real reform party can mount to power except by marching over the ruins of the rum power. The saloon is the natural ally of machine politics. It is the instrument with which bosses and election exploiters do their work. It creates the great array of tramps and vagabonds we see, who are always purchasable by the monopoly power. How shall the new party be constructed? If the farmers think they can win upon a platform framed only in the interests of agriculture, they are mistaken. The phenomenal success which they obtained this year was obtained mainly because the monopolists were sur-

prised, caught divided, and had no time to arrange a plan of defense or employ the tremendous energy of money in the elections. The devil with money wins. He will give them whisky and money, and lead men this way and that, both Republican and Democrat.

> Then like a silly sheep or goat,
> He drives them up and makes them vote.

The farmers cannot win alone. The new party must include all of the reform elements in the country in order to be effective. The new party must be a composite party. There are many reasons why the farmers and the Prohibitionists, at least, ought to unite readily in forming a national party. First, they are both constituted of very much the same class—the intelligent American. From the start the Prohibition party has been a party of the common people; and a few wealthy who belong to it are men in whom the sense of truth and justice outweighs all selfish considerations.

We believe that this union of reform forces is necessary, and finally inevitable. Why, then, should reformers waste months and years of valuable time in desultory and disconnected efforts? Why not get together and lift their united banners in the approaching struggle of '92, with Prohibition as the dominant issue?

What would the farmers gain by making a close alliance with the Prohibition party? They would

gain all the enthusiasm that comes with a great moral purpose. They would gain thousands of able speakers and writers now in the Prohibition ranks, who would render valuable aid in pushing on the economic reforms which have called the farmers into the field. They would gain the party organization already created by the Prohibitionists, and which is growing in every State in the Union. They would gain hundreds of able newspapers and magazines now in the Prohibition service. They would gain the Prohibition vote, which in most of the States is even now large enough to decide a close contest between reform and reaction. And they would gain the tremendous influence of the W. C. T. U. (of which the author of this book is a member), an organization whose past achievements are only a prophecy of what it will yet do.

And what will the Prohibitionists gain? They will gain speedily and effectively the one great end for which they have been struggling these many years. They will quickly and overwhelmingly crush and bury out of sight the greatest enemy of God and man—the cruel, infamous, deadly saloon!

With such great possibilities, lying immediately before us, we hold that now is the time for a wise and effective arrangement of the American reform forces; for in union there is strength.

Let us cast away timidity, distrust and party pride. Let us not wrangle over mere names or

inconsiderable issues, but let the Farmers' and Laborers' Unions, Farmers' Alliance, the Agricultural Wheel, the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association, the Patrons of Industry, Prohibition Party, and all other reform organizations come together; then they would be a power and could accomplish their purpose and wipe out every saloon in the United States, and wipe out all the monopolies and trusts. We have said that they should unite and be one body, as they are all aiming at the same purpose. Join and come all into one line; make one grand forward movement, "for God and home and native land."

We have no doubt that the Prohibition party would gladly unite with every organization that opposes the whisky traffic as its chief issue, while its political scope would be wide enough to satisfy all anti-saloon voters who are willing to break away from their old parties and form one great National party, the object of which will first be to destroy the saloons, the cruel monopolies, the crushing oppression of the farmers and many wage-workers, and the terrible corruption in politics. Reader, we have given our views on the reform question. We will now take up the wine and liquor question, and show you the results of the use of California wine and all the intoxicating beverages. We have been in California for years as a W. C. T. U., and investigated the wine question, and can give facts and figures that cannot be denied.

HOW TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

CHAPTER I.

In one of the great churches of the East, a church that numbered near a thousand members, two or three years ago, on a bright moonlight night, when the mercury was away down, there was held an executive board meeting. There were present all of the members of the official board of the church. They were holding a very earnest consultation on a grave subject. Nearly a half hundred members had just pulled out from the mother organization to establish a prohibition church, and it had brought the official board to a point that made them think that there was something wrong. And they were discussing the question gravely. The pastor (Dr. Jones, we will call him) is saying that a half hundred members down from a membership of near a thousand does not count much, of course, but who are they? They are not the wealthy of the church. But a church cannot be run by wealth alone. They are the very ones that sustain and carry on our prayer service. (Logical thought: those that are most active in all branches of service are always the first to step out to defend the right.) And how to

get on without them is a question. Just at this point Judge Wilson, of the police court, who was a member of the board, spoke up, saying, "Let them go. Those prohibition cranks have got awful bold here of late. Some of them have said that those that do not vote as they do are casting their influence with the awful liquor traffic, and I say, let them go." "True, but we must give them letters, for there is nothing against their Christian character." "Well, I say, let them go," said Senator White, who was also a board member. "This idea of the meek and holy followers of Jesus being the bulwark of the rum traffic is all nonsense. I claim to be a better prohibitionist than they are, for I had the honor of voting for our present high license law, which will do more for prohibition than the whole prohibition party will ever do. I say, let them go, and then our church will have no more contention." Pastor: "Well, of course, we will have to"—Just then there was a heavy knock at the door, and the pastor's sentence was never finished. "Come in," said the sweet, melodious voice of Dr. Jones, and the door opened and in stepped the great, portly form of the saloon-keeper across the way. "Good evening," said he; "I knew this was one of your meeting nights, and so I came over to tell you that myself and family have concluded to join your church and help along this good work." All eyes were fixed on the pastor, and a distressing silence

prevailed, which was finally broken by the pastor, who said, "Have you quit the saloon business?" "No, sir." "Are you going to?" "No, sir, I am keeping a respectable place over there, and don't see any reason why I should quit." But he was rejected. Why? Because he kept a saloon. How came he to keep a saloon? Because the members of that church and other churches in that city voted a saloon ticket. And then will you say that the church is not in league with the awful curse? Don't you know that there are church members in every town that stand themselves up as examples to the world who will, at the fall election, vote for that Republican ticket founded on a whisky platform with its plank No. 14? With its wine and brandy maker at its head for Governor, and the other with its anti-sumptuary plank as old as the party, and with its lewd lawyer at its head for Governor—verily, three-intoxicant-users up this year for Governor—surely the rumers will be able to make a choice who to vote for. But can the Christian? Sir, there is just one man up for Governor this year, and no more, whom a real Christian can vote for, and that is Henry French. Will you do it? But it is a fact that the church has, to a very great extent, lost its grip on the masses by its failure to teach along these lines as it should. One says that labor organizations are the cause of strikes. In one sense this is true. It is true that if there were no

labor orders there would not be so many, at least. But again, if class legislation had not made it possible for capital to concentrate in the hands of a few arrogant and over-bearing money-kings, then there would have been no need of labor organizations. So you see there are two sides to almost every subject. The ministers of the Gospel have been so eternally silent on these questions that the man that only goes to church once in a great while never hears him say anything that would lead him to think that the preacher cared for any only the rich. For the careless and unconcerned have gotten an idea that it is the rich that pay the salary of the preacher, but this is a very great mistake, as the writer very well knows; for the rich, as a rule, hate to pay the preacher as bad as any laborer; but if the preacher would take more interest in these questions there would not be so much misunderstanding, and then church members would know their duty better.

It is a fact that most preachers, away down in their heart, are all right along this line, but as we said before, the devil has got the inside track and has brought things into a desperate condition, and we may need some desperate remedies as we did in the case with slavery. Much as we deplore the use of violence, we certainly think that there will some good come out of the recent strike. For it has opened the eyes of a large number of the

masses and brought them out of the Demo-Republican party. We say Demo-Republican because there is no difference between them. One makes tariff reform the campaign cry, the other wants to reform the tariff. Do you see the difference?—tariff reform and reform of the tariff. Statesmanship, isn't it? I do hope the time will come when such men as we saw on the platform at the Republican Convention of Yolo county recently, will be ashamed to train with that class and vote their saloon-stated tickets. There was not a man or woman put on that ticket from top to bottom but what endorsed rotten whisky state platform with its fourteenth plank, and they knew it, and they stood up there and said that they would vote the whole ticket, including their rotten old wine and brandy-maker, M. M. Estee. *Particeps criminis* in the saloon of Yolo county! and some of them church members, and some of them carrying the sacred emblems on Lord's day! If the writer would do such things, we would be afraid to put our hand on the ark containing those sacred things, for fear that the Lord would strike us dead, as he did one of yore. Dear reader, these things have a great deal more to do with strikes than you are willing to admit, but how can you help but know it? May God help you to see more clearly. You may ask how this has anything to do with strikes? It is thus, the Republican party has made the laws for thirty years, almost without let or hindrance—

laws for the few. Monopolies innumerable have grown up because of these laws. The rum traffic has been made king by the same laws made by the same party and now protected by the Democrats only because they are in office, and you professed Christian voters training with this class! You are equal to Judas Iscariot, and if Christ would come just now, you would betray him to death. You are betraying him now, and you know it. Is it any wonder that we have brothels of the blackest type, aye, and murders too? We think, not less than three hundred and thirty times in the Bible God has said we must not use the rotten stuff. If we are not to use it, we are not to cause it to be used. God is saying to us to-day, Where is thy brother? He is saying, Thy brother's blood is crying to me from the ground, from the drunkard's grave, aye, and thy sister's too from the graves caused by prostitution! From the millions of starving wives and children, widows and mothers, the blood of those five men killed in that train wreck are crying to God to be avenged on this cursed class-legislation which has been made by the dominant parties in power from time to time. Wipe out of existence monopoly, trusts and combines, and the liquor traffic, and you will hear of no more strikes or train-wrecks on their account. So we say, that strikes have more blame to lay at the door of class-legislation and the awful dram traffic than anything else. Let us get at the cause

and destroy that, and the effects will disappear, and then prohibitionists won't be throwing mud all over labor orders through the press, as has been done recently. If the old party folks want to throw mud let them, but let reformers refrain from such campaign methods. The old parties are dying hard, and will naturally want to throw something to keep up appearances, but let reformers work together as much as possible. The time will come when we can all pull together, and then the victory will come surely when mother votes. But continuing, the pastor said, "Our church rules forbid us to take in a saloon-keeper unless he reforms and quits the saloon business." Said the saloon keeper, "And upon what grounds do your church rules forbid taking in a saloon-keeper?" "Upon the grounds that no drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven, and consequently no drunkard-maker can. Therefore we will have to reject you." The saloon-keeper was now thoroughly aroused and spoke in no mild tone, saying, "Do you know that I got my license to keep a saloon of Judge Wilson, sitting right over there, for which I paid the regular and full license fee." "Hold on," said the Judge, "don't be so fast. I did not make the law; the law compels me to give the license when properly filled." "I am well aware of that," said the saloon-keeper, "but there sits Senator White who did more to pass this high license law than anybody else."

"Not so fast, my friend; I was not elected by the prohibitionists. If I had been, I should have voted for a prohibition law. My party stands for high license." "I fully understand that," said the saloon-keeper, "but I voted for you because you promised this law. And the pastor voted for you; so did the Judge, and so did all of this board of officers here to night, and in fact nearly all of this church. And besides, there are two of this board that are my regular customers. And many of your members are also, and I supposed our cause was a common cause," and with this he slammed the door behind him and left them to think. After the exit of the saloon-keeper there was a long silence, so much so that it became painful. Finally the silence was broken by the pastor saying, "That saloon-keeper told us some stunning truths to-night; let us think this over." Dear reader, has there not been too much of this kind of work already for our nation's good? To-day the sun of our American Liberty is fast sinking in this vast sea of unfaithful professed Christian voting for my party. Christian voters, you have the key to a better government in your hands, will you throw away your old party pride and use that key this fall and vote for the whole prohibition ticket and save our fair Nation from further disgrace by the accursed liquor traffic, and the slush and slum element which it brings in its train? The liquor traffic is to a larger degree than anything else—

yea, than all else combined—responsible for the present disturbance and discontent, and as Mrs. Helen M. Gougher has said recently, is largely to blame for the late Debs strike. I will not say, as some of our would-be leaders and reformers have said, "insurrection," for that word is a harsh form of contempt, and revengeful, and carries with it none of the love that Jesus exhibited daily while he was here teaching us how to live and act toward our fellowman. God forbid that I should ever utter a word or write a sentence that would reflect an undue condemnation upon any man or order composed of men of which the blessed Master would disapprove. But it is said that in Chicago where there was the most violence, there was a great amount of money spent for beer and other intoxicants, which is probably true, for such is only the natural results of the infamous drink traffic. It matters not to the man behind the bar how much destruction there is on the outside, so he gets the money on the inside of his till. But why should this be so when the facts stand out prominently and uncontradicted that the Protestant professed Christian has in the United States in round numbers over seven million votes, while the liquor traffic, if deprived of all aid from this direction, has only about two million votes? One asks, "How then can the traffic maintain its position as the supreme power in controlling our Congress and legislatures and manipulating the laws

of our land so as to keep them in existence?" We answer that it is because the average church member is so completely wedded to his political party that he has become perfectly blind and is a stranger to all perceptions of his obligations to his God, and thinks only of the success of his party. And it is not unfrequently that we find men behind the pulpit in the same fix, though the preachers are beginning to see the way more clearly of late. But we find once in a while one that is willing to be counted as a prohibition voter, but is afraid to condemn the men that vote with a party that has such planks in its National and State platforms as the following: "Resolved, that we are opposed to all so-called Sunday and Temperance legislation (Republican platform 1872), and we recognize in this State the large and increasing product of the orchard and vine which naturally adds to the general prosperity of our citizens while furnishing employment to vast numbers of our people. We are therefore in favor of encouraging this industry by wholesome legislation, which shall be regulated by the various counties in the State in accordance with their interests, having due regard for the equitable distribution of public burdens, and we express our belief that neither prohibition laws nor unequal exactions should result from either State, county or municipal enactments." (Republican State platform 1894, California.) "And we are opposed to all sumptuary legislation." (Dem-

ocratic platform since beyond the boundary line of the memory of man.) Such a voter is *particeps criminis* in all the terrors accompanying the cursed traffic. For such we have a profound pity. To such an one we would say, Did Paul, when brought before the kings and rulers of the land, begin to reason how he could avoid telling them of their wickedness? No sir, he did not; he flung into their very teeth their blackest crimes. See first his defense before Felix, see Acts 24th, 25th; also before King Agrippa, in same book, 25th chapter, etc. But again, did Peter dodge or flinch for fear of his salary when he was at the city of Jerusalem and Jewish disciples brought a grievous complaint against him for doing a thing that seemed to them out of place in going into the house of a Gentile? No, sir; he stood up before that great audience and told them just what God said should be done, and he closed the mouths of the growlers. And so should the ministers of to-day act in like manner. God has made the way plain, and if we do not follow it we will be held responsible at the judgment.

If every minister in the land would tell his brethren just what the Bible teaches along these lines, the next President would be a prohibitionist sure. Will you do it? Remember the awful enunciation, "If you give not thy brother warning, and he dies in iniquity, his blood will I require at thy hands." (Ezek. 3 : 18). While these

duties and responsibilities rest on the minister of God, yet there is great blame lying at the door of every professed Christian. The preacher may lay open the case in a forcible manner, and even urge his members to action, and it may yet fall useless to the ground for want of interest on the part of the members or for want of appreciation of their duty toward God and their fellow men. Would to God that we could say something that would bring this subject home to the heart of every praying man and woman in the land, for they have the key in their own hands to put a stop to this whole business, which is the ballot. Dear brother, in the name of God, will you not use it? Come up to the work at the election this fall and elect the prohibition ticket and clear your skirts of complicity with the 250,000 murder-mills of this United States, and in time your fellow-citizens will bless you for it as they did in Kansas a few years after the prohibition law was passed, and God will bless you in the act.

CHAPTER II.

THERE has been a good deal said on the late strike, and a good deal more might be said on the cause of the strike which would do good in the present confused state of public sentiment and thought. First, we think that the hard times are

primarily the cause leading up to the strike. Therefore the cause would consist largely in the same elements which we have heretofore stated—bad legislation, which has made it possible for a few law-favored individuals to amass large and colossal fortunes, thereby creating and encouraging and finally cultivating an eminent greed for gain, making the possessor proud, opulent and overbearing, grasping everything in sight. They finally become so covetous that they begrudge the laborer the necessary remuneration to keep the wolf of starvation from his door. Thus it was with Geo. M. Pullman when he cut down his men's wages until they, with the strictest economy, would come out in debt to him at the end of every two weeks, when they had to settle with him. This class legislation must be abolished and laws made that will give every man a chance to at least earn a competency during his lifetime. Now let us take a little deeper view of the periods of disturbance in channels of business when these strikes are precipitated on to us. The *Christian Standard*, of Cincinnati, Ohio, gives us some food for thought in this wise. It says that the strike is due to one of three causes, viz.: The gospel is a failure, man is totally depraved, or the church is unfaithful in saving the masses, and of course the latter is the final conclusion of the *Standard.* But we would put it a little differently and say, that the church is a failure as an educator along

these lines, for we believe that the church ought to teach pure and undefiled politics just as much as it does morality or honesty. But one says, "That won't do; the church must not touch politics; if it does it corrupts the church." If this is so, then the church members must keep out of politics, for it is a logical conclusion that if politics corrupts the church, then it will also corrupt the man or woman that belongs to the church, to have anything to do with politics. But we think this is a very erroneous idea, for this would disfranchise the whole church membership; we must keep away from the polls entirely to avoid pollution. I tell you, no, my brother; to enter into politics is as much a duty of every Christian man and woman in this land of the free as it is to attend church services. No, dear reader, politics is a duty to every one, be he church member or not. And then the devil wants no better weapon to wield you to his own will than to make you believe that politics and religion won't mix. I tell you they will mix, and the more we do mix them the better it will be for the country and the church too. The devil made people believe that religion and politics would not mix during the old days of the slavery agitation. He managed to get things in a pretty bad shape before the populace found out that it would do for a preacher to say anything about slavery, because that question, just like some questions at the present, had evolved

itself into a political question. And it took a vast amount of blood and treasure to get things fixed up in good shape again, but finally it was fixed, but no sooner fixed than the devil got in his work again and brought the rum traffic into the field and said, "Don't you dare to touch this question." And professed Christians drop down on their knees to him and say, Amen and Amen. By the close of the present century all of the public land upon which wheat, corn and cotton can be raised will be exhausted. Then the surplus population which has hitherto diffused itself on the public domain will concentrate in the towns and cities. Then the struggle for bread will become fierce and desperate; the rich will grow richer and the poor will grow poorer. To-day there are more than three million people in this country that see the glaring eyes of the gaunt wolf of starvation staring them in the face. Fathers, brothers and husbands, tramping the country in great armies, called tramps, vagabonds and other vile names! Dear reader, during the years 1889 to 1892 inclusive, there were many thousand farms that were deeded to European Mortgage Companies to avoid foreclosure suits.

And right here let me tell you that these plutocrats have pursued their thirst for plunder so viciously that they got laws made in the U. S., so that when a mortgage of one thousand dollars was foreclosed they could bid it off at the sheriff's sale

for $50.00 to $100.00 or $200.00, as they may choose, and then after they have taken a farm worth two or three thousand dollars on a one thousand dollar mortgage, bid off at those figures, the courts will issue judgments for the balance of the one thousand dollars. Not satisfied with getting the land at half its value, they take a judgment to dog the victim the rest of his life, after turning him out in the street with his helpless family to starve, thinking that perhaps he might meet with a streak of good luck and gather up a little means that they could take with this judgment. And at this time the district courts of Kansas find most of their time taken up in trying foreclosure suits. To the unbiased seeker for right, comment is unnecessary. Reader, in further testimony of claims of reformers that such powers over the industries of the country are exercised in the manner charged by reason of the power conferred by class legislation in favor of the few and discriminating against the many, read the following declarations of financiers, statesmen, and prominent Republican leaders. The editor of the Canton, Ohio, People's Forum, says: "The dollar has never changed in value; it is only the cost of the dollar in labor that has changed. Dollars measure the value of all labor and its product, and all property, but the amount of labor that buys a dollar depends upon the volume of money in circulation." On this point, see

John Stuart Mill, Political Economy, before cited, page 301. John Thompson, Vice-President of Chase National Bank, of New York, in Rodes' Journal of Banking, April, 1888, says, among many other things, that "if we had currency of double the amount now in circulation, increasing as it would the amount of enterprises, the tariff question would settle itself." There is a great amount of talk and speculation these days about hard times, and justly, too, and the question is constantly asked, "What is the remedy?" And this question has become a very pertinent one, when we look at all of the facts connected with the subject. First, we will glance at some of the points discussed heretofore more or less fully. First, the exception clause in the greenbacks. Secondly, the contraction of the volume of currency with all of its terrible effects in business failures, loss of money to the individual, loss of property, many deprived of work, and consequent hunger and distress staring their families in the face. Third, the funding and refunding of the public debt when there was no call for such legislation. Fourth, the plundering of our public domain. Fifth and lastly, the overshadowing, demoralizing and destructive liquor traffic. We say this question has become a tremendous question. Let us look a little deeper into these facts. We will first introduce the subject of "wealth." We will call it "wealth" in order to give it a

broad plane. How is the wealth of the country distributed? We will first introduce J. J. Ingalls, of Kansas (a Republican), who says that 31,000 individuals in this country own three-fifths of all the wealth in the United States; 31,000 is about one 25th part of one per cent. It is said also that 250,000 persons own four-fifths of all the wealth. Dear reader, how does this look to you? Will you stop and ponder these questions? Now, let's take a look at past history, and then ask ourselves how much strain this government will stand before the revolution will come? In looking back in the dim distance we see Egypt, the proudest and most powerful nation on the globe. She excelled in mighty undertakings, and to-day we marvel at the ruins of her vast structures which have withstood the crumbling touch of forty centuries. But an oppressive land-monopoly rule worked her fall. And when that crisis did come one per cent of her people owned all of the land in Egypt; and ninety-nine per cent owned none, and Egypt died, and her death-dirge is still ringing in the ears of the world.

Again we look to the Roman Empire, with its golden city, Rome, the most magnificent that man ever looked on or built. The founding, growth and glory of this Empire has been the wonder of the world for centuries. Begotten in myth, fed on the ferocity of the wolf (Plutocracy), led by the intellect of man, she grew to be at last

the palladium of law. Her twelve tables underlie the codes of all civilization to-day; her military prowess has been the admiration of mankind the world over; her works in every department of human thought and action are unsurpassed. Rome has been termed the Eternal City. From that center has gone forth blandishments, political chicanery, ecclesiastical Jesuitism, and they for ages have ruled the world. Rome in her highest glory was simple in habit and austere in manner. There was but a slight distinction between the people. Citizen was the name of man. Equality of fortune, generous distribution of land, was the law of common consent and the legal enactments of the State also. So rich in these common sense principles was she at one time, that eighty-five per cent of her people owned titles in land. Then her legions were heroes beyond conquering; then Rome was founded on a rock; but she followed the course of the great Empires that preceded her. In the incipiency of them all, justice ruled and mercy reigned more largely than at any other period of their life. But as the nations before her turned from those true principles of equity and justice in the day of their degeneracy, so did Rome. She traveled the same road to the same death, to the same certain destruction. But in what way? Their volume of money at the commencement of this era was nearly $2,000,000,000, made up of brass, copper and other metals. But

this was doomed to destruction. She determined to shrink her volume of currency and make the lesser volume of finer metals. So she shrank her volume into $200,000,000. A long time was consumed in doing it, but the road was at last traveled over and the haven reached. But this fatal journey had its inevitable fatal ending, and Rome fell by reason of this very shrinkage of the volume of the money. The land passed out of the hands of the masses into the hands of a few millionaires, so that when their national death came, and civilization had to die, we see that 2,000 people owned all the land in the Roman Empire. Less than one per cent of the people owned all, and more than ninety-nine per cent owned nothing. Dear reader, think of these historic facts and remember that one twenty-fifth part of one per cent of this Nation own three-fifths of all the wealth within its borders. How long can we expect to perpetuate our institutions? We are on the crown of a heaving, seething volcano. We say, not long, my brother. Ah, yes, what is the remedy? This is easier asked than answered, but we will give some of our views on the remedy. The first thing that should be done is to unseat the traitorous old parties who have been holding the reins of this government for nearly forty years, while things have been growing worse, though there have been times when we seemed to be in a condition of prosperity. But these times were only when there had been an

uprising of popular indignation and a demand for certain needed legislation. This would relieve the stringency only temporarily; then while the popular clamor was quiet, plutocracy would obtain a better hold on the rights and liberties of the people and further enslave them, when they began again to tighten their grip upon them, or, when a Lincoln would over-ride the dictatorial demands of Shylock and give the much needed relief. We say, then, that we must dethrone this double-headed monster of the Demo-Republic political party and instead send men to our legislative halls who will serve the masses instead of a few wealthy, law-favored money kings, and this can only be done when the free American Christian voter emancipates himself from the old parties, which are too corrupt for any true Christian man or woman to support, either by voice or vote. We mean the Demo-Republic party. "If a man is a Christian he must act like Christ acted while he was here on earth, is the sentiment, or thought, particularly brought to bear on the minds of the audience of Elder David Wetzell in his sermon on Lord's day, Sept. 30, 1894. "He said, "If a man claimed to be a surveyor, it takes a good surveyor only five minutes' talk with him to find out if he was or was not a fraud; if he claimed to be an engineer, a good engineer could tell in a short conversation with him whether or not he was an impostor."

He then told the story of a man on the train who claimed to be an ex-conductor; the conductor looked at him a moment and passed on. After he had passed through the train, as his duty demanded, he came back and said: "So you are an old conductor, are you?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "Will you please tell me the time of the day?" The impostor pulled out his watch and remarked that it was half-past two o'clock. The conductor then said, "Sir, you are not an ex-conductor; if you had ever railroaded any, you would have said it is two-thirty." So he was ejected from the train. Now, dear reader, there is a world of meaning in these simple statements illustrating our real character all along the journey of life. Let us look at some of these little scenes which go to make up our character in the world. If a man be a Christian indeed, he will verily act like a Christian. But you ask, How should a Christian act? We would say, read the New Testament. In it is a perfect pattern. If you will follow this guide you will never go astray. In it we are told to shun all evil. We are not to go in the way of evil doers. We are warned to guard well all of our actions in life, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world. And again, we are told in that perfect guide that we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body according to that he hath done,

whether it be good or bad; and then again, the same writer says in the next chapter, "Therefore come out from among them, and be ye separated with the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you." Are we trying to shun all evil when we go on the platform of a political party and do their dirty work when they have in their platform such statements as the following? "We are opposed to all so-called Sunday and Temperance legislation." And again, "We recognize in this State the large and increasing product of the orchards and the vine, which materially adds to the general prosperity and prospects of our citizens while furnishing employment to vast numbers of our people. We are therefore in favor of encouraging this industry by wholesome legislation which shall be regulated by the various counties in accordance with their interests, having due regard for the equitable distribution of public burdens, and we express our belief that neither prohibitory laws nor unequal exactions should result from either State, county or municipal enactments." In the name of God, how can a Christian train in line with this class? When we say "Christian" we do not mean every one that has his or her name on a church roll, but one that is truly and honestly a follower of the meek and holy Nazarene. Are they keeping themselves unspotted from the world? Are they shunning evil companions? Are

they coming out from among the vile and contemptible elements that are degrading the body politic of this nation? Are they living in such a way as to fit them for the judgment-seat of Christ? Will they there be able to say that they used every means open to them to crush this curse of all curses, the liquor traffic, when they said on the 28th of last September, 1894, that they were opposed to prohibitory enactments as per fourteenth plank of the State platform of California for 1894? And when they said by their actions in that convention that they would support that arch-sinner (we almost said demon) and wine and brandy-maker for Governor of this State (California)? Great God, what school were they educated at, anyhow? With the light of the teaching of the New Testament, and in the light of the sermon preached by Elder Wetzell, on Lord's day, Sept. 23, 1894, any man who votes thus the Republican or Democratic ticket will be held responsible to their hurt before God in the judgment. Any man who votes thus is *particeps criminis* in the awful tragedies that flow from the liquor traffic. One says that he is staying with the Republican party because they have been a party of reform and have accomplished great things, and he is in hopes they will do the right thing yet. Dear brother, you know they won't do the right thing. They never did do a righteous act since they abolished slavery, and they were organized for that

very purpose, and since that time they never have passed one act of legislation that party policy did not prompt them to hold the reins of Government, and not because it was right. I say this advisedly and after much study of their actions and methods. We do not say these things in a spirit of malice, but in all candor, with the hope that we may say something that may open the party-blinded eyes of some that are yet too deep in the ruts to see out to either side. God help you, my brother, to read some good, sound prohibition papers, and learn something else. And then we must have more money. Instead of a shrinking volume, we must have an increasing volume; or, if you please, an oscillating currency. One asks how we can have such a system. It can be thus: Let the Government establish Postal Savings Banks in every State somewhat after this fashion, let the United States Treasury establish a bank at each State capital, one in each county-seat, and in like manner one in each township, or more, if necessary. Then let the United States Treasury issue to the county, and likewise the county to townships; then authorize the county and townships to loan direct to the people at, say four per cent interest, one per cent to go to the bank from whence it came; if from the township, then one per cent to the township, one per cent to the county, one to the State, and one to the U. S. Treasury. This interest will pay for the expense

of the business as conducted by the Government. Then if a man wanted, say one or two thousand dollars, he could get it at a rate of interest which he could afford to pay, and make some money out of it for himself. And then the township would draw from the county, and the county from the State, and the State from the United States, and when the borrower was done using it he would pay it into the township, and the township would return it to the county, State, and the United States, and so it would work back and forth as the demand for use required, and when the demand required it let the Government make more. And let it be made out of gold, silver and paper, and let it be payable for all debts, both public and private. Abolish the present infamous banking system, and give no private individual or corporation any hand in the business whatever.

This is one measure for relief from the hard times. Another would be to place the railroads in the hands of the government and run them at cost in the interest of the people. But here again we are met with a cry of horror and dismay that this would in a measure bankrupt the country. Let us see. It is estimated that the railroads have cost their projectors actually about two billion dollars. We know that the railroad people claim more than this, but good authority says not; but for the sake of argument suppose they cost twice that amount—four billion. We pay more than

one-third that amount for liquor, which had better be burned up. So you see that if this curse was wiped out and a direct tax made for this purpose of the same amount it would only take three years to pay for all the railroads in the country. Then again, the Demo-Republic party seems too overly anxious to issue bonds. Now, if the United States Treasurer would issue taxable non-interest-bearing bonds to buy railroads with, we think you would hear but little growling about it. It certainly seems to us to be a plausible proposition. And then, don't you see that we could well afford to be taxed directly for this purpose if we could get out of a large share of the tariff which is levied by the corporations. Even this would pay for the roads in a short time, and then after we have plenty of money in circulation and the railroads in the hands of the government, and had shut off this robbing banking system, we would suggest that the government take all of the undeeded land which has been given to corporations, and throw the same open for the home-seeker. For when there is money enough to do the business of the country with on a cash basis, then will farming pay, and we will see an exodus from the town and city to the farm. And then we would enact a graduated income tax so as to make those that have means bear the heavy burden of running the country, and we would make the man that has an income of two thousand dollars over and above all

expenses pay income tax. And again, we would enact a law that would make the man that has one quarter section of land pay a minimum land tax. For instance, his land is worth $20 per acre, we would assess it at that and then lay a tax of say twenty-five cents on every one hundred dollars, and if he owned an extra quarter, etc., we would add two cents more to the extra quarter and so on. We would add on tax until the bloated landlord would be glad to sell off his large land holdings to some one that didn't have any, and at prices that would justify the poor man to venture on a piece of land to make a living for himself and family. And then would we see good and prosperous times and everybody would be happy because he had a good home for his family and plenty to eat, drink and wear. But we would have the drink consist of good, pure water, or perhaps a little tea or coffee mixed with it, but the less of the latter the better, for we do not believe coffee to be good for the health of the human family. But there can be a drink prepared from the fruit of the vine or the grapes that go to waste every year that would not only be pleasant to the palate, but healthy and invigorating. It can be made by pressing out the juice and immediately boiling it down from four gallons into one, and then it will keep, if put up in jugs or bottles or a keg, for years without fermenting, and will be just as nice when it is used as when it is first put up. And

then when you want to use it you have only to take what amount is needed and add three-fourths water and then you have it the same as when first pressed from the grape. If people would put up a quantity thus each year there would always be plenty of communion wine in easy command. Grape syrup put up thus was used to a very great extent in Palestine in the beginning of the present or Christian era. And then it was mixed with milk and made an excellent dish and can be so used now, and we will say right here that wine made as we have described was the only wine that was allowed with Jews at the feast of the Passover during the whole seven days that this feast lasted. No leaven was to be found in the house of any Jew. Webster says that "leaven is ferment in vegetable particles," and it requires the same influence in all instances to bring it about, and it was therefore forbidden at that time.

CHAPTER III.

THERE is one cause of hard times which we had almost overlooked, which is extravagance, not only in private life but in public as well. In these terribly hard times it is well for each of us to look well to our outlays to see that there is nothing wasted. There are frequently charges made, and not without some degree of truth, that the hard

times are all caused by the extravagance of the common people. This we think is true only in a small degree. It is a fact that many of our people under prosperity following the war, became somewhat reckless with their money; knowing as they did that they were making money freely, they spent it in like manner. But if adverse legislation had not come in their way it would have been out of the possibilities to bring this terrible financial crash by this cause alone. But let us look further, we will begin at the top of the ladder and come down. It is commonly believed by a large portion of our citizens that the $50,000 paid our President as salary is the sum total of the President's office, but this is a mistake, as you will find by examining closely. First, $50,000 is paid as salary, and then $36,000 is given him in addition to pay the salary of his subordinates and clerks; his private secretary is paid $3,250; his assistant private secretary, $2,500; his stenographer, $1,000; five messengers, each $1,200; steward, $1,800; two door-keepers, each $1,200; four other clerks at good salaries; one telegraph operator and two ushers, $1,200 and $1,400 each; a night usher, $1,200; a watchman, $900, and a man who takes care of fires, $864; and in addition to this there is given him $8,000 for incidental expenses, such as stationery, carpets and the care of the presidential stables; and under another heading there is given him easily $40,000 more. Of this $12,600

is for repairs and refurnishing the White House; $2,500 is for fuel; $4,000 is for the green house; $15,000 is for gas, matches and stable. The White House all told costs the people of this country $125,000 each year. (Henry Davenport Northrop in Golden Manual or the Royal Road to Success.) Dear reader, can you see any opportunity for a reform in these facts? Just think for a moment, only one branch of the government costing $125,000. If you will look over the salaries of the heads of the nations of the world you will be impressed with the thought that we are drifting toward monarchy; the salaries of all our governmental officers partake more or less of extravagance. For instance, the Cabinet down to the Speaker of the House receiving $8,000 per year; the Foreign Ministers will average about $10,000, the Senate and House of Representatives $5,000, and so on. There might be reform all along the line which would help out in our taxes.

Now let us look at the management of our different States. We will commence with the State that pays the highest salaries, which is New York. She pays her Governor $10,000, and a house to live in; Lieutenant-Governor, $5,000; Secretary of State, $5,000; Treasurer, $5,000; Comptroller, $6,000; Attorney-General, $5,000; Chief Justice, $7.500; Senators and Representatives, $1,500, and mileage at ten cents a mile; three District Judges, $4,000 each; Pension Agent, $4,000; Postage

Stamp Agent, $2,500; Deputy Superintendent Railway Service is $2,500 to $4,500; twelve collectors of Internal Revenue, $2,750. Of course they must have big pay. Collector of Customs, N. Y., $12,000; Superintendent Assay office, $4,500. Population (1890), 5,997,853. We find that Pennsylvania comes next for high salaries, with her Governor at $10,000; Lieutenant-Governor, $3,000; Secretary of State, $4,000; Treasurer, $5,000; Chief Justice, $8,500; six Associate Justices, $8,000 each; Senators and Representatives, $1,000 for 100 days, and mileage five cents; two District Judges, $4,000; two Pension Agents, $4,000; ten collectors of Internal Revenue, $2,375 to $4,500; Collector of Customs at Philadelphia, $8,000. Population in 1890, 5,258,014. Now we find Illinois with a Governor at $6,000, but the officers run far below those of New York and Pennsylvania, and she has a population of 3,826,351. Let us now take a look at our own State, California, with a population in 1890 of 1,208,130; a much smaller State than Illinois. California pays to her Governor, $6,000; Secretary of State, $3,000; Comptroller, $3,000; Superintendent of Public Instruction, $3,000; Attorney-General, $3,000; Surveyor General and State Librarian, each $3,000; District Judge, $5,000; Senators and Representatives, $8 per day and mileage ten cents, and $25 contingents; two collectors of Internal Revenue, $3,125 to $4,500; Collector of Customs, San Francisco, $7,000; Pension Agent, $4,000;

Superintendent of Mint, $4,500; Assayer, $3,000; Melter and Refiner, $3,000. Then follows Arkansas, with a population of 1,128,179. Governor's salary, $3,500, with under officers much lower, and consequently a cheaper administration. Then Georgia, with a population of 1,837,353, and the Governor at $3,000; also a much lower per cent of salaries. Then Indiana, population 2,192,349; Governor's salary, $5,000, and a much lower rate of salaries. Then Iowa, population 1,911,896; Governor's salary, $3,000, with the other salaries running very much lower than ours. And now comes the best-governed State of all, despite the mud that has been thrown upon it, the State of Kansas, with a population of 1,427,096. Governor's salary, $3,000; Secretary of State, $2,000; Treasurer, $2,500; Auditor, $2,000; Attorney-General, $1,500; Superintendent of Public Instruction, $2,000; Secretary Board of Agriculture, $2,000; Insurance Commissioner, $2,5000; three Railroad Commissioners, $3,000; State Librarian, $1,500; Chief Justice, $3,000; two Associate Justices, $3,000; Senators and Representatives, $3.00 per day, and mileage 15 cents; District Judge, $3,500; Pension Agent, $4,000. Thus you see here is a larger State in population, just as well managed, and in fact better, with much less expense. Then follow Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts and Michigan, all with as great or greater

population than California, with the Governments on a much more economical administration.

Reader, don't you begin to see where the trouble lies? Don't you see that the fault lies in corrupt politics, and will you stay in the old party lines and help to fleece yourselves under the lash of the bosses? I say, break down the old party fence and free yourselves from this thralldom, assert your mandood and emancipate yourselves and come out on the broad and glorious plane of a free American Independence! Free yourselves forever from corrupt politics.

I have taken you through this line of statistics to show you that there is a good chance for reform in national politics as well as State. We have shown you, dear reader, the cause of the hard times, and you can see the remedy if you will study this subject. One thing we must have—righteous legislation. We must have a law authorizing the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. The liquor traffic must be wiped out; laws prohibiting and dissolving all monopoly and trusts; laws granting our American women equal rights with the men at the ballot-box; laws restraining promiscuous emigration; laws requiring foreigners to be here twenty-one years registered as citizens of America before they can vote, must be enacted. Our boys born in America must be here twenty-one years before they can vote. Now, dear reader, we have given the hard times

and the cause. Now we will give the remedy. You have seen that the corruption in politics has been largely the cause of the hard times. Now the remedy is to elect men that are pure and true Christians. Men that will not sell their souls for money. Men that can be trusted and will do what they say they will do if they are elected. Now this is a deep subject—an important question. Reader, I hope your blind eyes will be opened by reading this little volume. Vote as you pray. So many say, We can never wipe out the curses from this nation. So many say, I cannot see what the remedy is. They that say this are willfully blind, and do not try to see their duty in this matter. We can put the right men into office all over this nation at every election if the voters will nominate good, true Christian men for every office from the mayor to the president. Cast away party pride and do what you know God will sanction; then we will have found the remedy for the hard times. The women will soon have equal suffrage, that means equal vote with the men. Women will have a right to vote for every one a man has a right to vote for. And when that time comes there will be a different class of men in office from the mayor to the president's chair, for there will not be any good Christian women that will vote for a bad man.

What are the churches all over this nation made up of? Principally women; four-fifths of most of

the congregations are women. We have very little hope in the old for the salvation of our nation, but the Young People's Christian Endeavor is one of the greatest, grandest movements, in the hands of God, ever permitted to rise. God bless them, and may they be the instrument in his hands to wipe out every curse from this nation. Now, dear reader, we will bid you an affectionate farewell, hoping you may have been benefited by reading this little volume, and do your Christian duty in the future.

Date Due

Form 335—35M—9-34—C. P. Co.

Duke University Libraries
D00445204J

178 D892A 295689
Dumond
Hard Times

178 D892A 295689